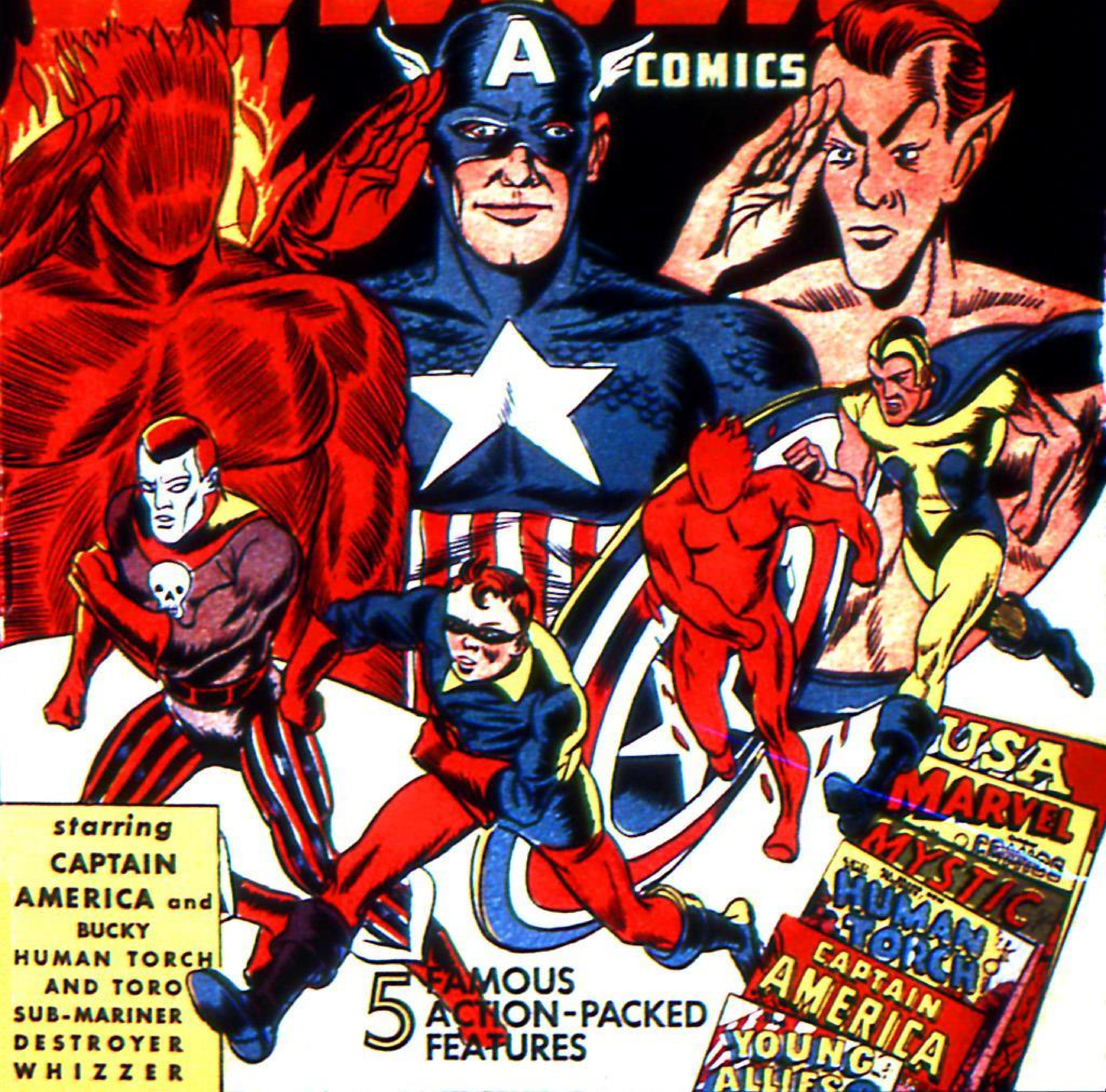
FALL ISSUE
No. 2

# ALL WINNERS COMICS

10¢


USA
MARVEL COMICS
MYSTIC
HUMAN TORCH
CAPTAIN AMERICA
YOUNG ALLIES

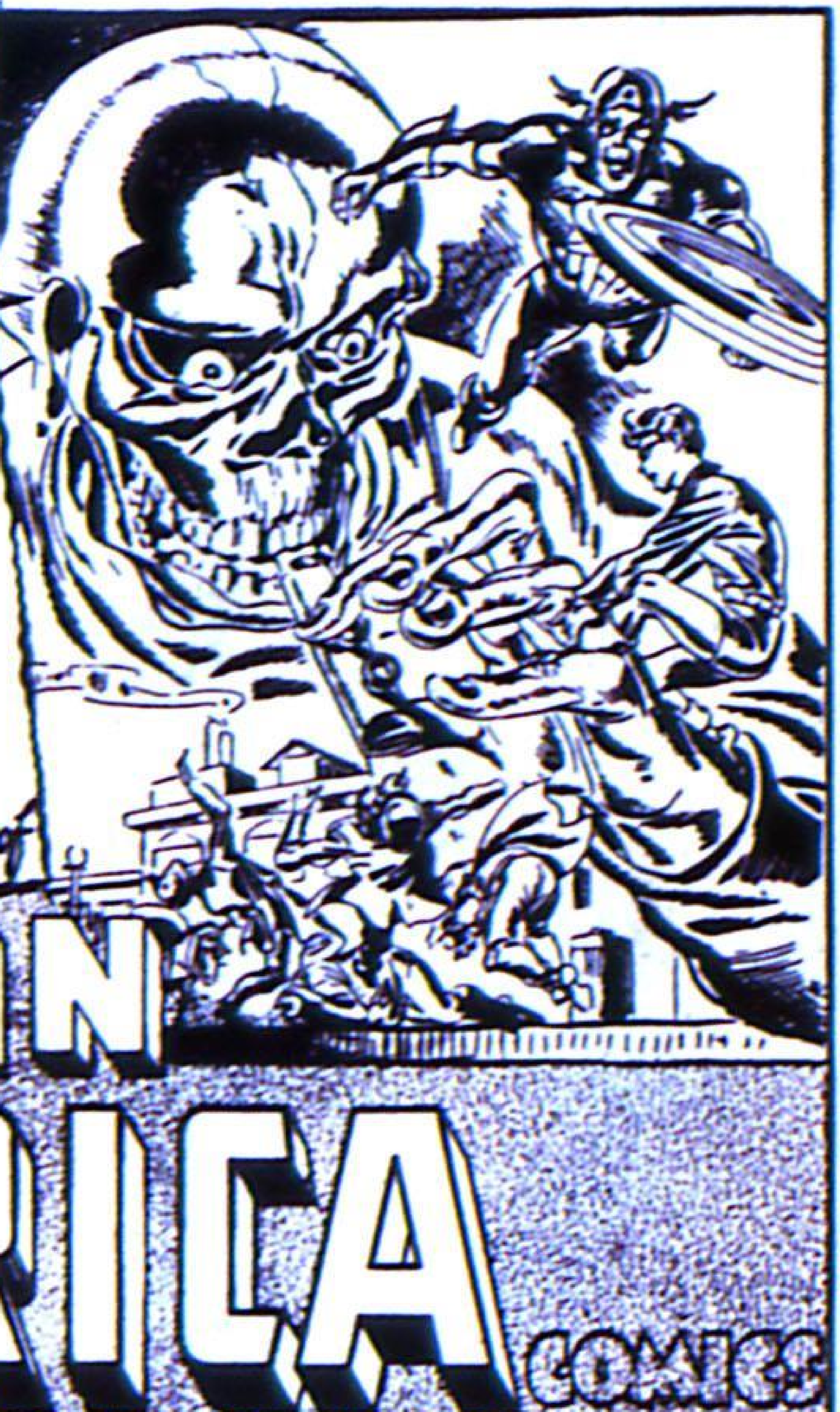
*starring*
**CAPTAIN AMERICA** and
**BUCKY**
**HUMAN TORCH**
**AND TORO**
**SUB-MARINER**
**DESTROYER**
**WHIZZER**

5 FAMOUS ACTION-PACKED FEATURES

**BACK** COMES THE DREADED

**RED SKULL**

BACK FROM THE REALM OF DEFEAT--- CRYING FOR REVENGE ON CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY!--- WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THE STRANGE, LOW WHISTLE.... THAT IS ALWAYS FOLLOWED BY GRIM DEATH ?



CAPTAIN AMERICA DARES TO SOLVE THE RIDDLE OF THE NEWEST AND MOST TERRIFYING CREATION OF DESTRUCTION EVER INVENTED BY *the* **RED SKULL** IN THE SPINE-CHILLING MYSTERY OF *The* **WHISTLING DEATH---** JUST ONE OF THE MANY SMASH-ACTION FILLED CASES FROM THE PERSONAL FILES OF CAPTAIN AMERICA IN THE *Next* ISSUE *of*

# CAPTAIN AMERICA COMICS

**DON'T MISS A SINGLE COPY!**

## *Special* OFFER

*for* READERS *of*

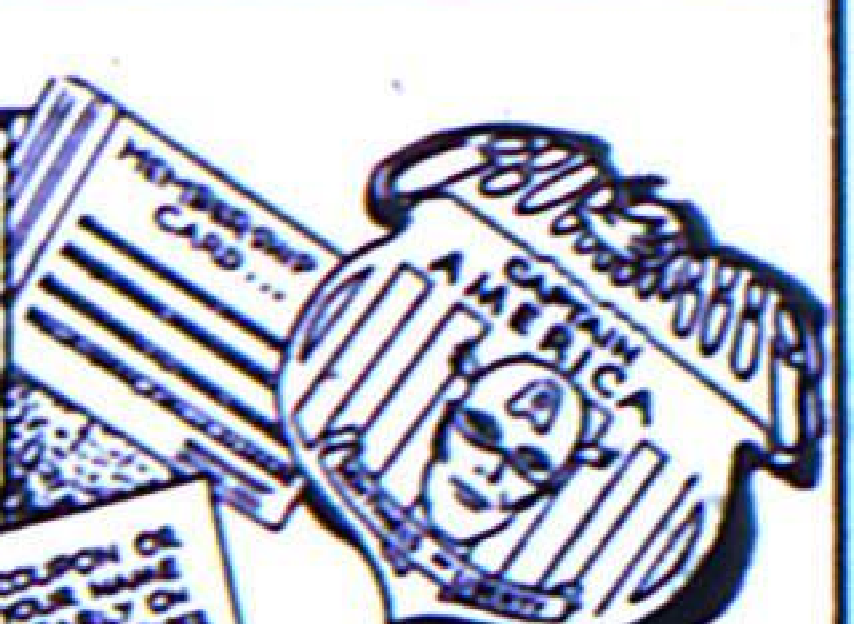
## ALL WINNERS COMICS

NOW-- ...YOU TOO...CAN JOIN CAPTAIN AMERICA'S SENTINELS *of* LIBERTY *and*

THEREBY HELP CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY IN THEIR GREAT WAR AGAINST SPIES IN OUR COUNTRY!!

LET'S ALL GET TOGETHER BEHIND CAP AND BE ON THE CONSTANT LOOKOUT FOR SPIES...

THE BADGE IS OF HIGH QUALITY METAL—THE SAME AS USED BY G-MEN AND POLICE OFFICERS. IT IS NOT A PICTURE BUTTON NOVELTY—



SEND THIS COUPON OR WRITE YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS CLEARLY ON A SEPARATE PIECE OF PAPER ALONG WITH 10¢ TO CAPTAIN AMERICA DEPT. W. 330 W. 42 St. NEW YORK CITY, N.Y. AND YOU WILL RECEIVE A BADGE AND MEMBERSHIP CARD

*Watch for the* **BIG CLUB NEWS** AND SECRET CODE IN THE NEXT BIG ISSUE of **CAPTAIN AMERICA**

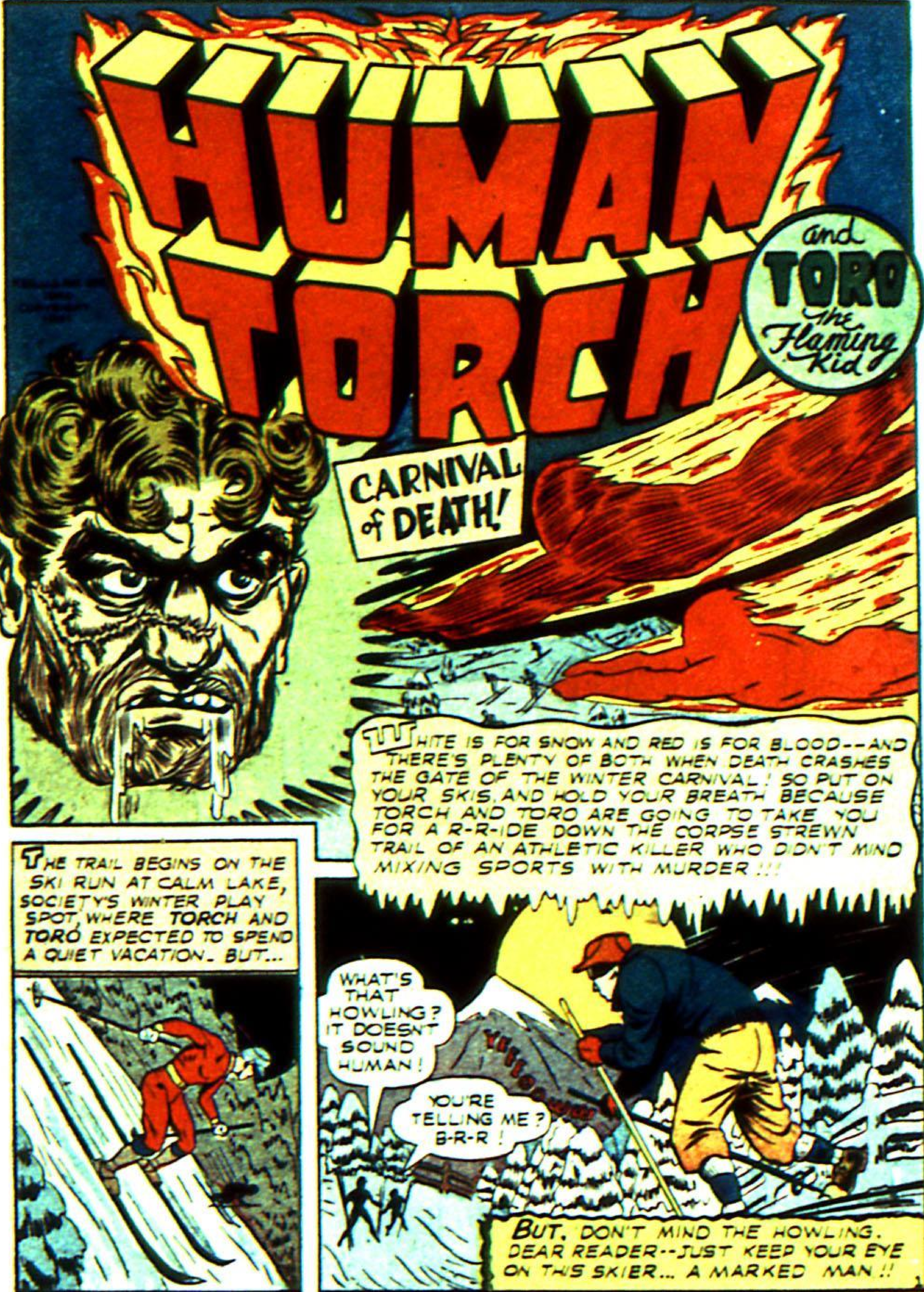
I AM ENCLOSING 10¢. W

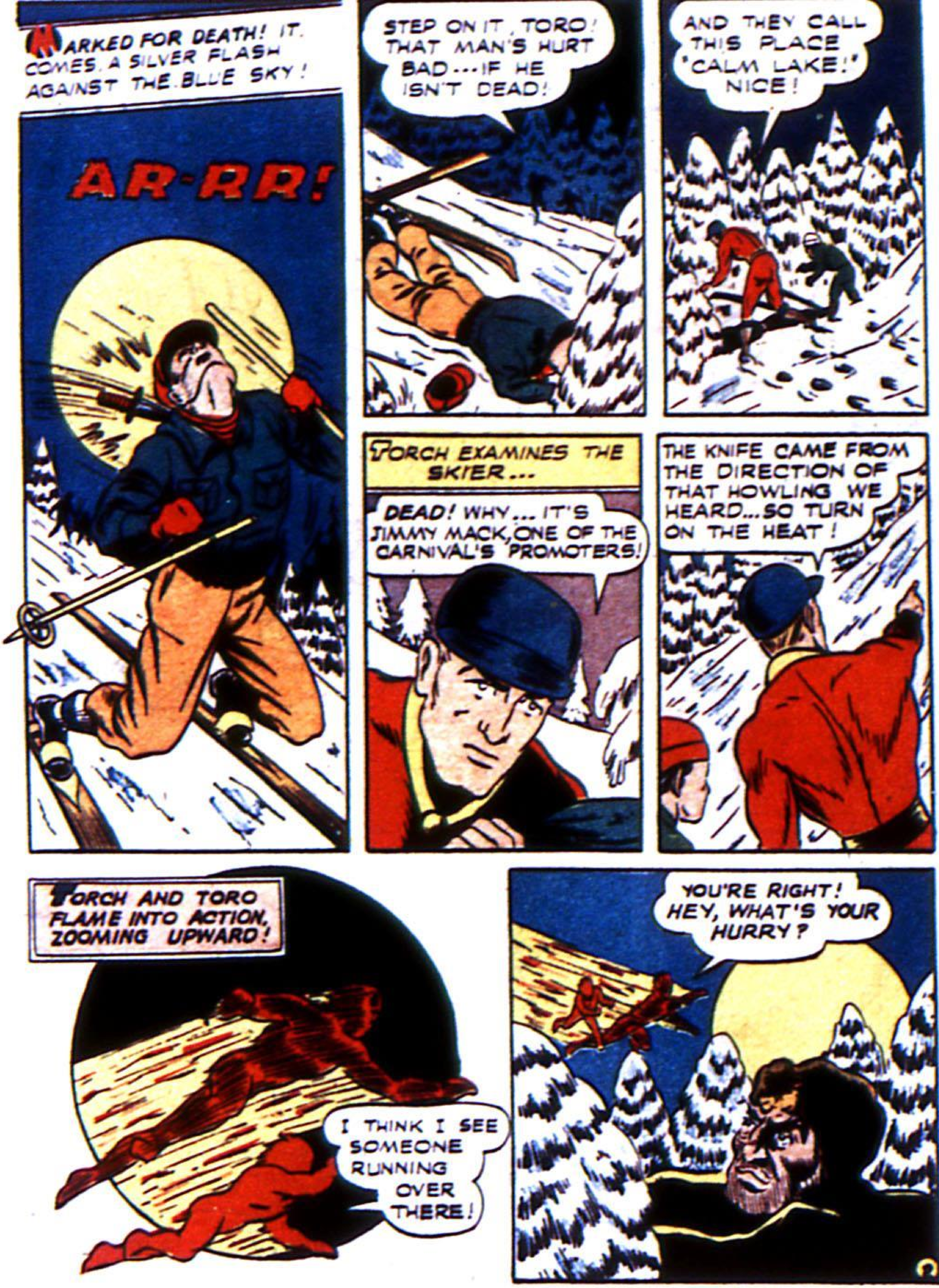
I WOULD LIKE TO JOIN CAPTAIN AMERICA'S SENTINELS OF LIBERTY AND HELP TO FIGHT SPIES AND TRAITORS TO THE U.S.A.

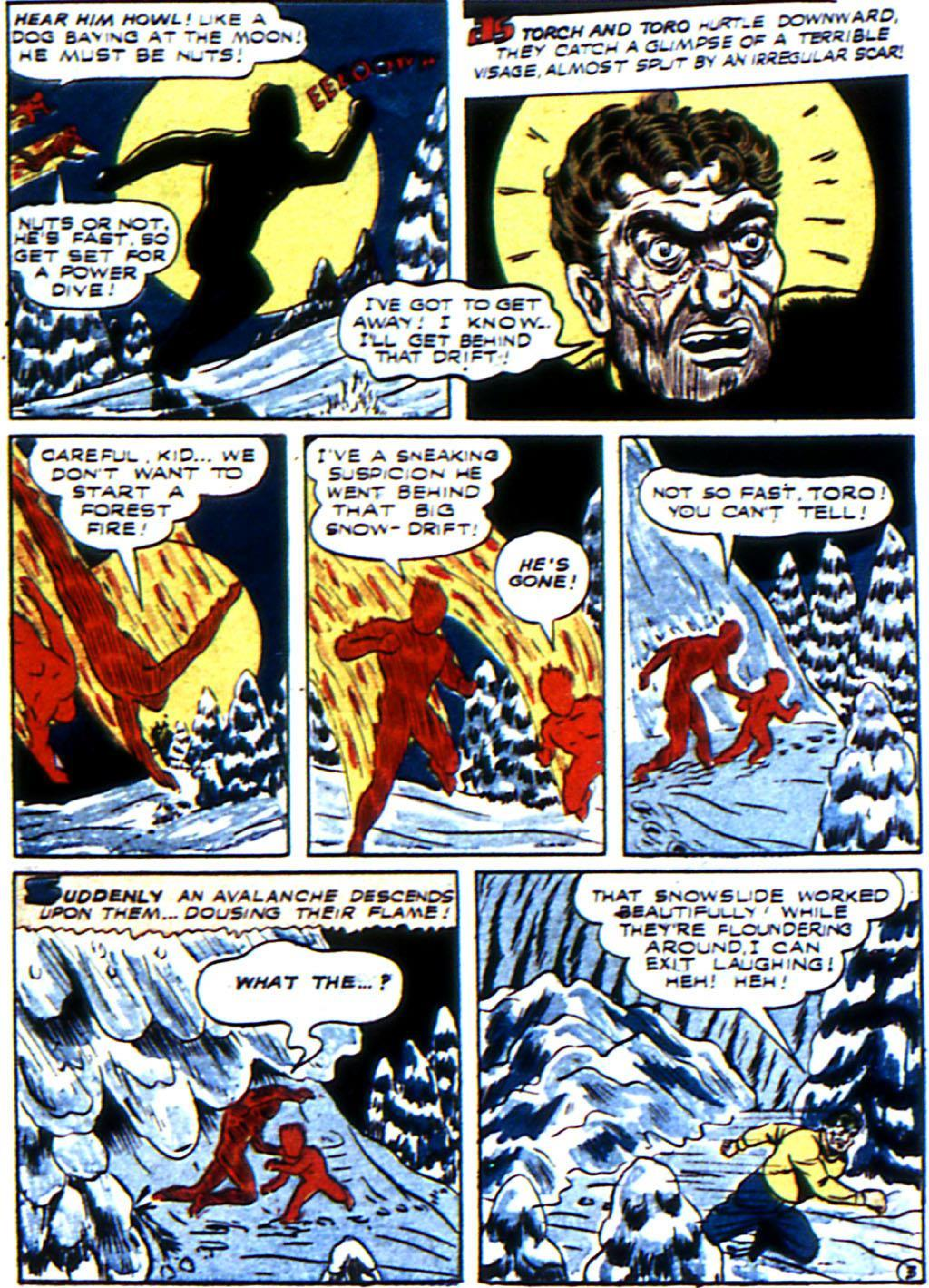
NAME AND ADDRESS:

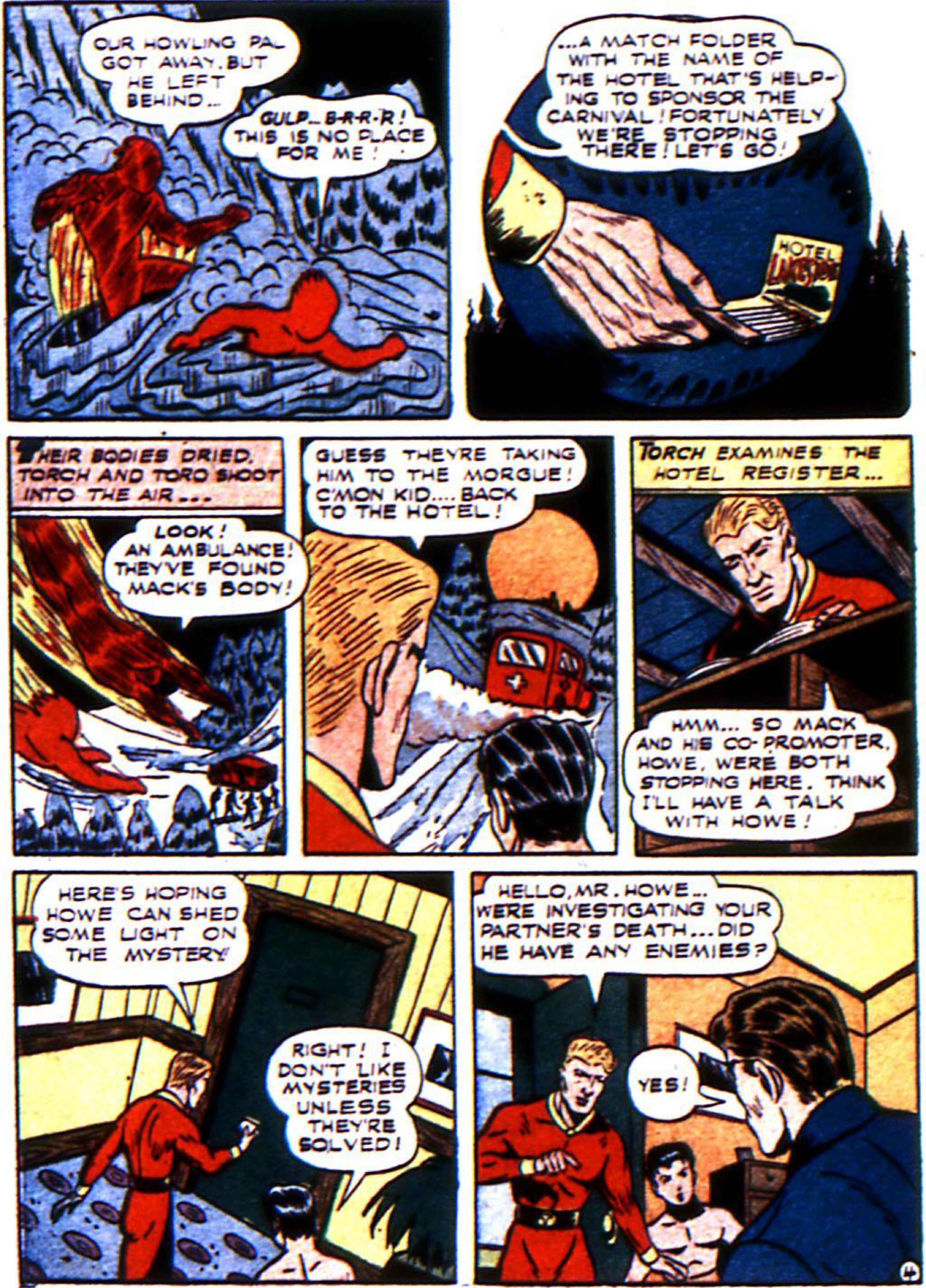
CITY AND STATE:

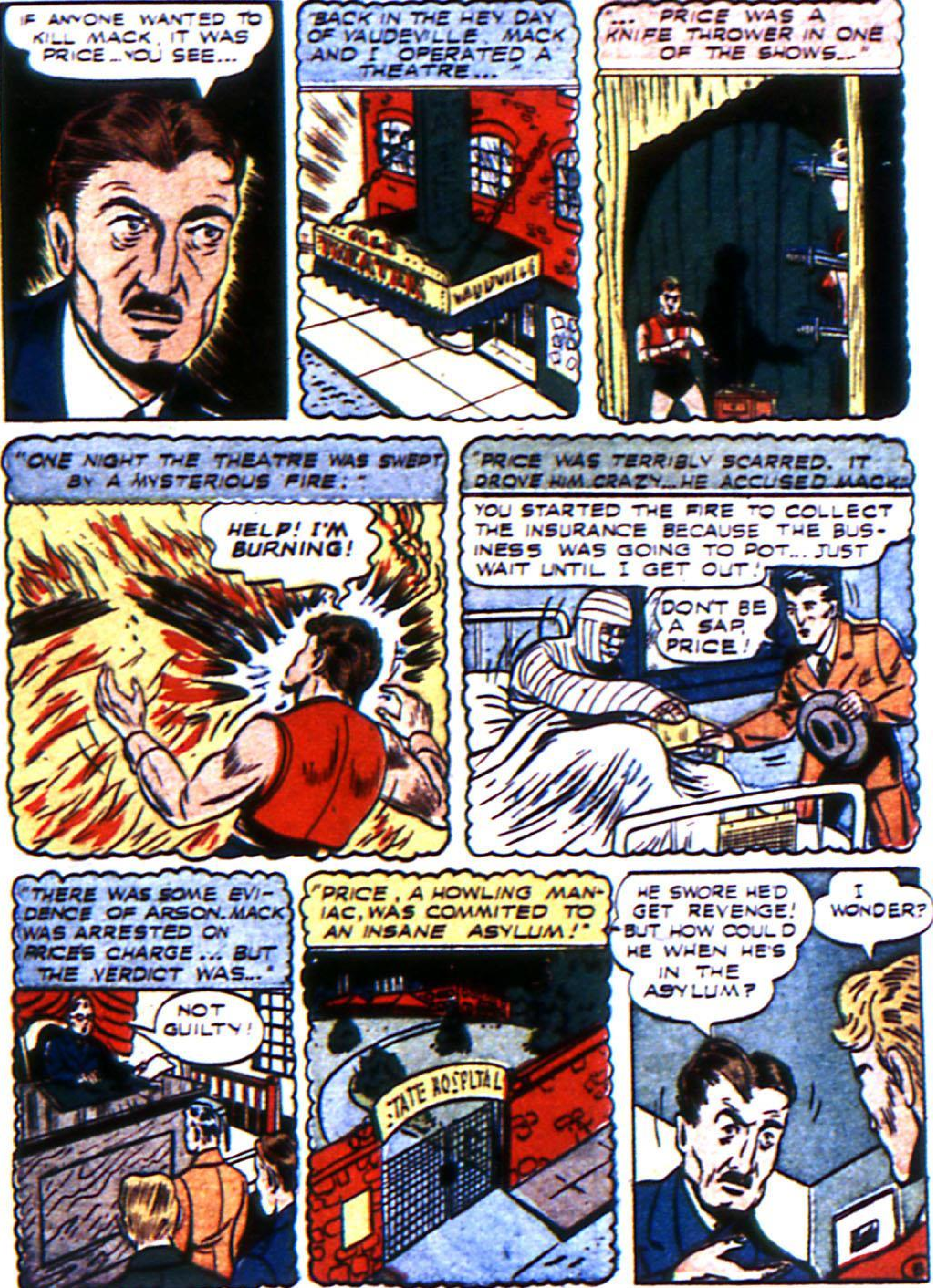
ALL-WINNERS COMICS is published quarterly by U.S.A. Comic Corp. at Meriden, Conn. Entered as second class matter, April 24, 1941, at the post office at Meriden, Conn. under Act of March 3, 1879. Single copies 10c; yearly subscription $.40. Entire contents copyrighted 1941 by U.S.A. Comic Magazine Corp., 330 W. 42nd St., New York, N.Y. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons and/or institutions appearing in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and that any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental.

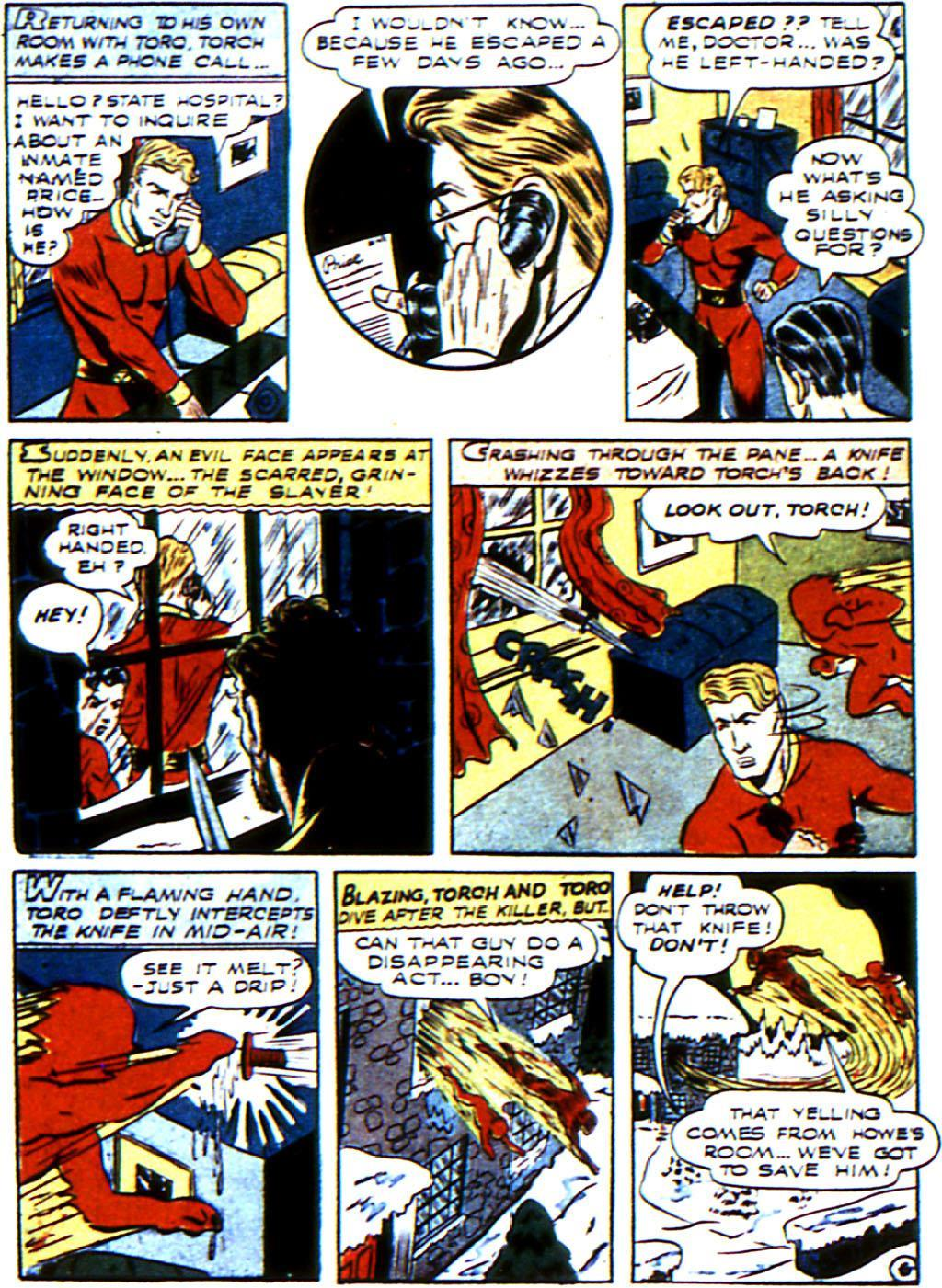

HUMAN TORCH
and TORO the Flaming Kid
CARNIVAL of DEATH!
WHITE IS FOR SNOW AND RED IS FOR BLOOD--AND THERE'S PLENTY OF BOTH WHEN DEATH CRASHES THE GATE OF THE WINTER CARNIVAL! SO PUT ON YOUR SKIS, AND HOLD YOUR BREATH BECAUSE TORCH AND TORO ARE GOING TO TAKE YOU FOR A R-R-IDE DOWN THE CORPSE STREWN TRAIL OF AN ATHLETIC KILLER WHO DIDN'T MIND MIXING SPORTS WITH MURDER!!!
THE TRAIL BEGINS ON THE SKI RUN AT CALM LAKE, SOCIETY'S WINTER PLAY SPOT, WHERE TORCH AND TORO EXPECTED TO SPEND A QUIET VACATION. BUT...
WHAT'S THAT HOWLING? IT DOESN'T SOUND HUMAN!
YOU'RE TELLING ME? B-R-R!
YEEOOWW
BUT, DON'T MIND THE HOWLING, DEAR READER--JUST KEEP YOUR EYE ON THIS SKIER... A MARKED MAN!!

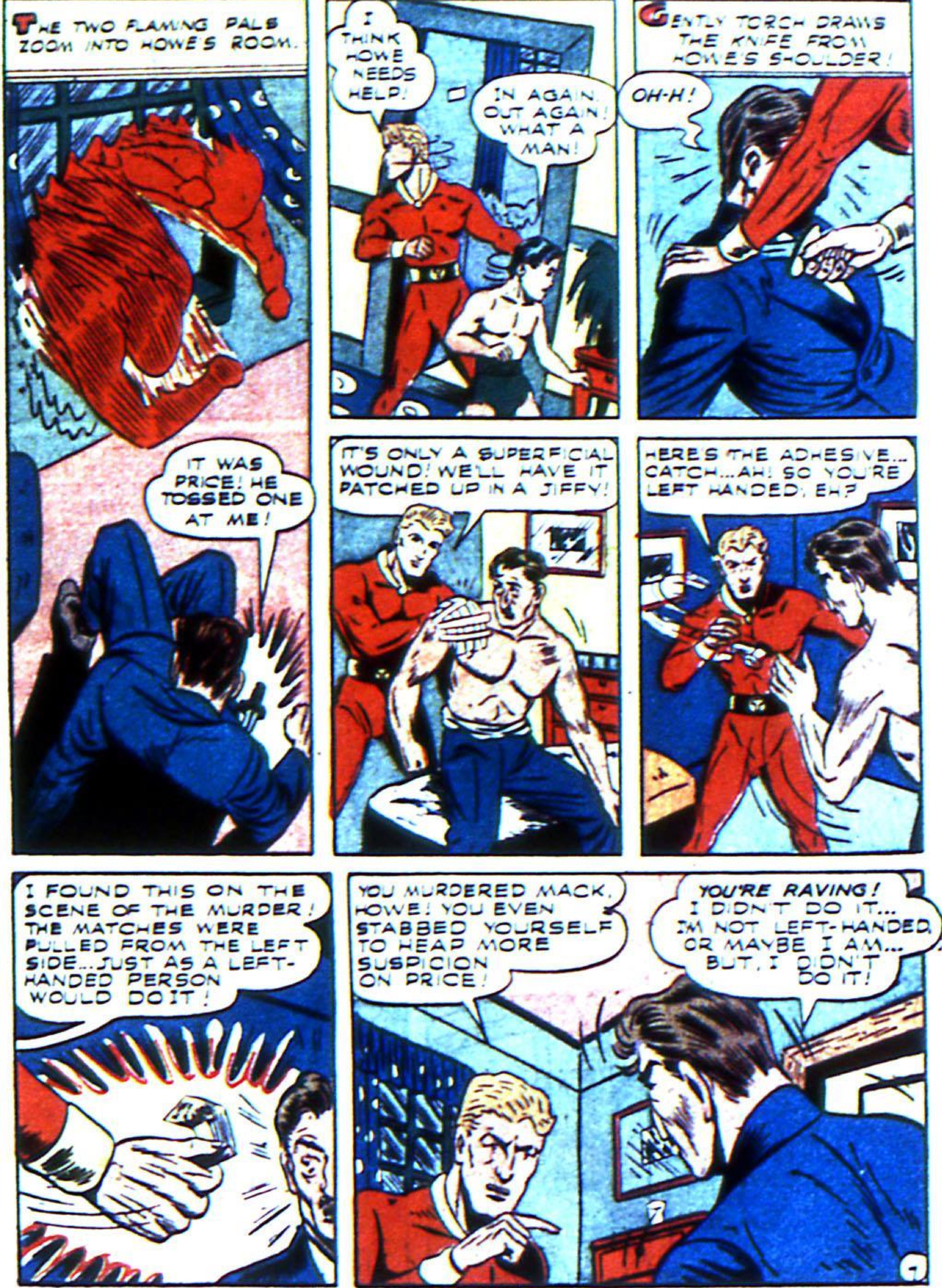

MARKED FOR DEATH! IT COMES, A SILVER FLASH AGAINST THE BLUE SKY!
AR-RR!
STEP ON IT, TORO! THAT MAN'S HURT BAD--- IF HE ISN'T DEAD!
AND THEY CALL THIS PLACE "CALM LAKE!" NICE!
TORCH EXAMINES THE SKIER...
DEAD! WHY... IT'S JIMMY MACK, ONE OF THE CARNIVAL'S PROMOTERS!
THE KNIFE CAME FROM THE DIRECTION OF THAT HOWLING WE HEARD... SO TURN ON THE HEAT!
TORCH AND TORO FLAME INTO ACTION, ZOOMING UPWARD!
I THINK I SEE SOMEONE RUNNING OVER THERE!
YOU'RE RIGHT! HEY, WHAT'S YOUR HURRY?

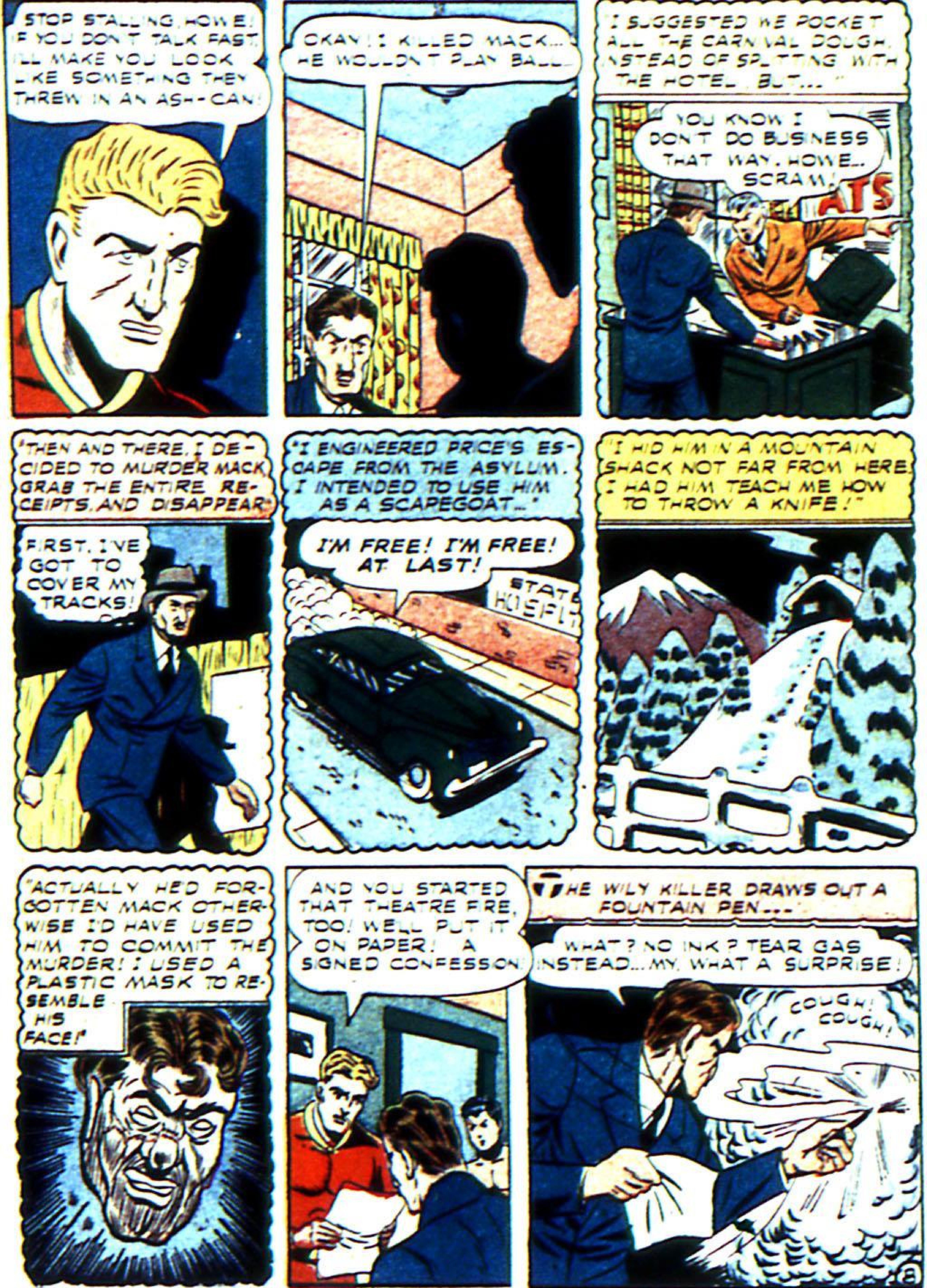

HEAR HIM HOWL! LIKE A DOG BAYING AT THE MOON! HE MUST BE NUTS!
EEEOOOWW...
NUTS OR NOT, HE'S FAST. SO GET SET FOR A POWER DIVE!
AS TORCH AND TORO HURTLE DOWNWARD, THEY CATCH A GLIMPSE OF A TERRIBLE VISAGE, ALMOST SPLIT BY AN IRREGULAR SCAR!
I'VE GOT TO GET AWAY! I KNOW... I'LL GET BEHIND THAT DRIFT!
CAREFUL, KID... WE DON'T WANT TO START A FOREST FIRE!
I'VE A SNEAKING SUSPICION HE WENT BEHIND THAT BIG SNOW-DRIFT!
HE'S GONE!
NOT SO FAST, TORO! YOU CAN'T TELL!
SUDDENLY AN AVALANCHE DESCENDS UPON THEM... DOUSING THEIR FLAME!
WHAT THE...?
THAT SNOWSLIDE WORKED BEAUTIFULLY! WHILE THEY'RE FLOUNDERING AROUND, I CAN EXIT LAUGHING! HEH! HEH!
3

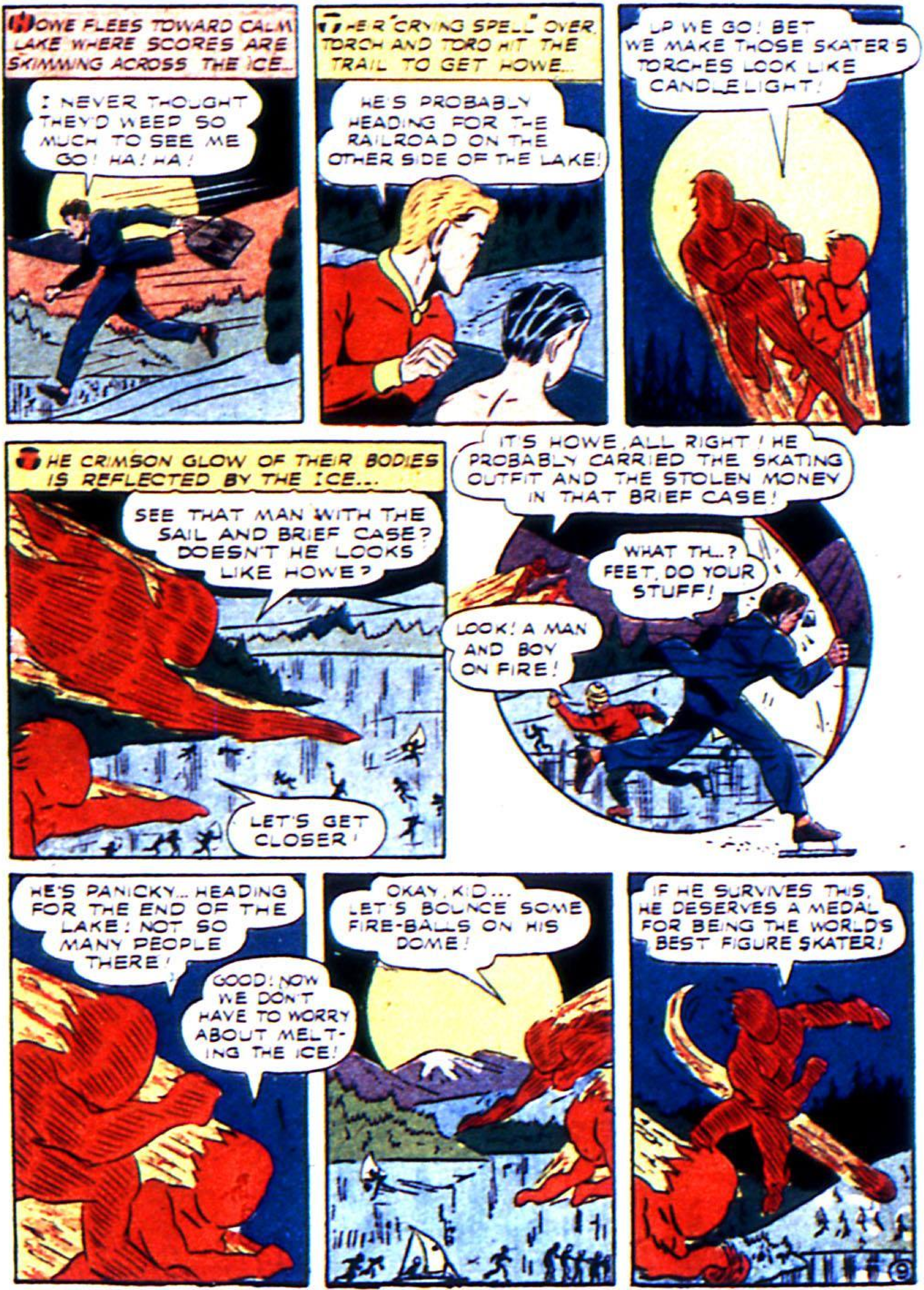

OUR HOWLING PAL GOT AWAY, BUT HE LEFT BEHIND...
GULP... B-R-R-R! THIS IS NO PLACE FOR ME!
...A MATCH FOLDER WITH THE NAME OF THE HOTEL THAT'S HELPING TO SPONSOR THE CARNIVAL! FORTUNATELY WE'RE STOPPING THERE! LET'S GO!
HOTEL LAKESIDE
THEIR BODIES DRIED, TORCH AND TORO SHOOT INTO THE AIR...
LOOK! AN AMBULANCE! THEY'VE FOUND MACK'S BODY!
GUESS THEYRE TAKING HIM TO THE MORGUE! C'MON KID.... BACK TO THE HOTEL!
TORCH EXAMINES THE HOTEL REGISTER...
HMM... SO MACK AND HIS CO-PROMOTER, HOWE, WERE BOTH STOPPING HERE. THINK I'LL HAVE A TALK WITH HOWE!
HERE'S HOPING HOWE CAN SHED SOME LIGHT ON THE MYSTERY!
RIGHT! I DON'T LIKE MYSTERIES UNLESS THEY'RE SOLVED!
HELLO, MR. HOWE... WE'RE INVESTIGATING YOUR PARTNER'S DEATH... DID HE HAVE ANY ENEMIES?
YES!

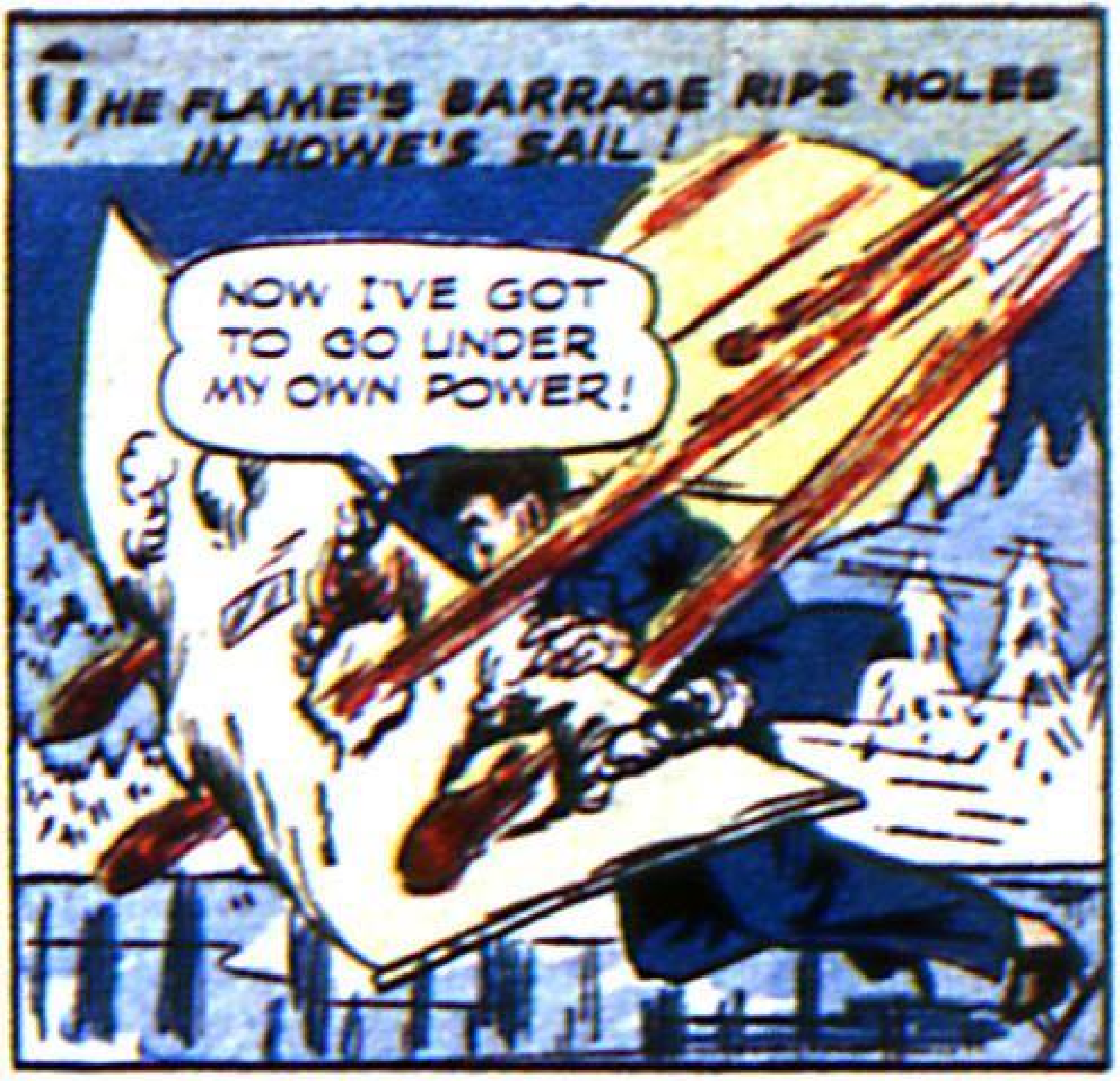

IF ANYONE WANTED TO KILL MACK, IT WAS PRICE...YOU SEE...
"BACK IN THE HEY DAY OF VAUDEVILLE, MACK AND I OPERATED A THEATRE..."
THEATER
VAUDVILLE
"... PRICE WAS A KNIFE THROWER IN ONE OF THE SHOWS..."
"ONE NIGHT THE THEATRE WAS SWEPT BY A MYSTERIOUS FIRE:"
HELP! I'M BURNING!
"PRICE WAS TERRIBLY SCARRED. IT DROVE HIM CRAZY...HE ACCUSED MACK:
YOU STARTED THE FIRE TO COLLECT THE INSURANCE BECAUSE THE BUSINESS WAS GOING TO POT... JUST WAIT UNTIL I GET OUT!
DON'T BE A SAP, PRICE!
"THERE WAS SOME EVIDENCE OF ARSON. MACK WAS ARRESTED ON PRICE'S CHARGE... BUT THE VERDICT WAS..."
NOT GUILTY!
"PRICE, A HOWLING MANIAC, WAS COMMITED TO AN INSANE ASYLUM!"
STATE HOSPITAL
HE SWORE HE'D GET REVENGE! BUT HOW COULD HE WHEN HE'S IN THE ASYLUM?
I WONDER?

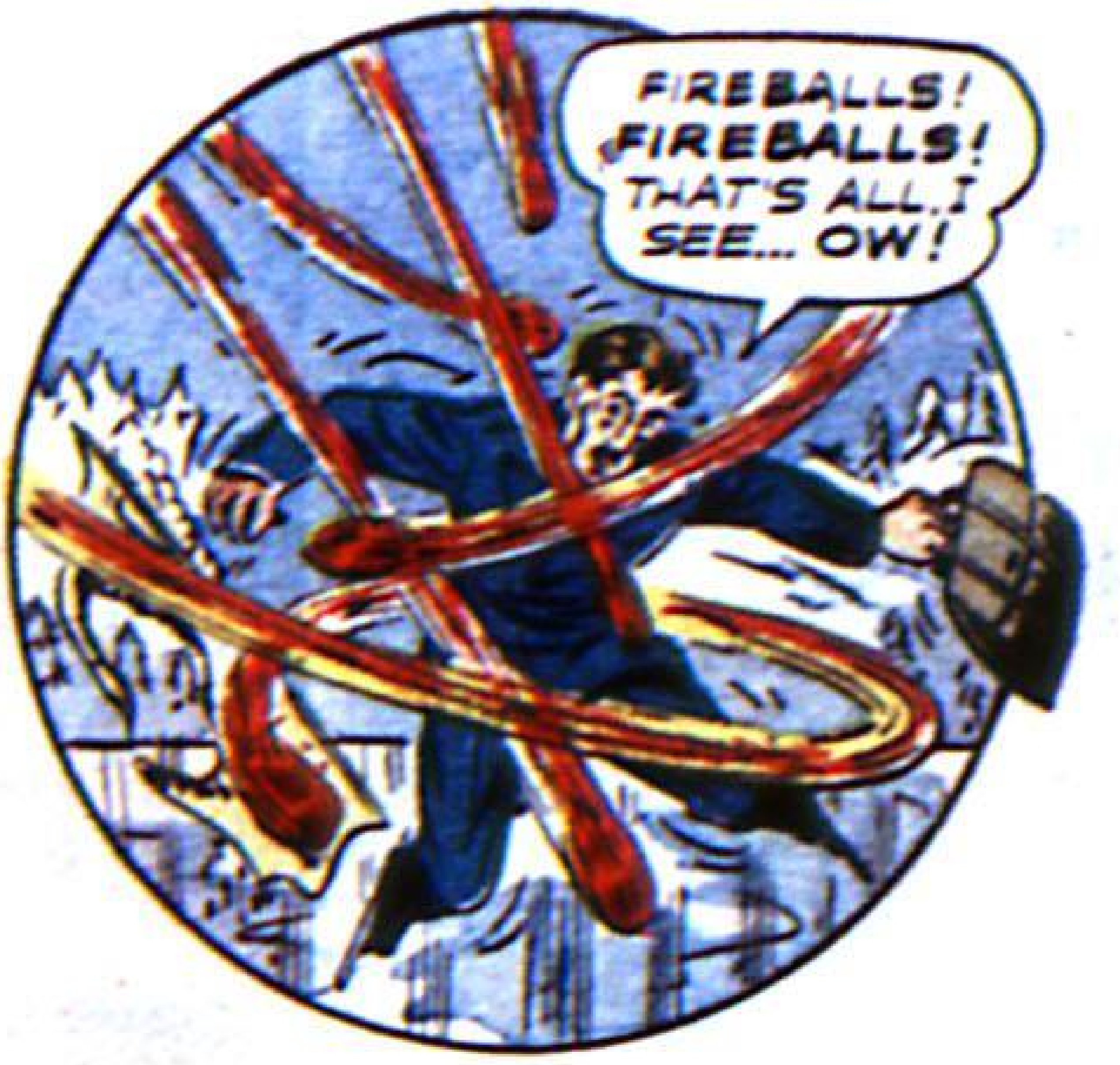

RETURNING TO HIS OWN ROOM WITH TORO, TORCH MAKES A PHONE CALL...
HELLO? STATE HOSPITAL? I WANT TO INQUIRE ABOUT AN INMATE NAMED PRICE- HOW IS HE?
I WOULDN'T KNOW... BECAUSE HE ESCAPED A FEW DAYS AGO...
Price
ESCAPED?? TELL ME, DOCTOR... WAS HE LEFT-HANDED?
NOW WHAT'S HE ASKING SILLY QUESTIONS FOR?
SUDDENLY, AN EVIL FACE APPEARS AT THE WINDOW... THE SCARRED, GRINNING FACE OF THE SLAYER!
RIGHT HANDED, EH?
HEY!
CRASHING THROUGH THE PANE... A KNIFE WHIZZES TOWARD TORCH'S BACK!
LOOK OUT, TORCH!
CRASH!
WITH A FLAMING HAND, TORO DEFTLY INTERCEPTS THE KNIFE IN MID-AIR!
SEE IT MELT? -JUST A DRIP!
BLAZING, TORCH AND TORO DIVE AFTER THE KILLER, BUT...
CAN THAT GUY DO A DISAPPEARING ACT... BOY!
HELP! DON'T THROW THAT KNIFE! DON'T!
THAT YELLING COMES FROM HOWE'S ROOM... WE'VE GOT TO SAVE HIM!

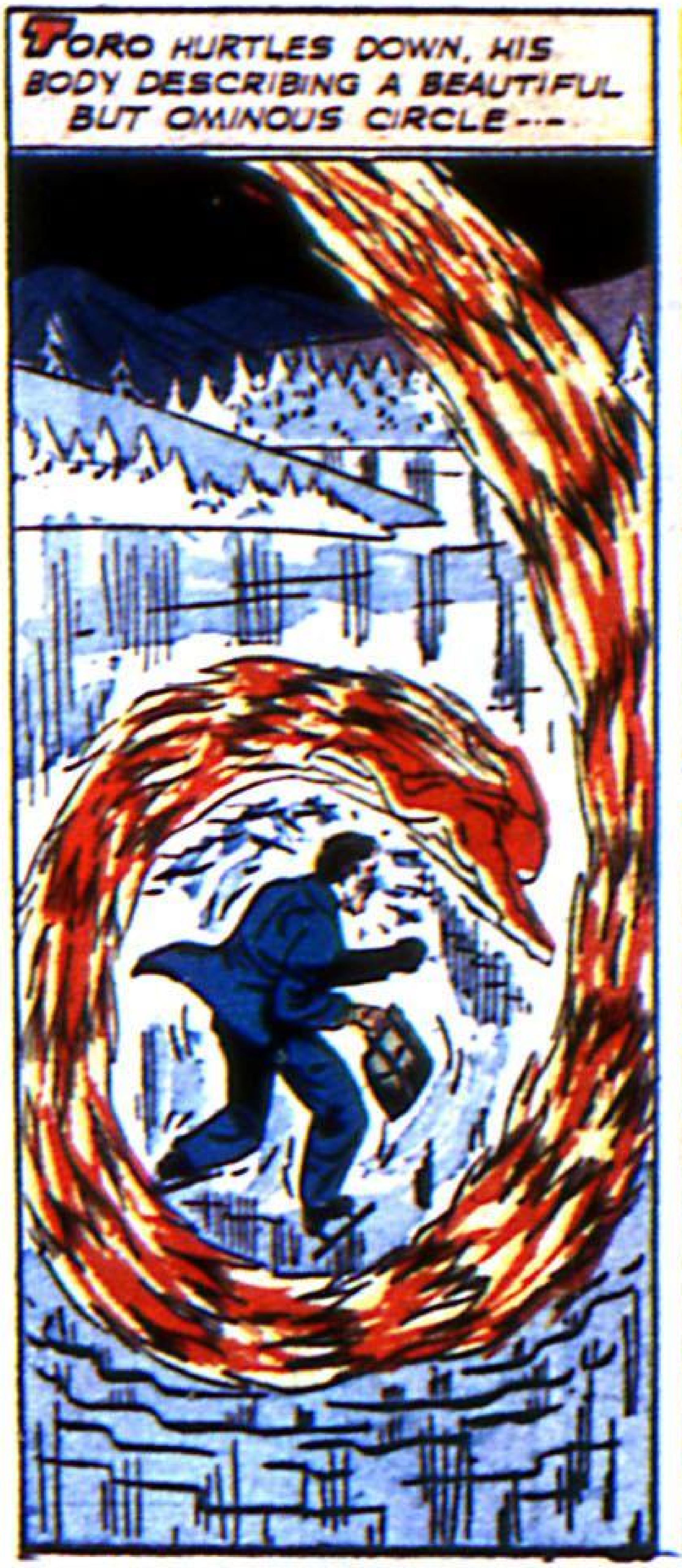

THE TWO FLAMING PALS ZOOM INTO HOWE'S ROOM.
I THINK HOWE NEEDS HELP!
IN AGAIN, OUT AGAIN! WHAT A MAN!
GENTLY TORCH DRAWS THE KNIFE FROM HOWE'S SHOULDER!
OH-H!
IT WAS PRICE! HE TOSSED ONE AT ME!
IT'S ONLY A SUPERFICIAL WOUND! WE'LL HAVE IT PATCHED UP IN A JIFFY!
HERE'S THE ADHESIVE... CATCH...AH! SO YOU'RE LEFT HANDED, EH?
I FOUND THIS ON THE SCENE OF THE MURDER! THE MATCHES WERE PULLED FROM THE LEFT SIDE...JUST AS A LEFT-HANDED PERSON WOULD DO IT!
YOU MURDERED MACK, HOWE! YOU EVEN STABBED YOURSELF TO HEAP MORE SUSPICION ON PRICE!
YOU'RE RAVING! I DIDN'T DO IT... I'M NOT LEFT-HANDED, OR MAYBE I AM... BUT, I DIDN'T DO IT!

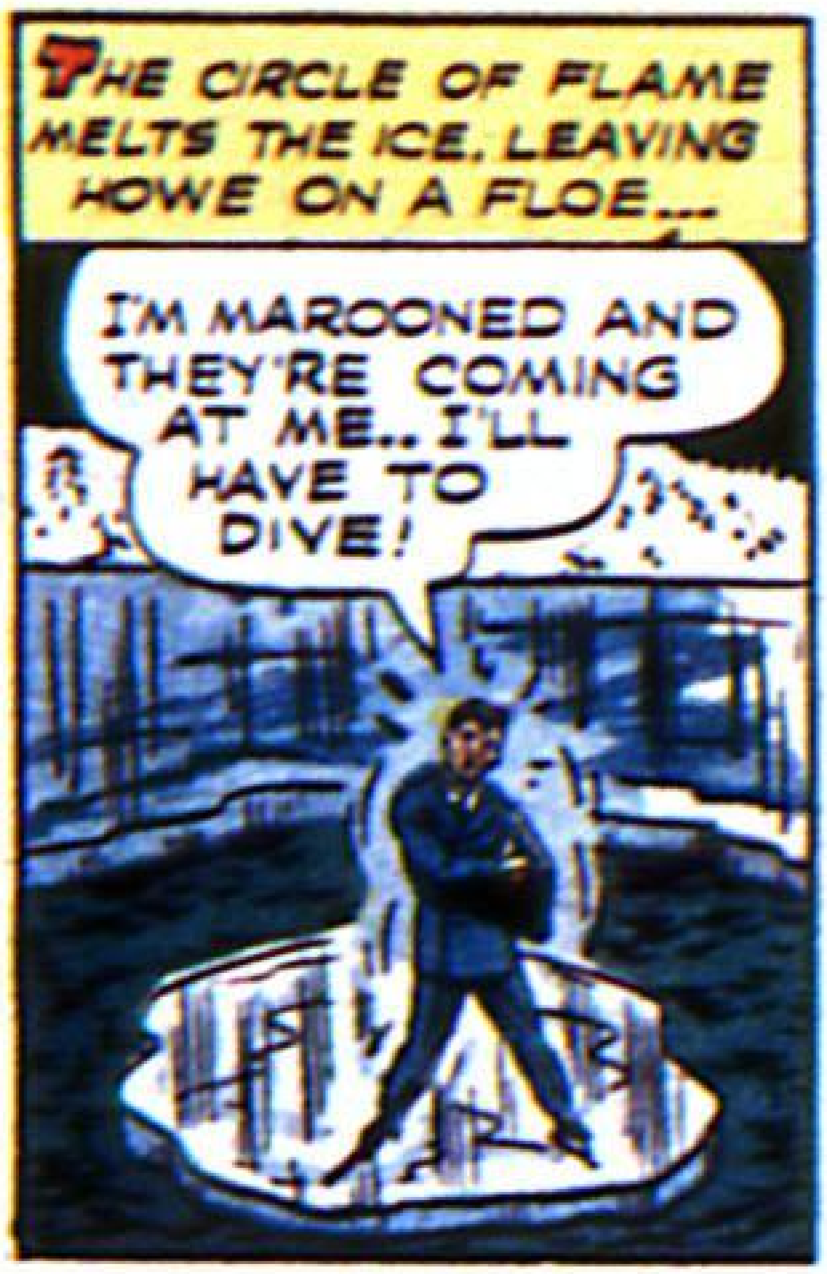

STOP STALLING, HOWE! IF YOU DON'T TALK FAST, I'LL MAKE YOU LOOK LIKE SOMETHING THEY THREW IN AN ASH-CAN!
OKAY! I KILLED MACK... HE WOULDN'T PLAY BALL!
"I SUGGESTED WE POCKET ALL THE CARNIVAL DOUGH, INSTEAD OF SPLITTING WITH THE HOTEL, BUT..."
YOU KNOW I DON'T DO BUSINESS THAT WAY, HOWE... SCRAM!
ATS
"THEN AND THERE, I DECIDED TO MURDER MACK, GRAB THE ENTIRE RECEIPTS, AND DISAPPEAR."
FIRST, I'VE GOT TO COVER MY TRACKS!
"I ENGINEERED PRICE'S ESCAPE FROM THE ASYLUM. I INTENDED TO USE HIM AS A SCAPEGOAT..."
I'M FREE! I'M FREE! AT LAST!
STATE HOSPIT
"I HID HIM IN A MOUNTAIN SHACK NOT FAR FROM HERE. I HAD HIM TEACH ME HOW TO THROW A KNIFE!"
"ACTUALLY HE'D FORGOTTEN MACK OTHERWISE I'D HAVE USED HIM TO COMMIT THE MURDER! I USED A PLASTIC MASK TO RESEMBLE HIS FACE!"
AND YOU STARTED THAT THEATRE FIRE, TOO! WE'LL PUT IT ON PAPER! A SIGNED CONFESSION!
THE WILY KILLER DRAWS OUT A FOUNTAIN PEN...
WHAT? NO INK? TEAR GAS INSTEAD... MY, WHAT A SURPRISE!
COUGH! COUGH!

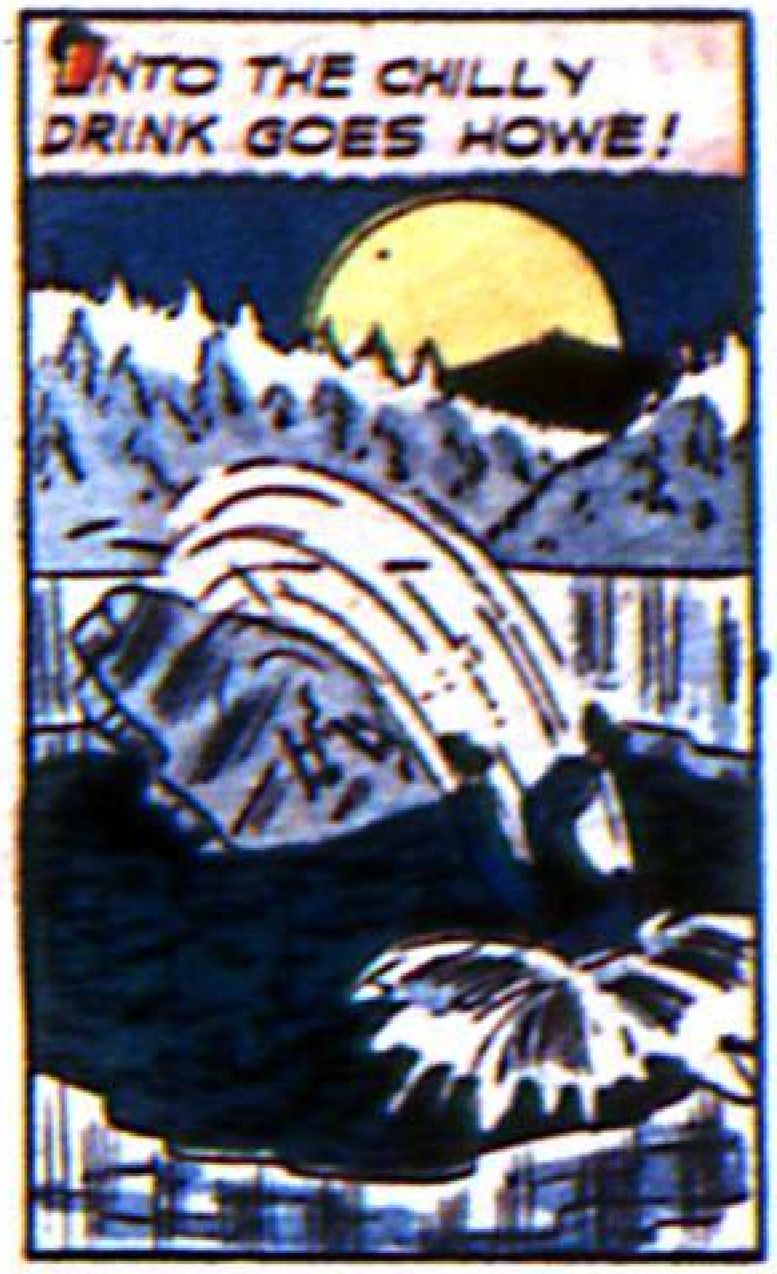

HOWE FLEES TOWARD CALM LAKE WHERE SCORES ARE SKIMMING ACROSS THE ICE...
I NEVER THOUGHT THEY'D WEEP SO MUCH TO SEE ME GO! HA! HA!
THEIR "CRYING SPELL" OVER, TORCH AND TORO HIT THE TRAIL TO GET HOWE...
HE'S PROBABLY HEADING FOR THE RAILROAD ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE LAKE!
UP WE GO! BET WE MAKE THOSE SKATER'S TORCHES LOOK LIKE CANDLELIGHT!
THE CRIMSON GLOW OF THEIR BODIES IS REFLECTED BY THE ICE...
SEE THAT MAN WITH THE SAIL AND BRIEF CASE? DOESN'T HE LOOKS LIKE HOWE?
LET'S GET CLOSER!
IT'S HOWE, ALL RIGHT! HE PROBABLY CARRIED THE SKATING OUTFIT AND THE STOLEN MONEY IN THAT BRIEF CASE!
WHAT TH..? FEET, DO YOUR STUFF!
LOOK! A MAN AND BOY ON FIRE!
HE'S PANICKY... HEADING FOR THE END OF THE LAKE: NOT SO MANY PEOPLE THERE!
GOOD! NOW WE DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT MELTING THE ICE!
OKAY, KID... LET'S BOUNCE SOME FIRE-BALLS ON HIS DOME!
IF HE SURVIVES THIS, HE DESERVES A MEDAL FOR BEING THE WORLD'S BEST FIGURE SKATER!

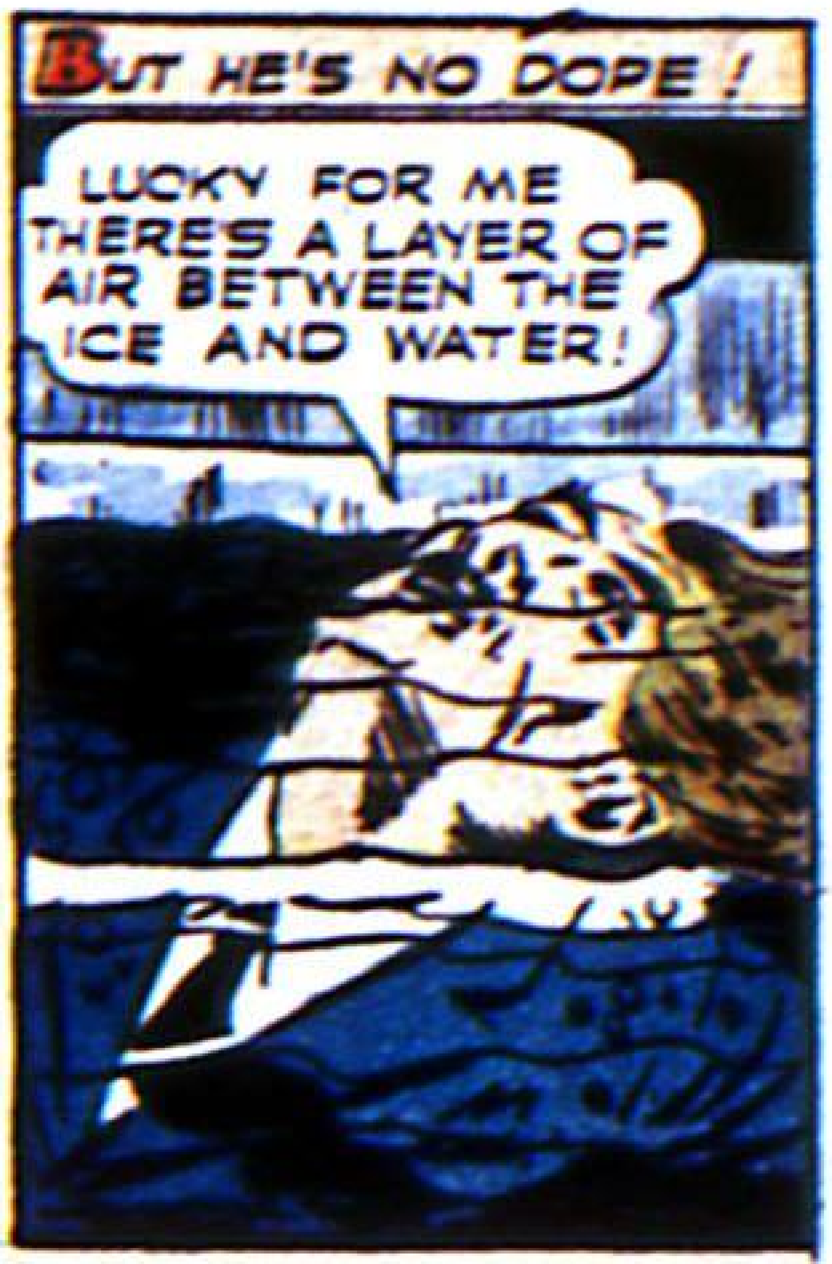

THE FLAME'S BARRAGE RIPS HOLES IN HOWE'S SAIL!
NOW I'VE GOT TO GO UNDER MY OWN POWER!

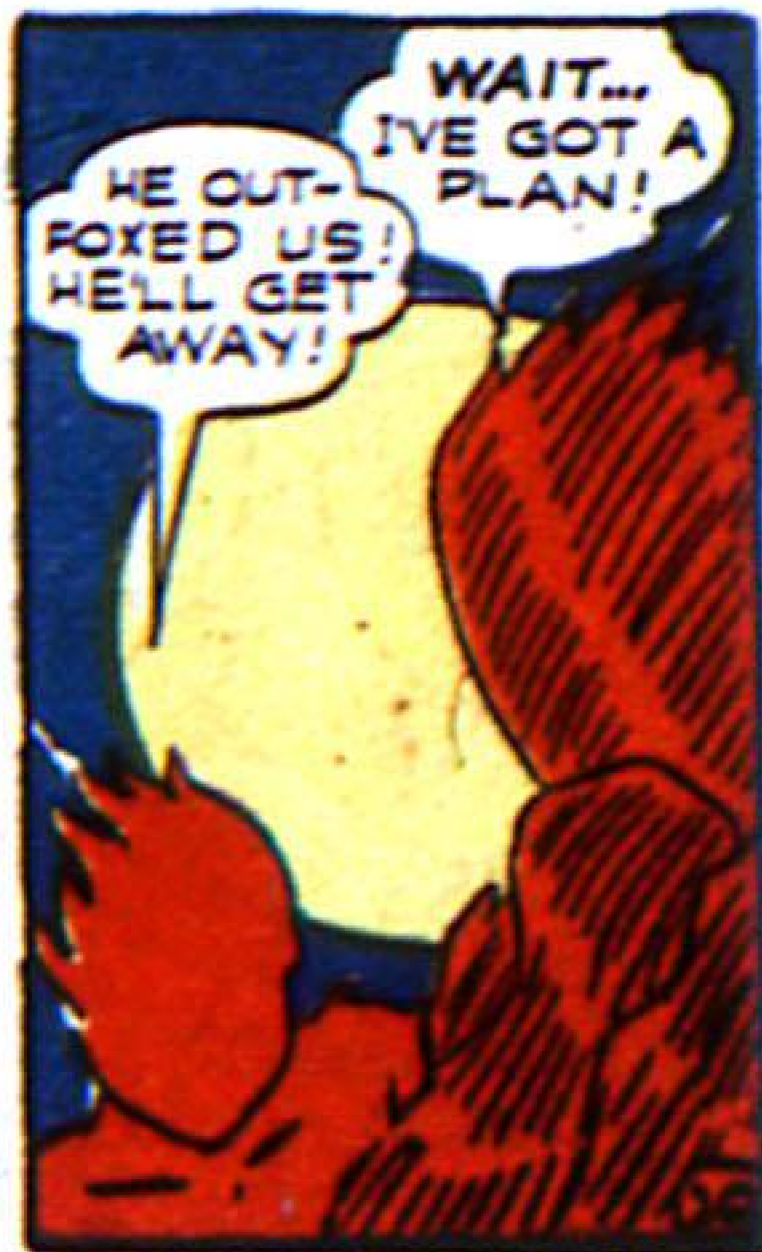

FIREBALLS! FIREBALLS! THAT'S ALL, I SEE... OW!

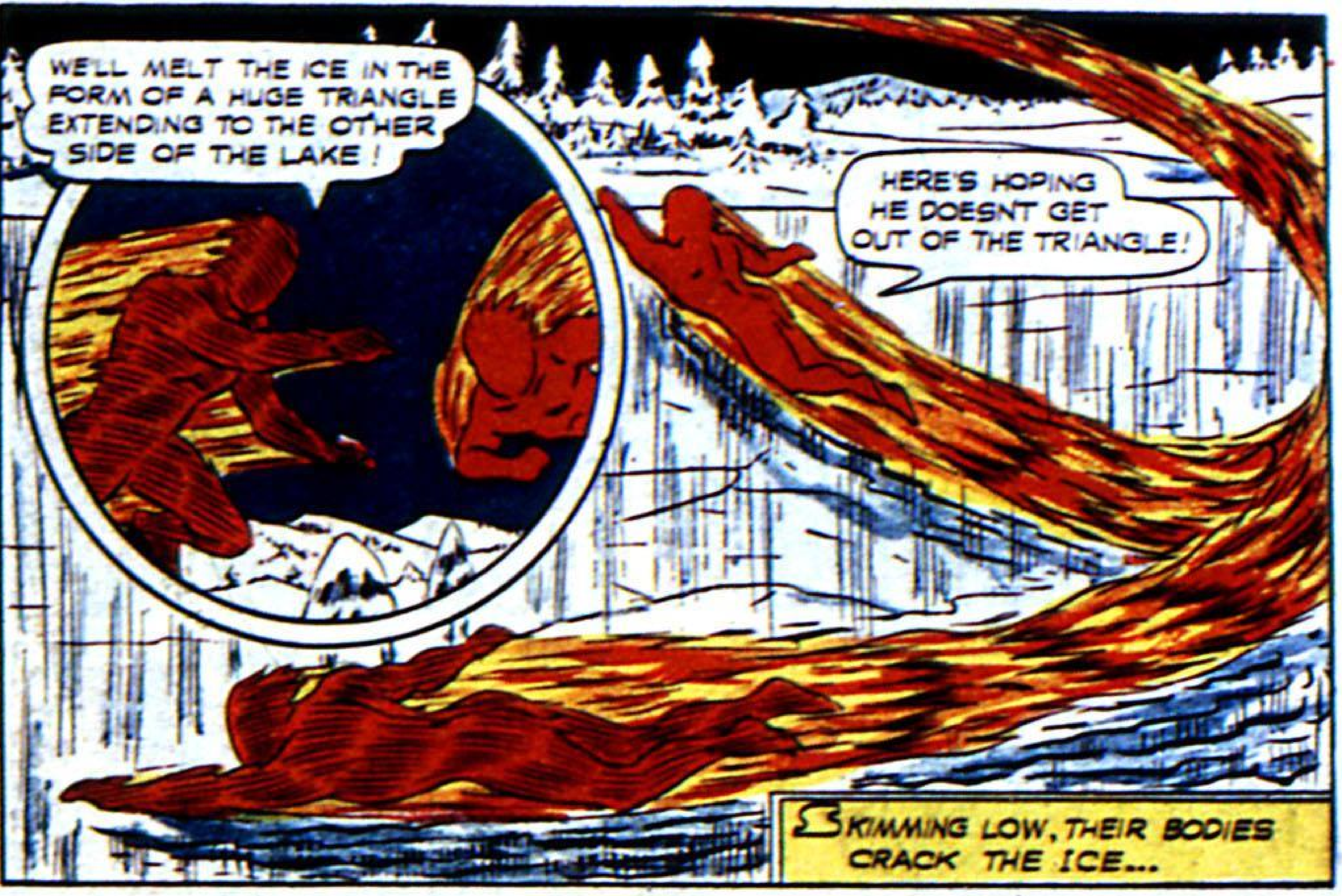

TORO HURTLES DOWN, HIS BODY DESCRIBING A BEAUTIFUL BUT OMINOUS CIRCLE---

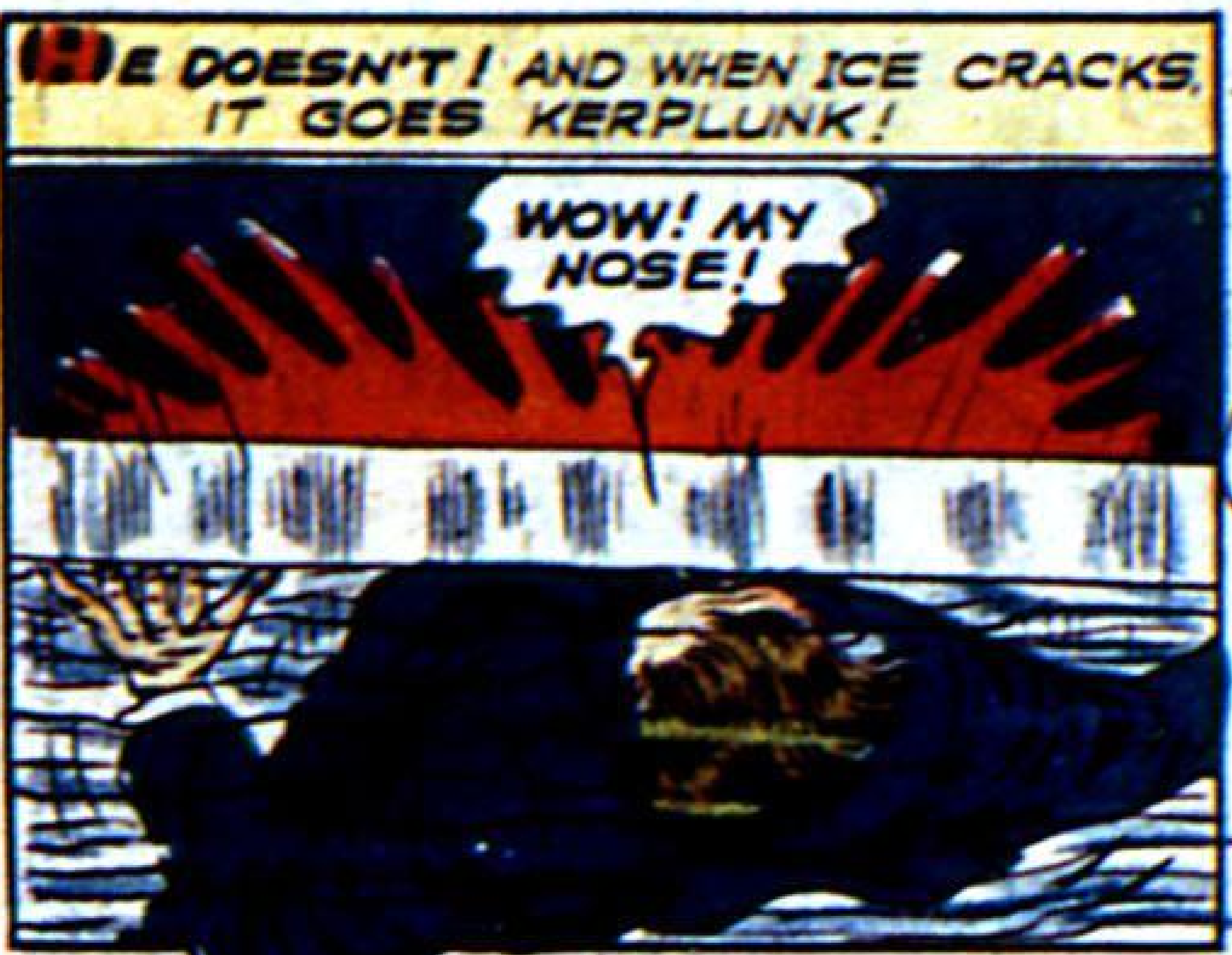

THE CIRCLE OF FLAME MELTS THE ICE, LEAVING HOWE ON A FLOE...
I'M MAROONED AND THEY'RE COMING AT ME.. I'LL HAVE TO DIVE!

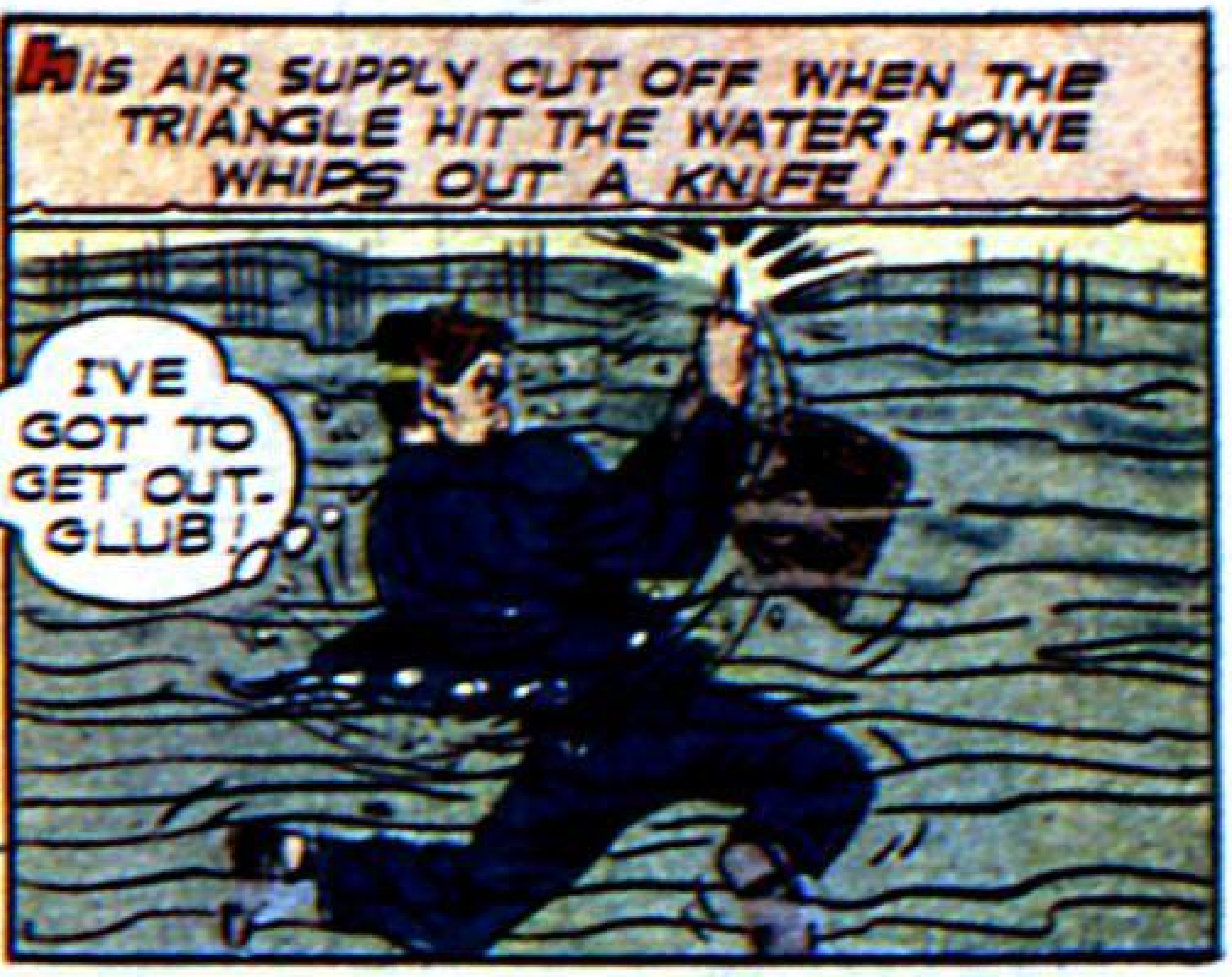

INTO THE CHILLY DRINK GOES HOWE!

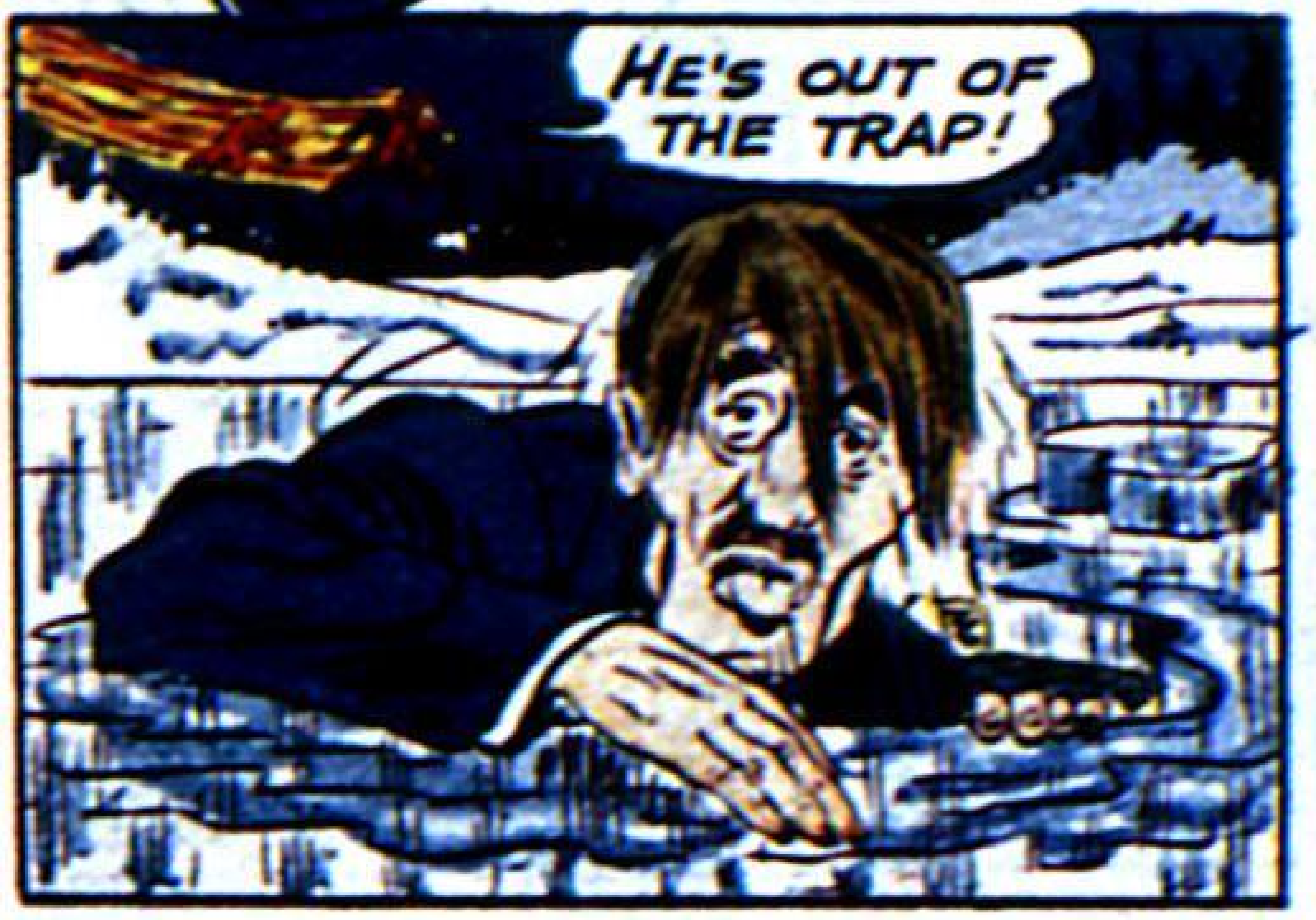

BUT HE'S NO DOPE!
LUCKY FOR ME THERE'S A LAYER OF AIR BETWEEN THE ICE AND WATER!

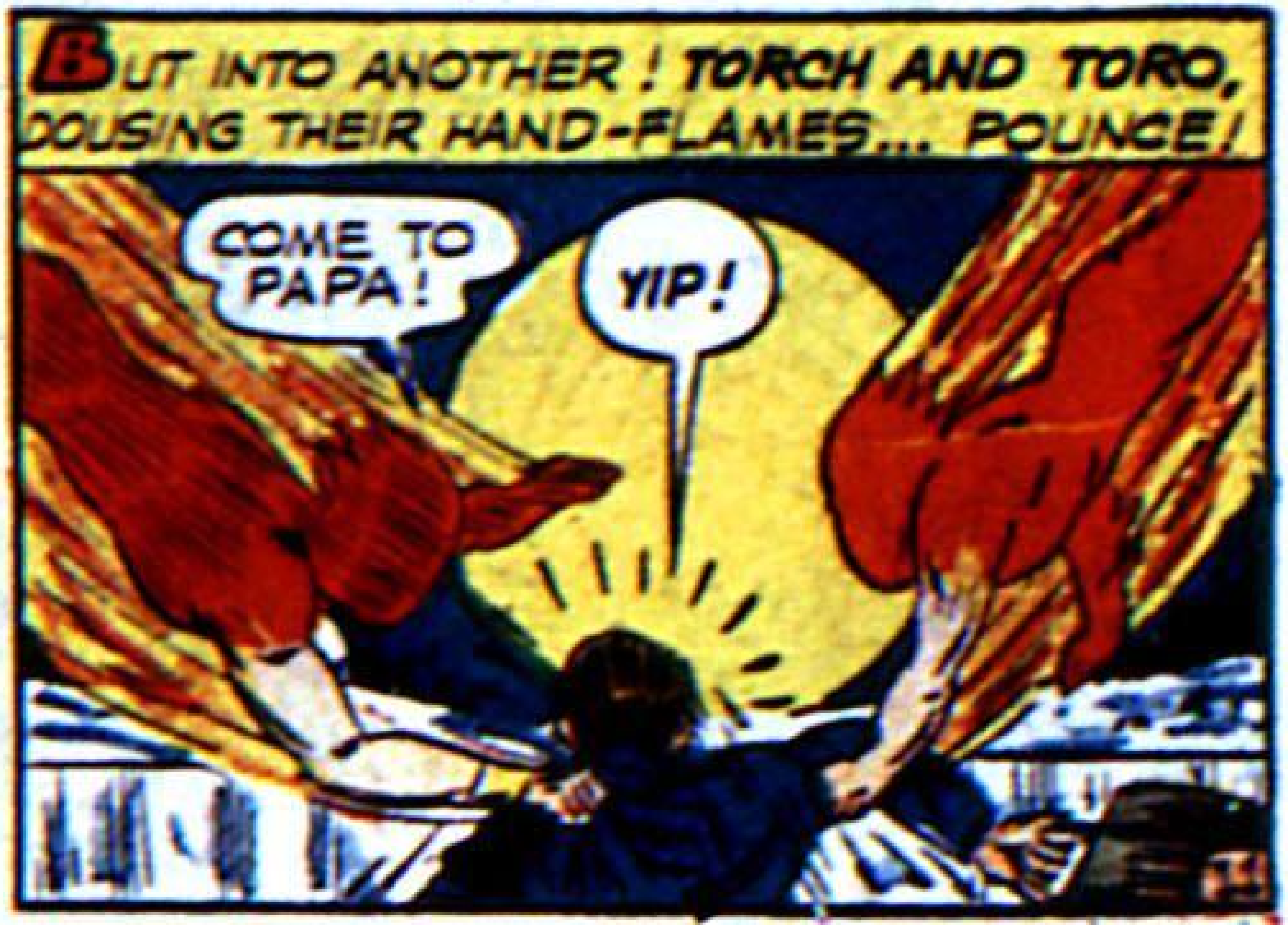

HE OUT-FOXED US! HE'LL GET AWAY!
WAIT... I'VE GOT A PLAN!

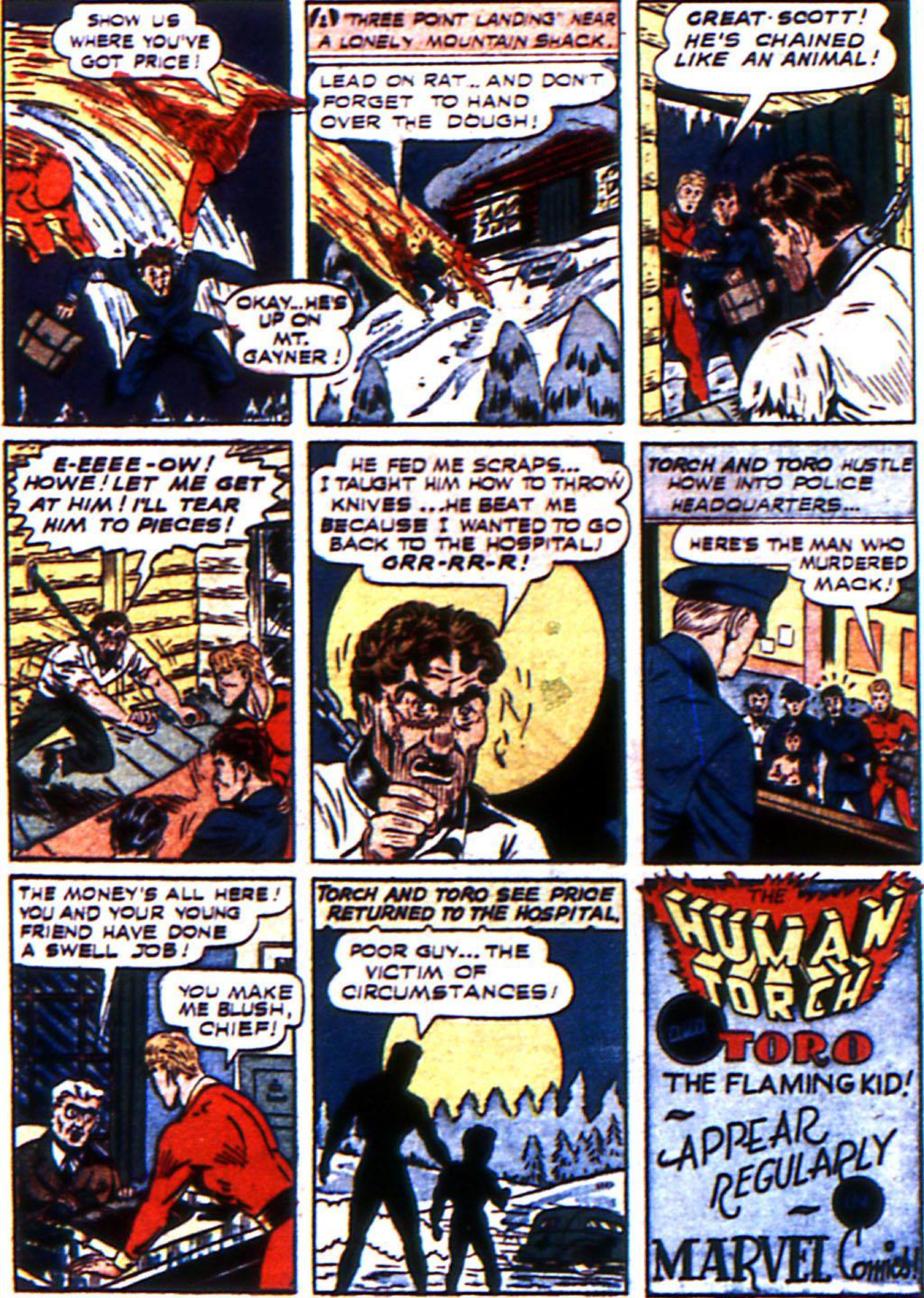

WE'LL MELT THE ICE IN THE FORM OF A HUGE TRIANGLE EXTENDING TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE LAKE!
HERE'S HOPING HE DOESN'T GET OUT OF THE TRIANGLE!
SKIMMING LOW, THEIR BODIES CRACK THE ICE...

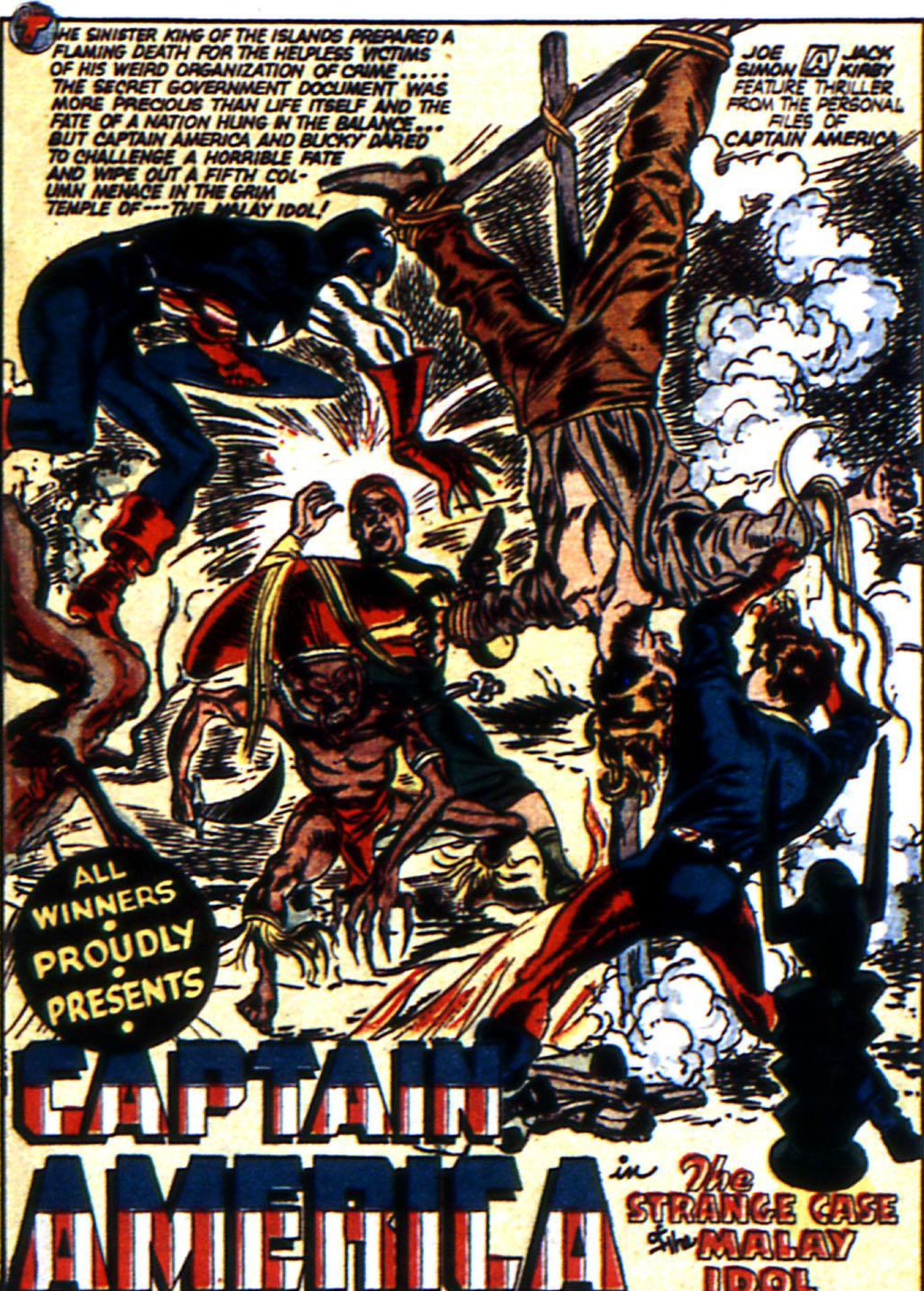

HE DOESN'T! AND WHEN ICE CRACKS, IT GOES KERPLUNK!
WOW! MY NOSE!

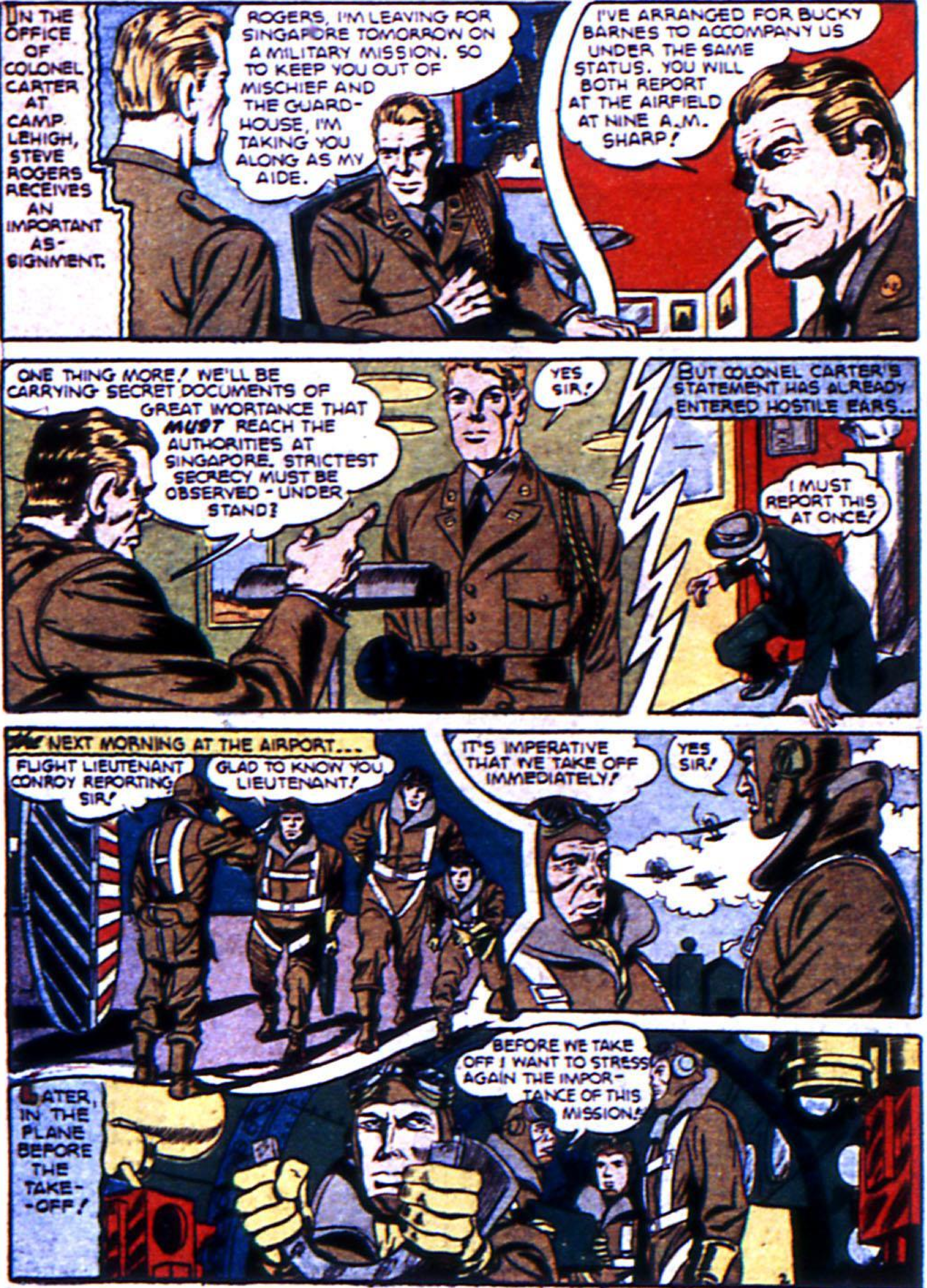

HIS AIR SUPPLY CUT OFF WHEN THE TRIANGLE HIT THE WATER, HOWE WHIPS OUT A KNIFE!
I'VE GOT TO GET OUT. GLUB!

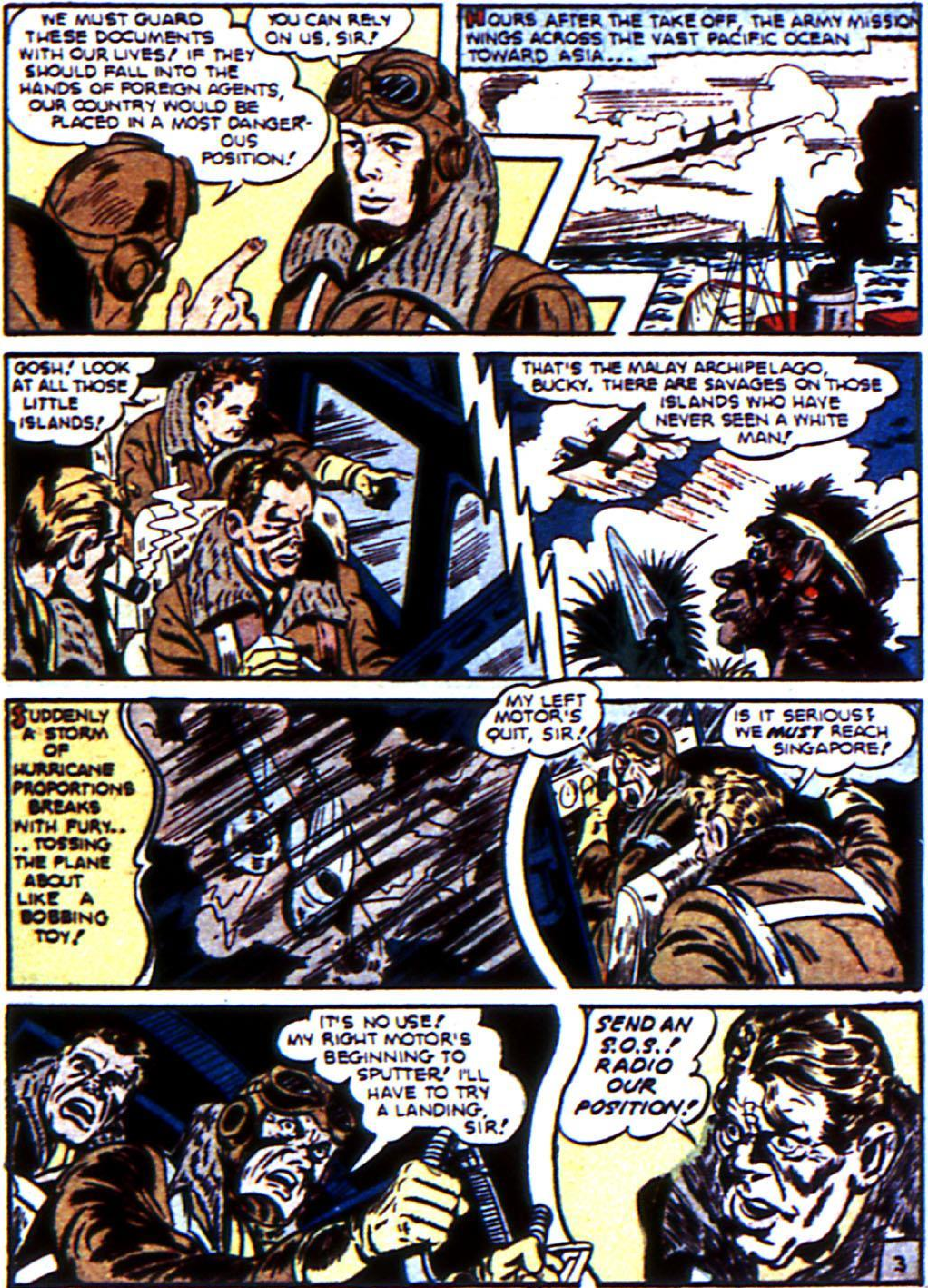

HE'S OUT OF THE TRAP!

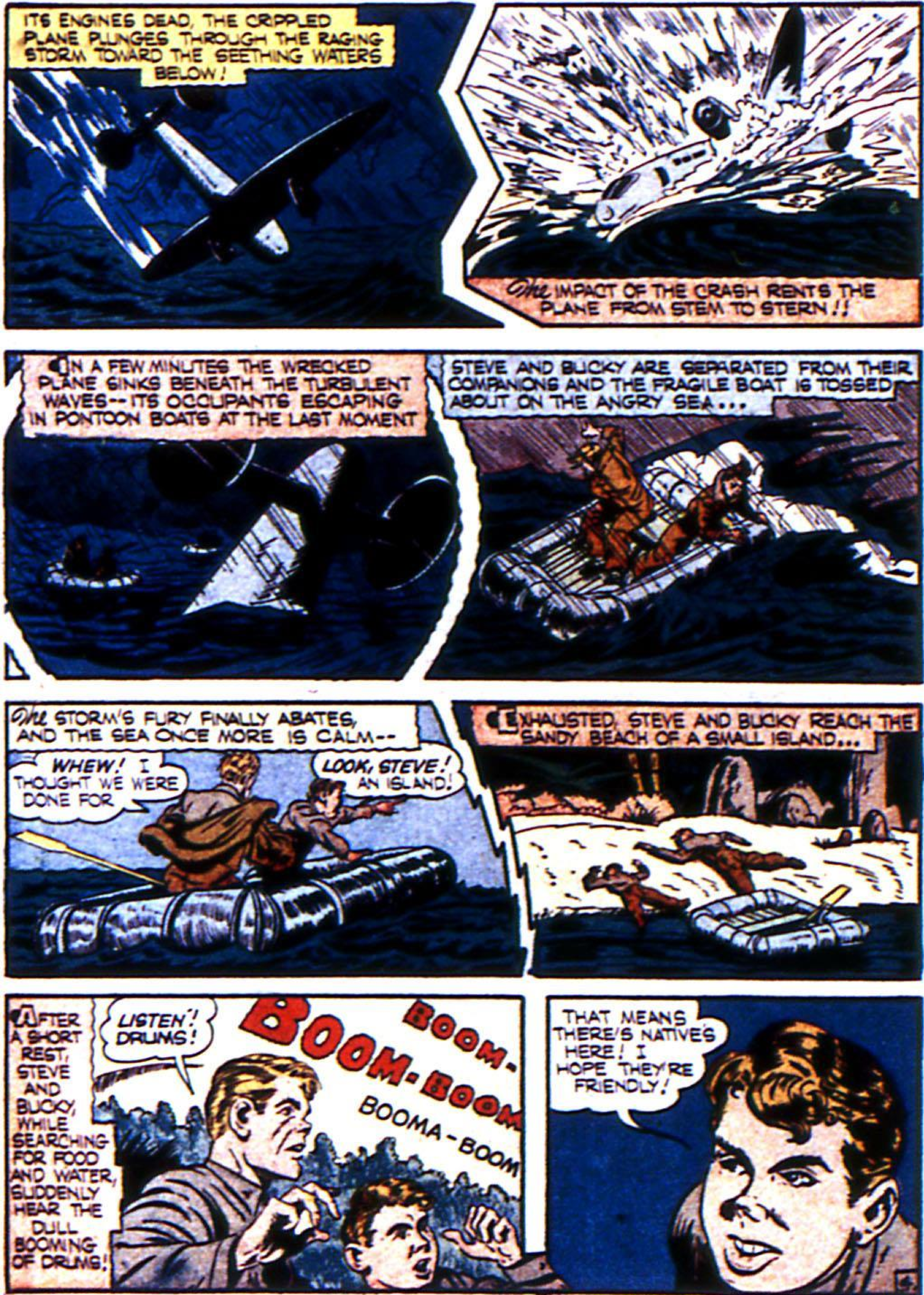

BUT INTO ANOTHER! TORCH AND TORO, DOUSING THEIR HAND-FLAMES... POUNCE!
COME TO PAPA!
YIP!

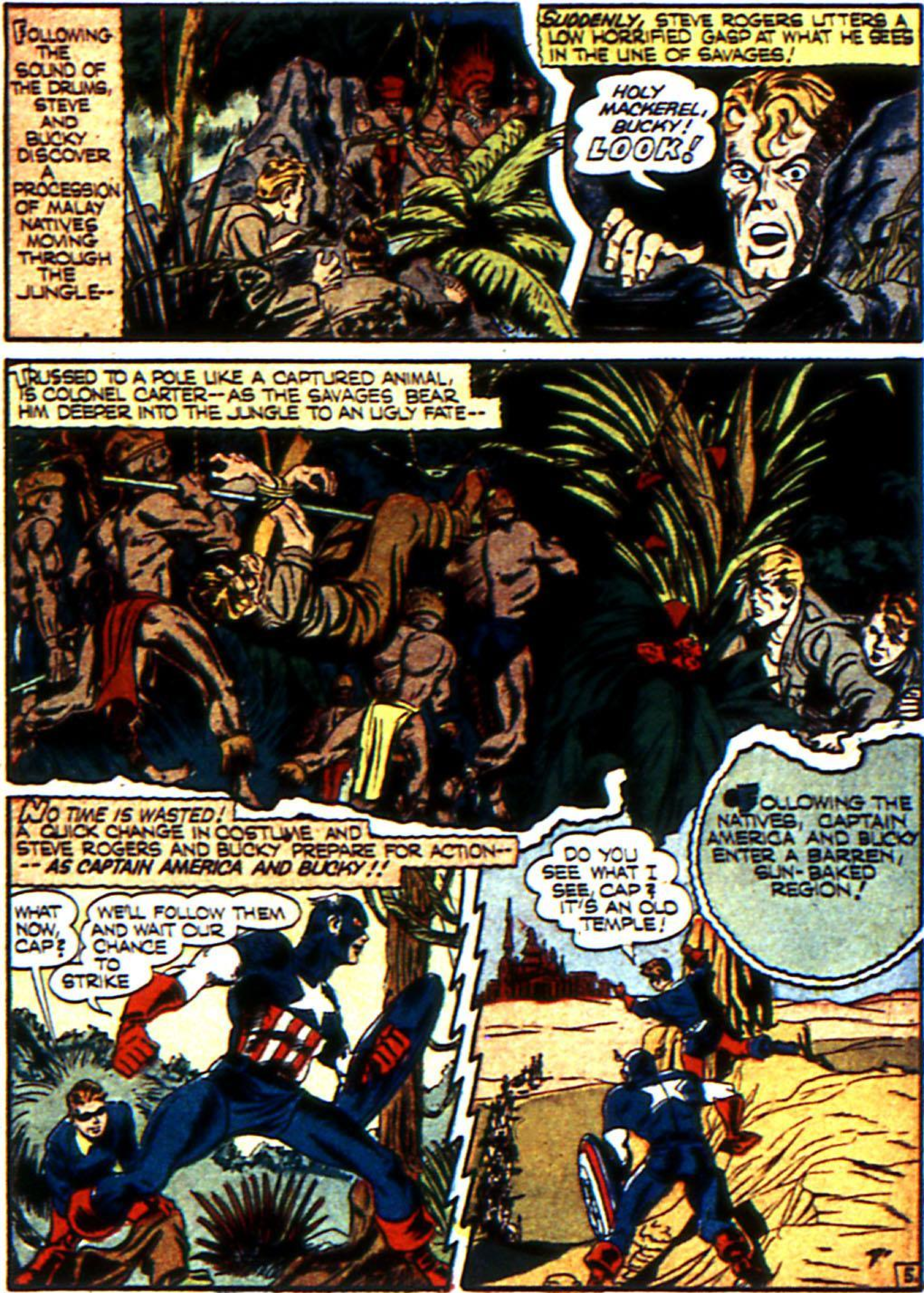

SHOW US WHERE YOU'VE GOT PRICE!
OKAY...HE'S UP ON MT. GAYNER!
"THREE POINT LANDING" NEAR A LONELY MOUNTAIN SHACK.
LEAD ON RAT... AND DON'T FORGET TO HAND OVER THE DOUGH!
GREAT·SCOTT! HE'S CHAINED LIKE AN ANIMAL!
E-EEEE-OW! HOWE! LET ME GET AT HIM! I'LL TEAR HIM TO PIECES!
HE FED ME SCRAPS... I TAUGHT HIM HOW TO THROW KNIVES ...HE BEAT ME BECAUSE I WANTED TO GO BACK TO THE HOSPITAL! GRR-RR-R!
R-R!
TORCH AND TORO HUSTLE HOWE INTO POLICE HEADQUARTERS...
HERE'S THE MAN WHO MURDERED MACK!
THE MONEY'S ALL HERE! YOU AND YOUR YOUNG FRIEND HAVE DONE A SWELL JOB!
YOU MAKE ME BLUSH, CHIEF!
TORCH AND TORO SEE PRICE RETURNED TO THE HOSPITAL.
POOR GUY... THE VICTIM OF CIRCUMSTANCES!
THE HUMAN TORCH
AND
TORO
THE FLAMING KID!
APPEAR REGULARLY
IN
MARVEL Comics!

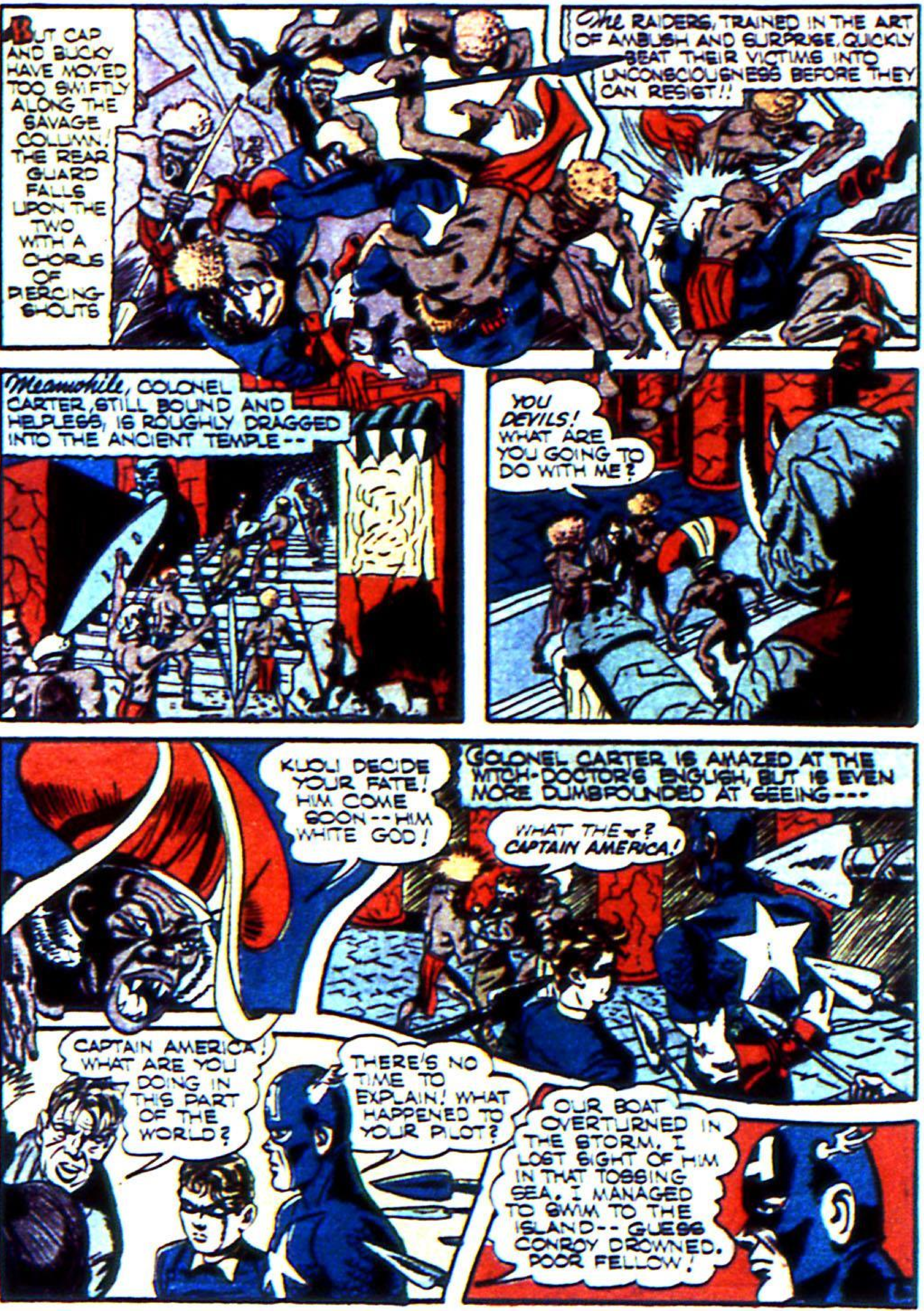

THE SINISTER KING OF THE ISLANDS PREPARED A FLAMING DEATH FOR THE HELPLESS VICTIMS OF HIS WEIRD ORGANIZATION OF CRIME..... THE SECRET GOVERNMENT DOCUMENT WAS MORE PRECIOUS THAN LIFE ITSELF AND THE FATE OF A NATION HUNG IN THE BALANCE... BUT CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY DARED TO CHALLENGE A HORRIBLE FATE AND WIPE OUT A FIFTH COLUMN MENACE IN THE GRIM TEMPLE OF---THE MALAY IDOL!
JOE SIMON A JACK KIRBY FEATURE THRILLER FROM THE PERSONAL FILES OF CAPTAIN AMERICA
ALL WINNERS PROUDLY PRESENTS
CAPTAIN AMERICA
in The STRANGE CASE of the MALAY IDOL

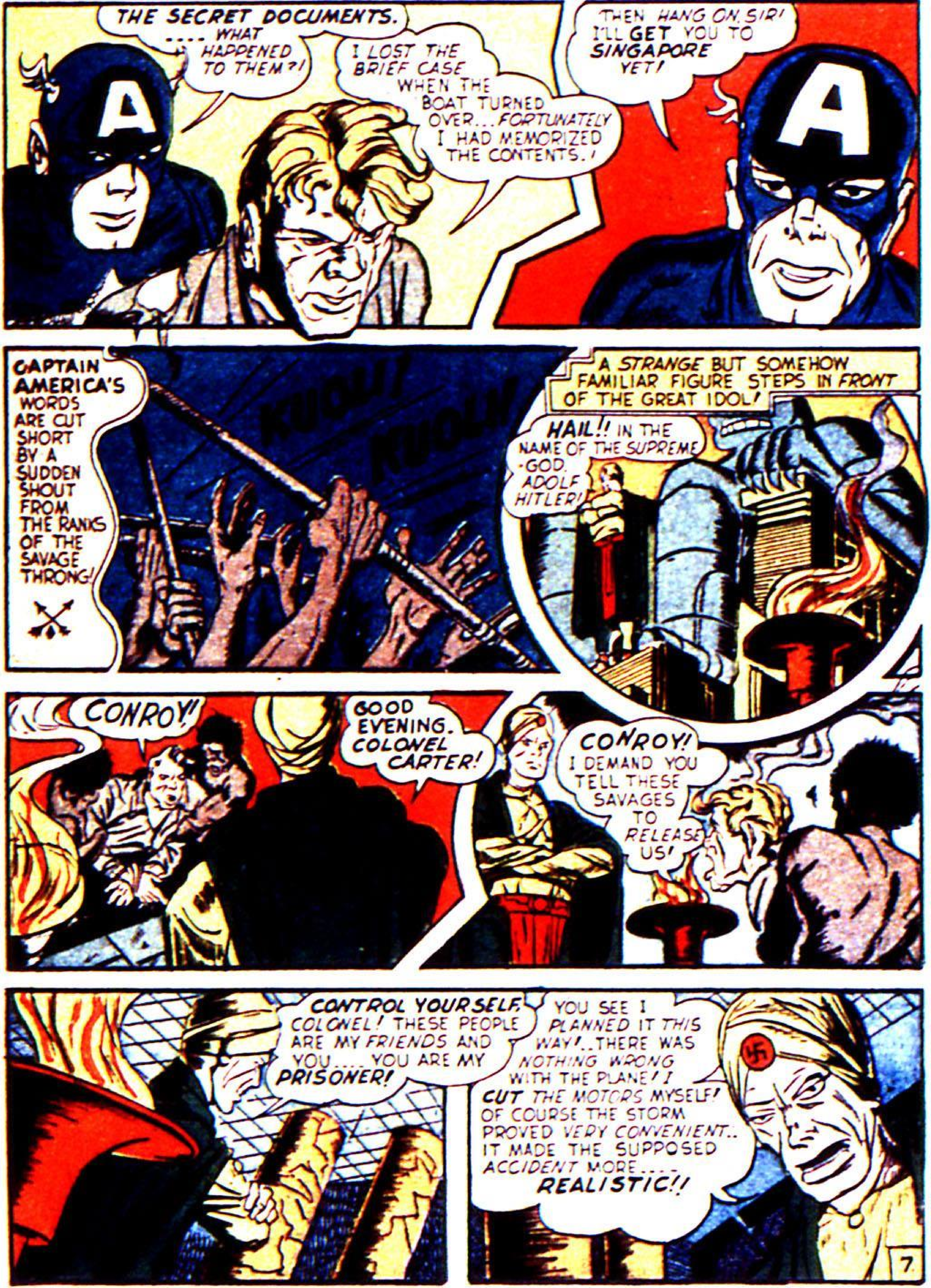

IN THE OFFICE OF COLONEL CARTER AT CAMP LEHIGH, STEVE ROGERS RECEIVES AN IMPORTANT ASSIGNMENT.
ROGERS, I'M LEAVING FOR SINGAPORE TOMORROW ON A MILITARY MISSION. SO TO KEEP YOU OUT OF MISCHIEF AND THE GUARDHOUSE, I'M TAKING YOU ALONG AS MY AIDE.
I'VE ARRANGED FOR BUCKY BARNES TO ACCOMPANY US UNDER THE SAME STATUS. YOU WILL BOTH REPORT AT THE AIRFIELD AT NINE A.M. SHARP!
ONE THING MORE! WE'LL BE CARRYING SECRET DOCUMENTS OF GREAT IMORTANCE THAT MUST REACH THE AUTHORITIES AT SINGAPORE. STRICTEST SECRECY MUST BE OBSERVED - UNDERSTAND?
YES SIR!
BUT COLONEL CARTER'S STATEMENT HAS ALREADY ENTERED HOSTILE EARS...
I MUST REPORT THIS AT ONCE!
THE NEXT MORNING AT THE AIRPORT...
FLIGHT LIEUTENANT CONROY REPORTING SIR!
GLAD TO KNOW YOU, LIEUTENANT!
IT'S IMPERATIVE THAT WE TAKE OFF IMMEDIATELY!
YES SIR!
LATER, IN THE PLANE BEFORE THE TAKE-OFF!
BEFORE WE TAKE OFF I WANT TO STRESS AGAIN THE IMPORTANCE OF THIS MISSION!

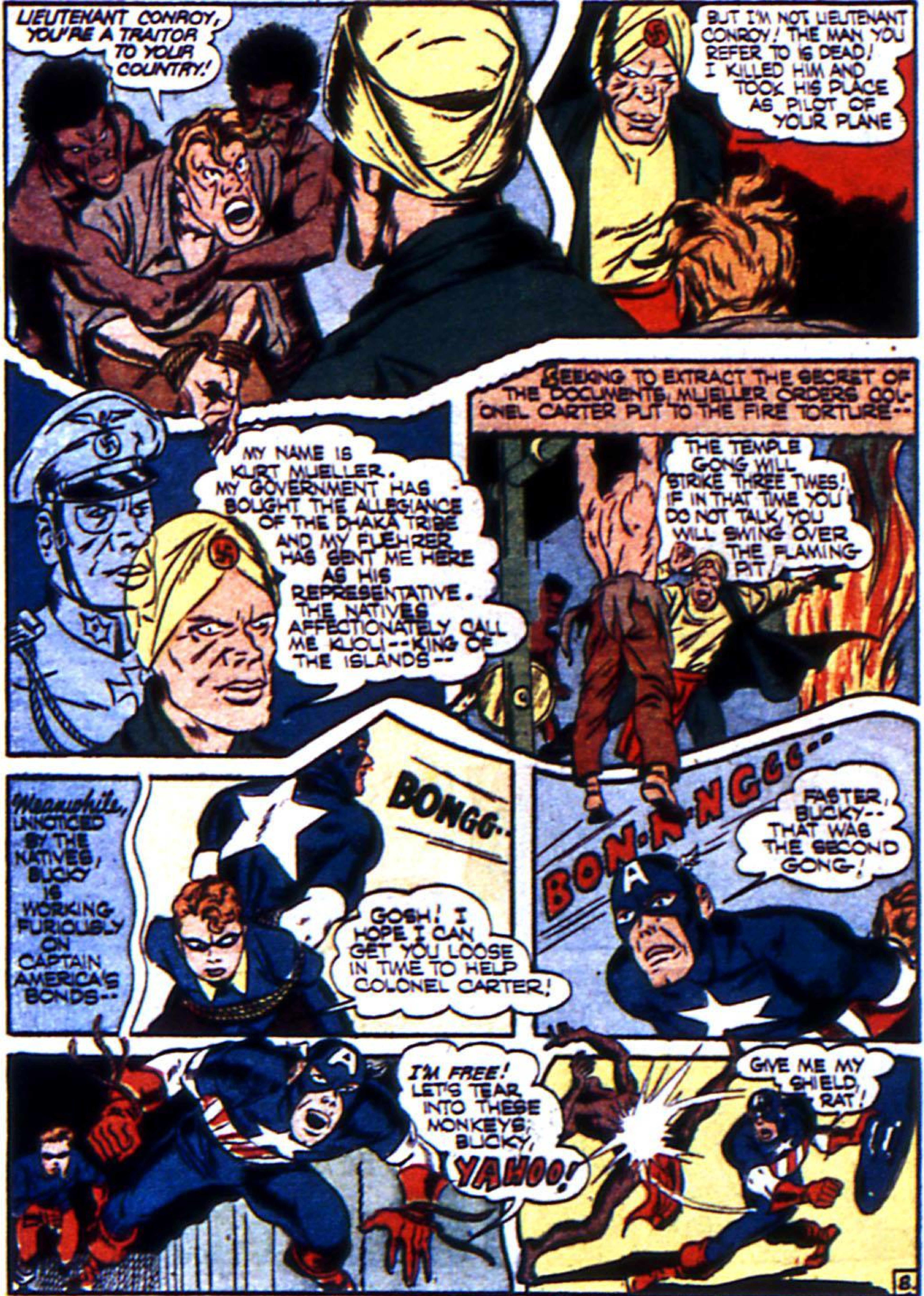

WE MUST GUARD THESE DOCUMENTS WITH OUR LIVES! IF THEY SHOULD FALL INTO THE HANDS OF FOREIGN AGENTS, OUR COUNTRY WOULD BE PLACED IN A MOST DANGEROUS POSITION!
YOU CAN RELY ON US, SIR!
HOURS AFTER THE TAKE OFF, THE ARMY MISSION WINGS ACROSS THE VAST PACIFIC OCEAN TOWARD ASIA...
GOSH! LOOK AT ALL THOSE LITTLE ISLANDS!
THAT'S THE MALAY ARCHIPELAGO, BUCKY. THERE ARE SAVAGES ON THOSE ISLANDS WHO HAVE NEVER SEEN A WHITE MAN!
SUDDENLY A STORM OF HURRICANE PROPORTIONS BREAKS WITH FURY.. ..TOSSING THE PLANE ABOUT LIKE A BOBBING TOY!
MY LEFT MOTOR'S QUIT, SIR!
IS IT SERIOUS? WE *MUST* REACH SINGAPORE!
IT'S NO USE! MY RIGHT MOTOR'S BEGINNING TO SPUTTER! I'LL HAVE TO TRY A LANDING, SIR!
*SEND AN S.O.S.! RADIO OUR POSITION!*

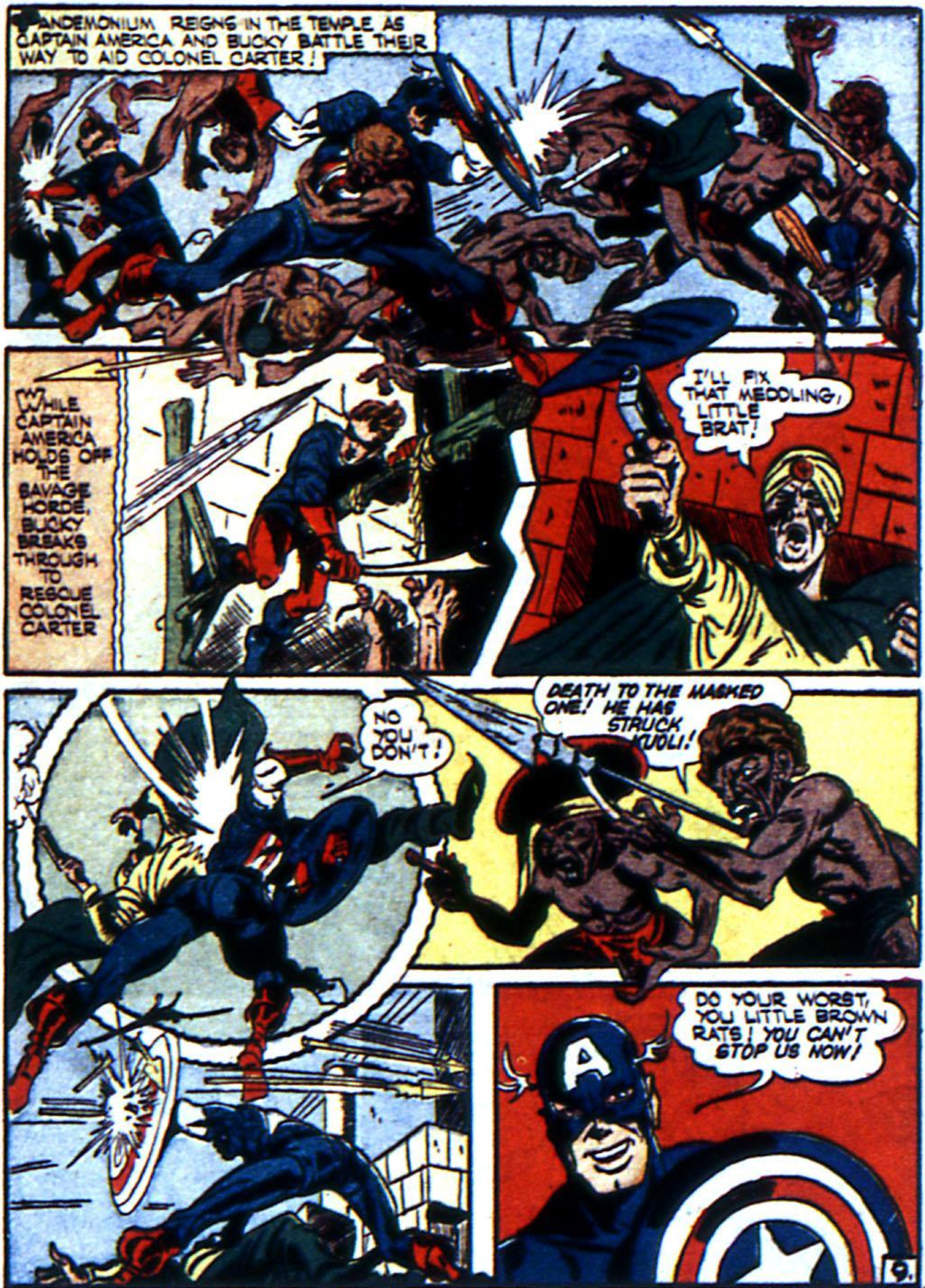

ITS ENGINES DEAD, THE CRIPPLED PLANE PLUNGES THROUGH THE RAGING STORM TOWARD THE SEETHING WATERS BELOW!
THE IMPACT OF THE CRASH RENTS THE PLANE FROM STEM TO STERN!!
IN A FEW MINUTES THE WRECKED PLANE SINKS BENEATH THE TURBULENT WAVES-- ITS OCCUPANTS ESCAPING IN PONTOON BOATS AT THE LAST MOMENT
STEVE AND BUCKY ARE SEPARATED FROM THEIR COMPANIONS AND THE FRAGILE BOAT IS TOSSED ABOUT ON THE ANGRY SEA...
THE STORM'S FURY FINALLY ABATES, AND THE SEA ONCE MORE IS CALM--
WHEW! I THOUGHT WE WERE DONE FOR
LOOK, STEVE! AN ISLAND!
EXHAUSTED, STEVE AND BUCKY REACH THE SANDY BEACH OF A SMALL ISLAND...
AFTER A SHORT REST, STEVE AND BUCKY, WHILE SEARCHING FOR FOOD AND WATER, SUDDENLY HEAR THE DULL BOOMING OF DRUMS!
LISTEN! DRUMS!
BOOM-BOOM-BOOM-BOOM
BOOMA-BOOM
THAT MEANS THERE'S NATIVES HERE! I HOPE THEY'RE FRIENDLY!

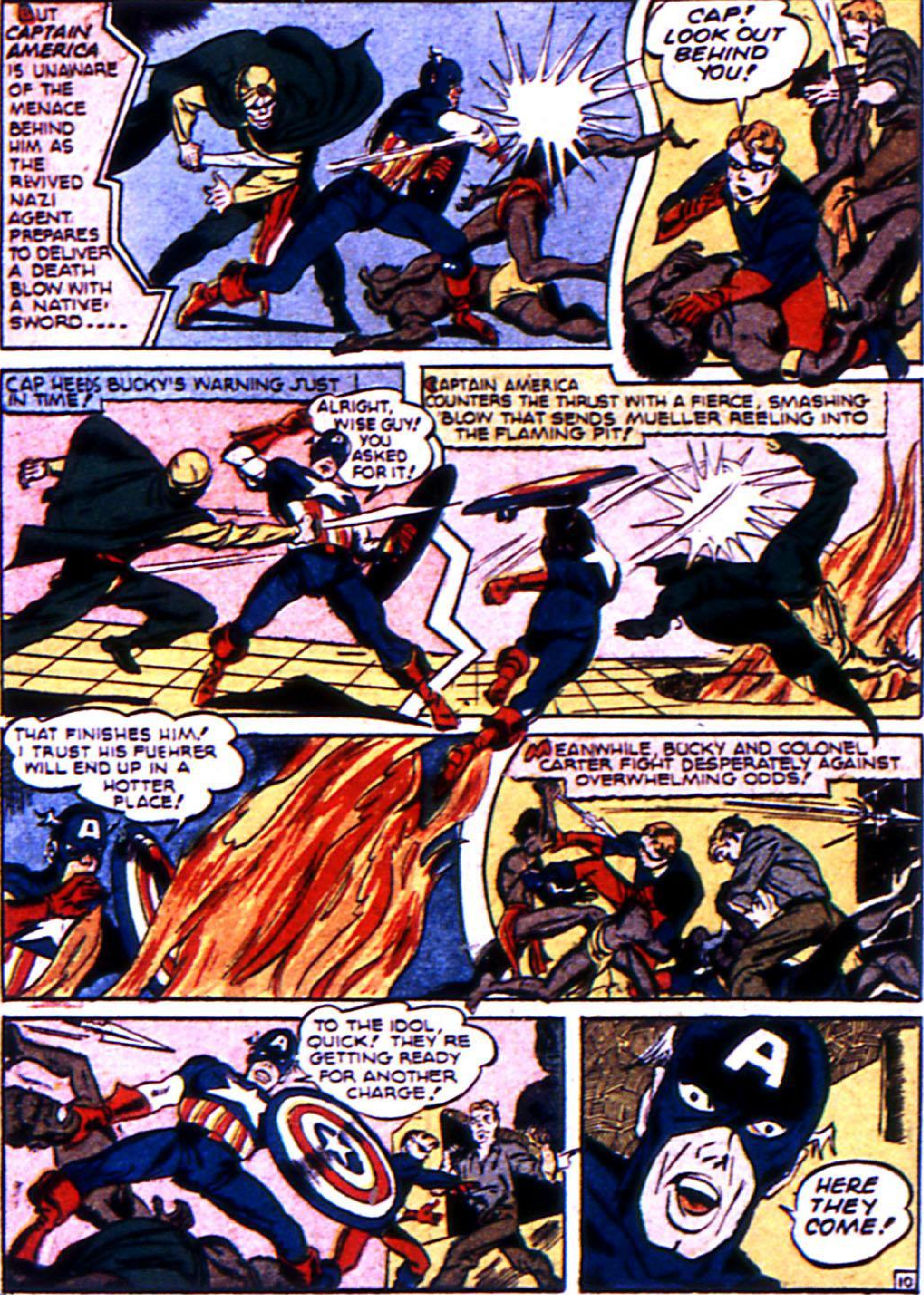

FOLLOWING THE SOUND OF THE DRUMS, STEVE AND BUCKY DISCOVER A PROCESSION OF MALAY NATIVES MOVING THROUGH THE JUNGLE--
SUDDENLY, STEVE ROGERS UTTERS A LOW HORRIFIED GASP AT WHAT HE SEES IN THE LINE OF SAVAGES!
HOLY MACKEREL, BUCKY! LOOK!
TRUSSED TO A POLE LIKE A CAPTURED ANIMAL, IS COLONEL CARTER--AS THE SAVAGES BEAR HIM DEEPER INTO THE JUNGLE TO AN UGLY FATE--
NO TIME IS WASTED! A QUICK CHANGE IN COSTUME AND STEVE ROGERS AND BUCKY PREPARE FOR ACTION-- -- AS CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY!!
WHAT NOW, CAP?
WE'LL FOLLOW THEM AND WAIT OUR CHANCE TO STRIKE
FOLLOWING THE NATIVES, CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY ENTER A BARREN, SUN-BAKED REGION!
DO YOU SEE WHAT I SEE, CAP? IT'S AN OLD TEMPLE!

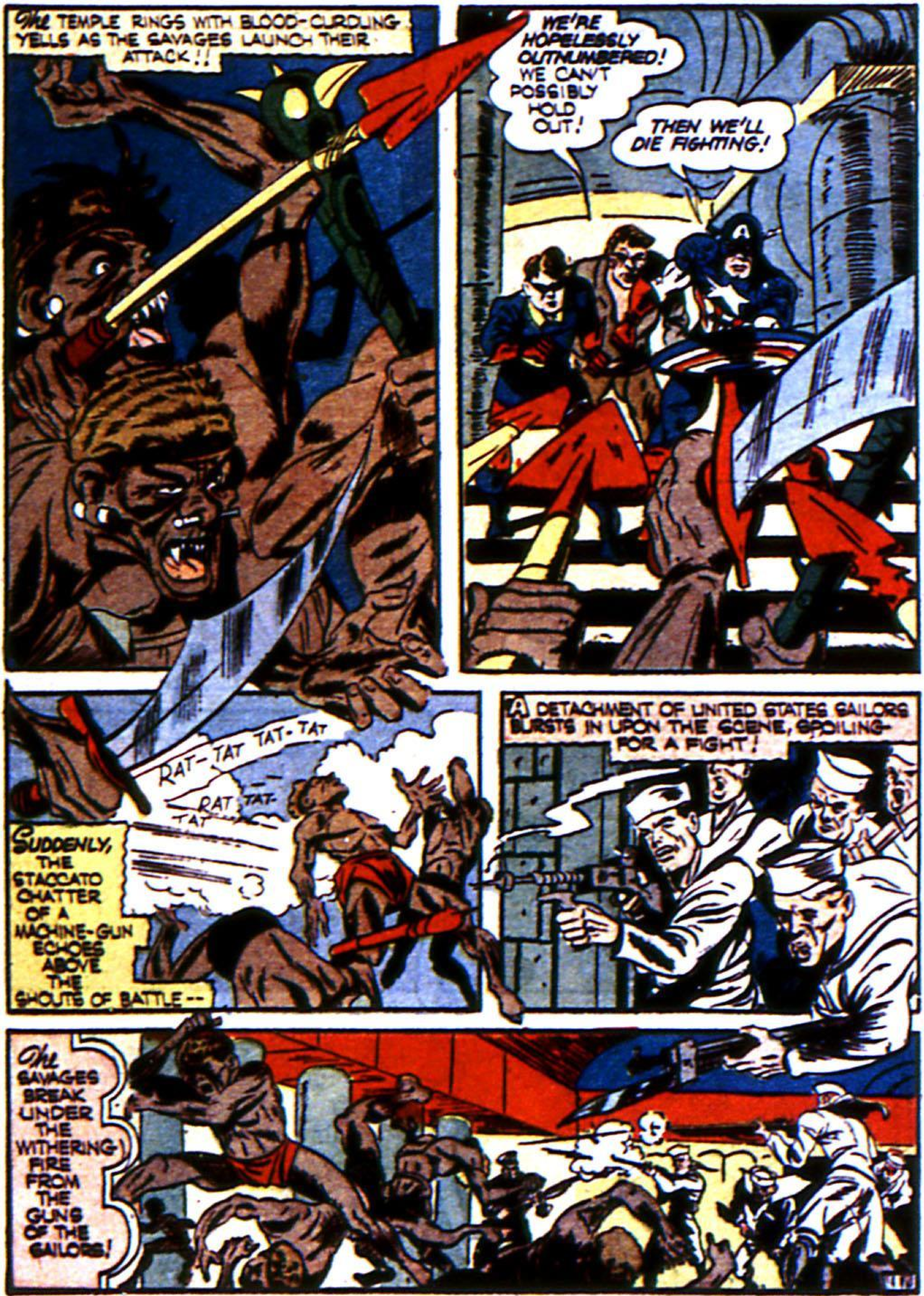

BUT CAP AND BUCKY HAVE MOVED TOO SWIFTLY ALONG THE SAVAGE COLUMN! THE REAR GUARD FALLS UPON THE TWO WITH A CHORUS OF PIERCING SHOUTS
THE RAIDERS, TRAINED IN THE ART OF AMBUSH AND SURPRISE, QUICKLY BEAT THEIR VICTIMS INTO UNCONSCIOUSNESS BEFORE THEY CAN RESIST!!
Meanwhile, COLONEL CARTER, STILL BOUND AND HELPLESS, IS ROUGHLY DRAGGED INTO THE ANCIENT TEMPLE--
YOU DEVILS! WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH ME?
KUOLI DECIDE YOUR FATE! HIM COME SOON--HIM WHITE GOD!
COLONEL CARTER IS AMAZED AT THE WITCH-DOCTOR'S ENGLISH, BUT IS EVEN MORE DUMBFOUNDED AT SEEING---
WHAT THE--? CAPTAIN AMERICA!
CAPTAIN AMERICA! WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN THIS PART OF THE WORLD?
THERE'S NO TIME TO EXPLAIN! WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR PILOT?
OUR BOAT OVERTURNED IN THE STORM. I LOST SIGHT OF HIM IN THAT TOSSING SEA. I MANAGED TO SWIM TO THE ISLAND-- GUESS CONROY DROWNED. POOR FELLOW!

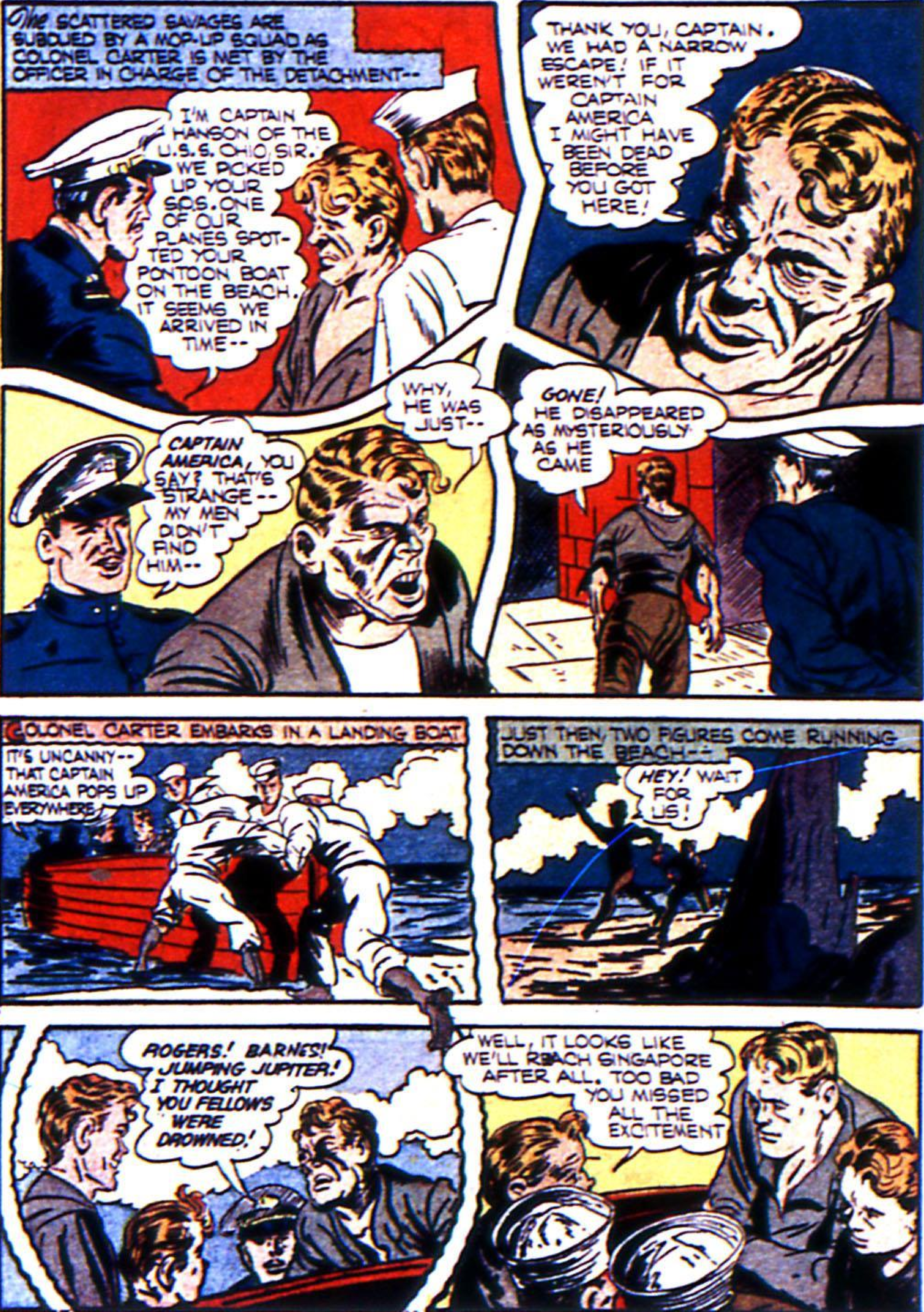

THE SECRET DOCUMENTS. .... WHAT HAPPENED TO THEM?!
I LOST THE BRIEF CASE WHEN THE BOAT TURNED OVER... FORTUNATELY I HAD MEMORIZED THE CONTENTS.!
THEN HANG ON, SIR! I'LL GET YOU TO SINGAPORE YET!
CAPTAIN AMERICA'S WORDS ARE CUT SHORT BY A SUDDEN SHOUT FROM THE RANKS OF THE SAVAGE THRONG!
KUOLI! KUOLI!
A STRANGE BUT SOMEHOW FAMILIAR FIGURE STEPS IN FRONT OF THE GREAT IDOL!
HAIL!! IN THE NAME OF THE SUPREME GOD, ADOLF HITLER!
CONROY!
GOOD EVENING, COLONEL CARTER!
CONROY! I DEMAND YOU TELL THESE SAVAGES TO RELEASE US!
CONTROL YOURSELF, COLONEL! THESE PEOPLE ARE MY FRIENDS AND YOU.... YOU ARE MY PRISONER!
YOU SEE I PLANNED IT THIS WAY!..THERE WAS NOTHING WRONG WITH THE PLANE! I CUT THE MOTORS MYSELF! OF COURSE THE STORM PROVED VERY CONVENIENT.. IT MADE THE SUPPOSED ACCIDENT MORE.... REALISTIC!!


LIEUTENANT CONROY, YOU'RE A TRAITOR TO YOUR COUNTRY!
BUT I'M NOT LIEUTENANT CONROY! THE MAN YOU REFER TO IS DEAD! I KILLED HIM AND TOOK HIS PLACE AS PILOT OF YOUR PLANE
MY NAME IS KURT MUELLER. MY GOVERNMENT HAS BOUGHT THE ALLEGIANCE OF THE DHAKA TRIBE AND MY FUEHRER HAS SENT ME HERE AS HIS REPRESENTATIVE. THE NATIVES AFFECTIONATELY CALL ME KIJOLI--KING OF THE ISLANDS--
SEEKING TO EXTRACT THE SECRET OF THE DOCUMENTS, MUELLER ORDERS COLONEL CARTER PUT TO THE FIRE TORTURE--
THE TEMPLE GONG WILL STRIKE THREE TIMES! IF IN THAT TIME YOU DO NOT TALK, YOU WILL SWING OVER THE FLAMING PIT!
Meanwhile, UNNOTICED BY THE NATIVES, BUCKY IS WORKING FURIOUSLY ON CAPTAIN AMERICA'S BONDS--
BONGG..
GOSH! I HOPE I CAN GET YOU LOOSE IN TIME TO HELP COLONEL CARTER!
BON-N-NGGG..
FASTER, BUCKY--THAT WAS THE SECOND GONG!
I'M FREE! LET'S TEAR INTO THESE MONKEYS, BUCKY,
YAHOO!
GIVE ME MY SHIELD, RAT!


PANDEMONIUM REIGNS IN THE TEMPLE AS CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY BATTLE THEIR WAY TO AID COLONEL CARTER!
WHILE CAPTAIN AMERICA HOLDS OFF THE SAVAGE HORDE, BUCKY BREAKS THROUGH TO RESCUE COLONEL CARTER
I'LL FIX THAT MEDDLING, LITTLE BRAT!
NO YOU DON'T!
DEATH TO THE MASKED ONE! HE HAS STRUCK KUOLI!
DO YOUR WORST, YOU LITTLE BROWN RATS! *YOU CAN'T STOP US NOW!*


BUT CAPTAIN AMERICA IS UNAWARE OF THE MENACE BEHIND HIM AS THE REVIVED NAZI AGENT PREPARES TO DELIVER A DEATH BLOW WITH A NATIVE SWORD....
CAP! LOOK OUT BEHIND YOU!
CAP HEEDS BUCKY'S WARNING JUST IN TIME!
ALRIGHT, WISE GUY! YOU ASKED FOR IT!
CAPTAIN AMERICA COUNTERS THE THRUST WITH A FIERCE, SMASHING BLOW THAT SENDS MUELLER REELING INTO THE FLAMING PIT!
THAT FINISHES HIM! I TRUST HIS FUEHRER WILL END UP IN A HOTTER PLACE!
MEANWHILE, BUCKY AND COLONEL CARTER FIGHT DESPERATELY AGAINST OVERWHELMING ODDS!
TO THE IDOL, QUICK! THEY'RE GETTING READY FOR ANOTHER CHARGE!
A
HERE THEY COME!


The TEMPLE RINGS WITH BLOOD-CURDLING YELLS AS THE SAVAGES LAUNCH THEIR ATTACK!!
WE'RE HOPELESSLY OUTNUMBERED! WE CAN'T POSSIBLY HOLD OUT!
THEN WE'LL DIE FIGHTING!
RAT-TAT TAT-TAT
RAT TAT-TAT
SUDDENLY, THE STACCATO CHATTER OF A MACHINE-GUN ECHOES ABOVE THE SHOUTS OF BATTLE --
A DETACHMENT OF UNITED STATES SAILORS BURSTS IN UPON THE SCENE, SPOILING FOR A FIGHT!
The SAVAGES BREAK UNDER THE WITHERING FIRE FROM THE GUNS OF THE SAILORS!


THE SCATTERED SAVAGES ARE SUBDUED BY A MOP-UP SQUAD AS COLONEL CARTER IS MET BY THE OFFICER IN CHARGE OF THE DETACHMENT--
I'M CAPTAIN HANSON OF THE U.S.S. OHIO, SIR. WE PICKED UP YOUR S.O.S. ONE OF OUR PLANES SPOTTED YOUR PONTOON BOAT ON THE BEACH. IT SEEMS WE ARRIVED IN TIME--
THANK YOU, CAPTAIN. WE HAD A NARROW ESCAPE! IF IT WEREN'T FOR CAPTAIN AMERICA I MIGHT HAVE BEEN DEAD BEFORE YOU GOT HERE!
CAPTAIN AMERICA, YOU SAY? THAT'S STRANGE-- MY MEN DIDN'T FIND HIM--
WHY, HE WAS JUST--
GONE! HE DISAPPEARED AS MYSTERIOUSLY AS HE CAME
COLONEL CARTER EMBARKS IN A LANDING BOAT
IT'S UNCANNY-- THAT CAPTAIN AMERICA POPS UP EVERYWHERE
JUST THEN, TWO FIGURES COME RUNNING DOWN THE BEACH--
HEY! WAIT FOR US!
ROGERS! BARNES! JUMPING JUPITER! I THOUGHT YOU FELLOWS WERE DROWNED!
WELL, IT LOOKS LIKE WE'LL REACH SINGAPORE AFTER ALL. TOO BAD YOU MISSED ALL THE EXCITEMENT

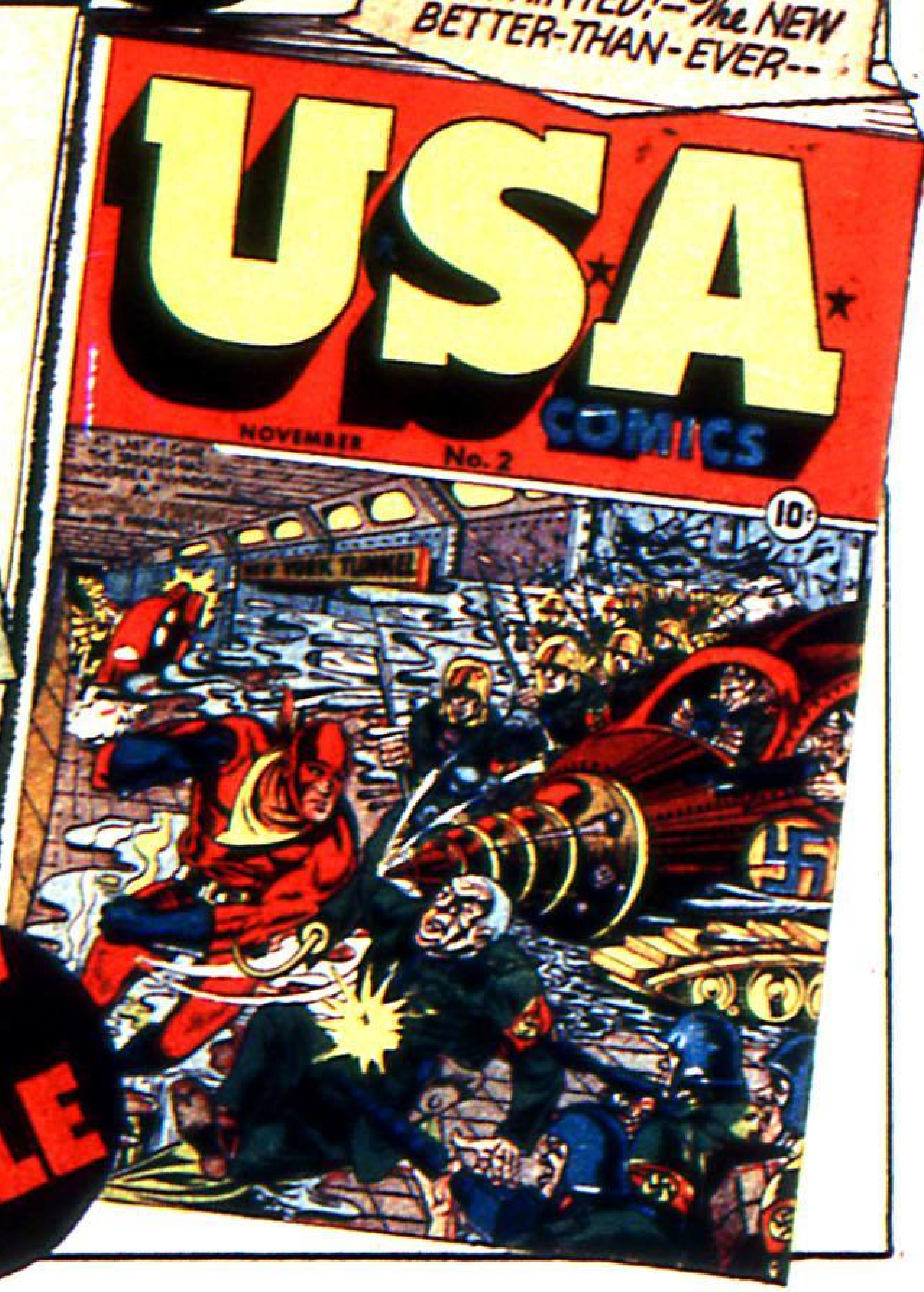
# HOLD YOUR Breath!

HERE IT COMES!

# U★S★A COMICS

No. 2

The MOST EXCITING COMIC MAGAZINE EVER PRINTED!—The NEW BETTER-THAN-EVER--



## Featuring

The HAIR-RAISING, SPINE-TINGLING ADVENTURES OF THE WORLD'S MOST DARING HERO--

**CAPTAIN TERROR**--

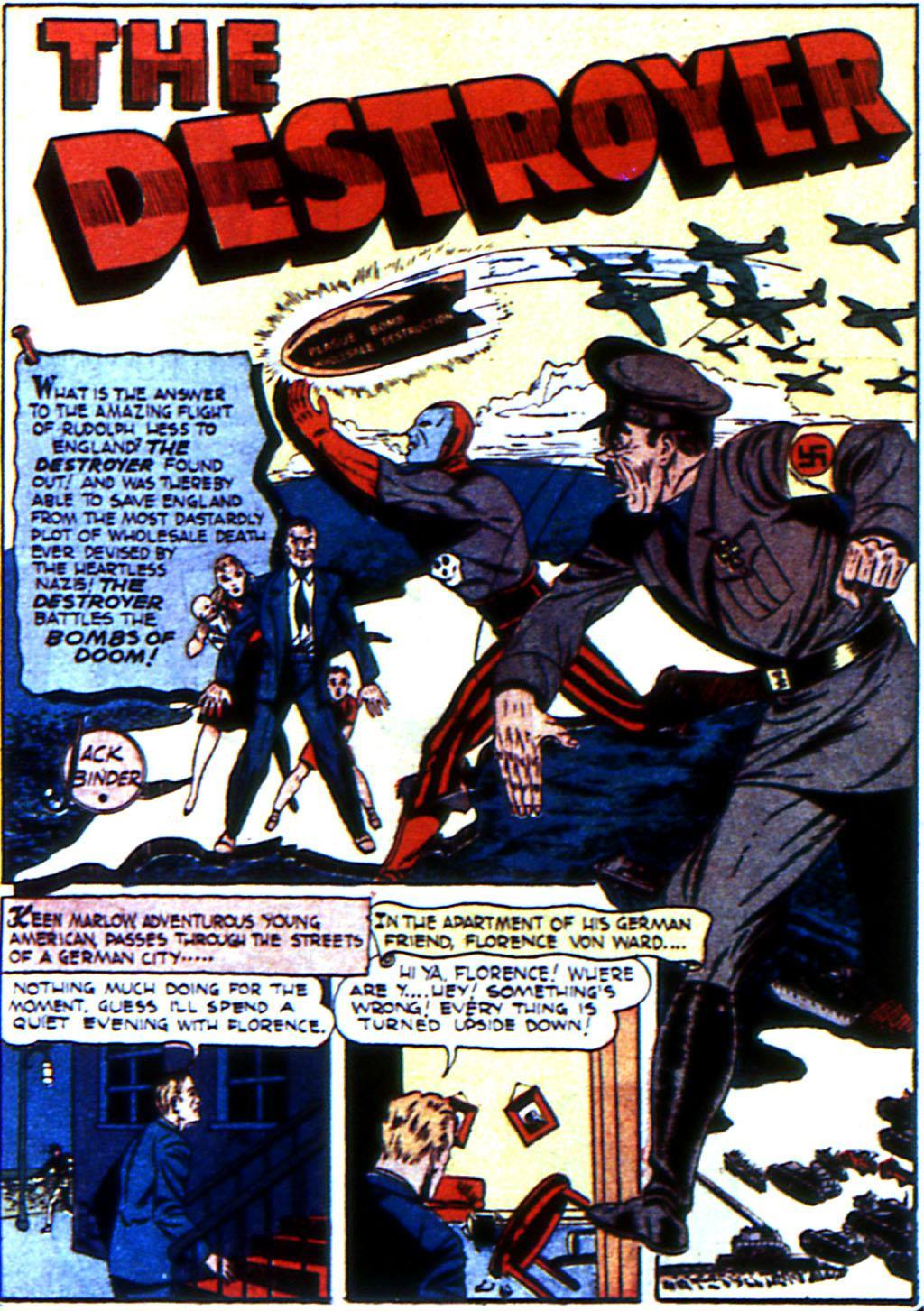
WHOSE VERY NAME BRINGS FEAR TO THE HEARTS OF ALL EVIL-DOERS--

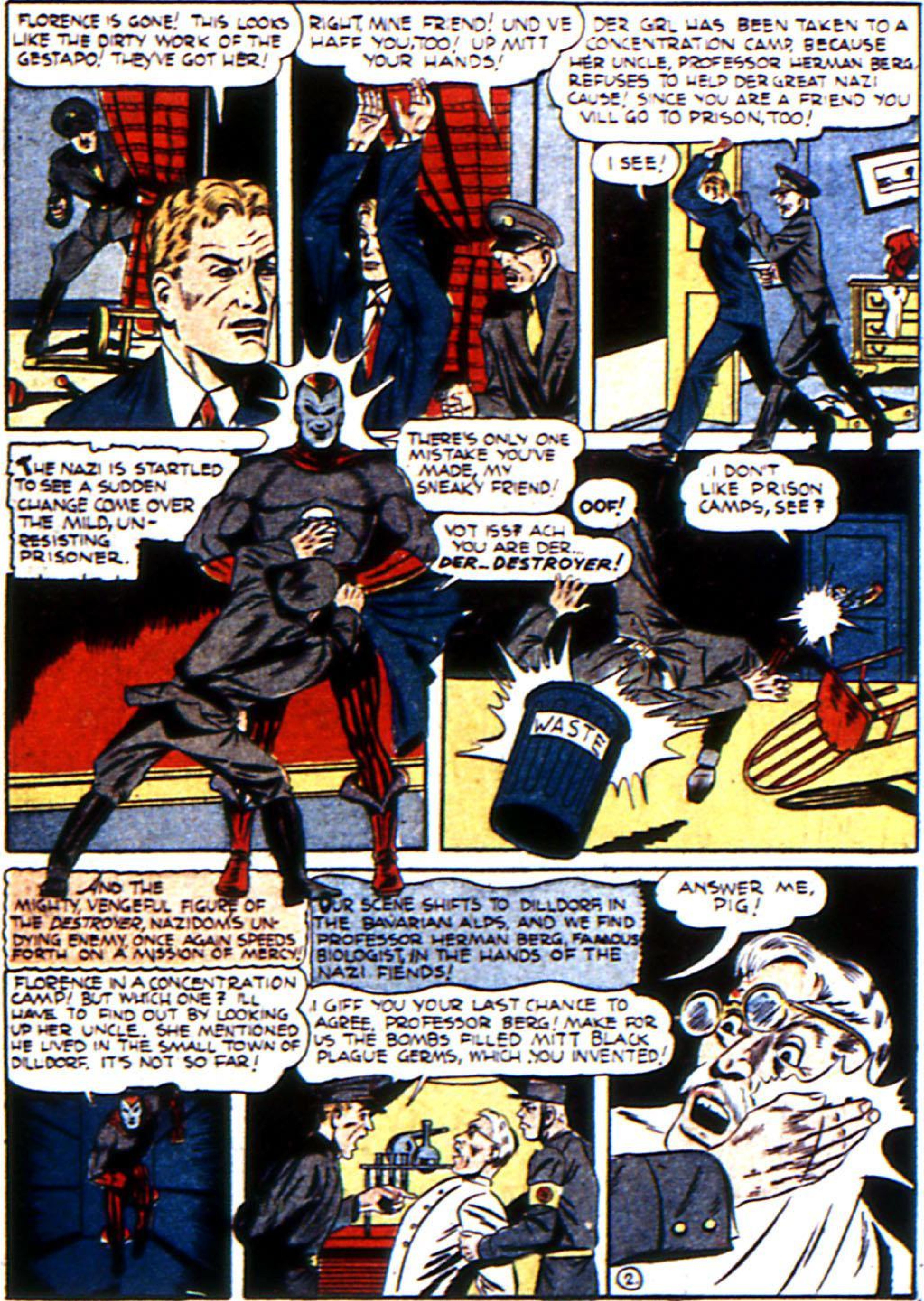
And HERE ARE 7 MORE REASONS WHY U.S.A. IS THE MOST THRILLING COMIC MAGAZINE ON THE MARKET!--

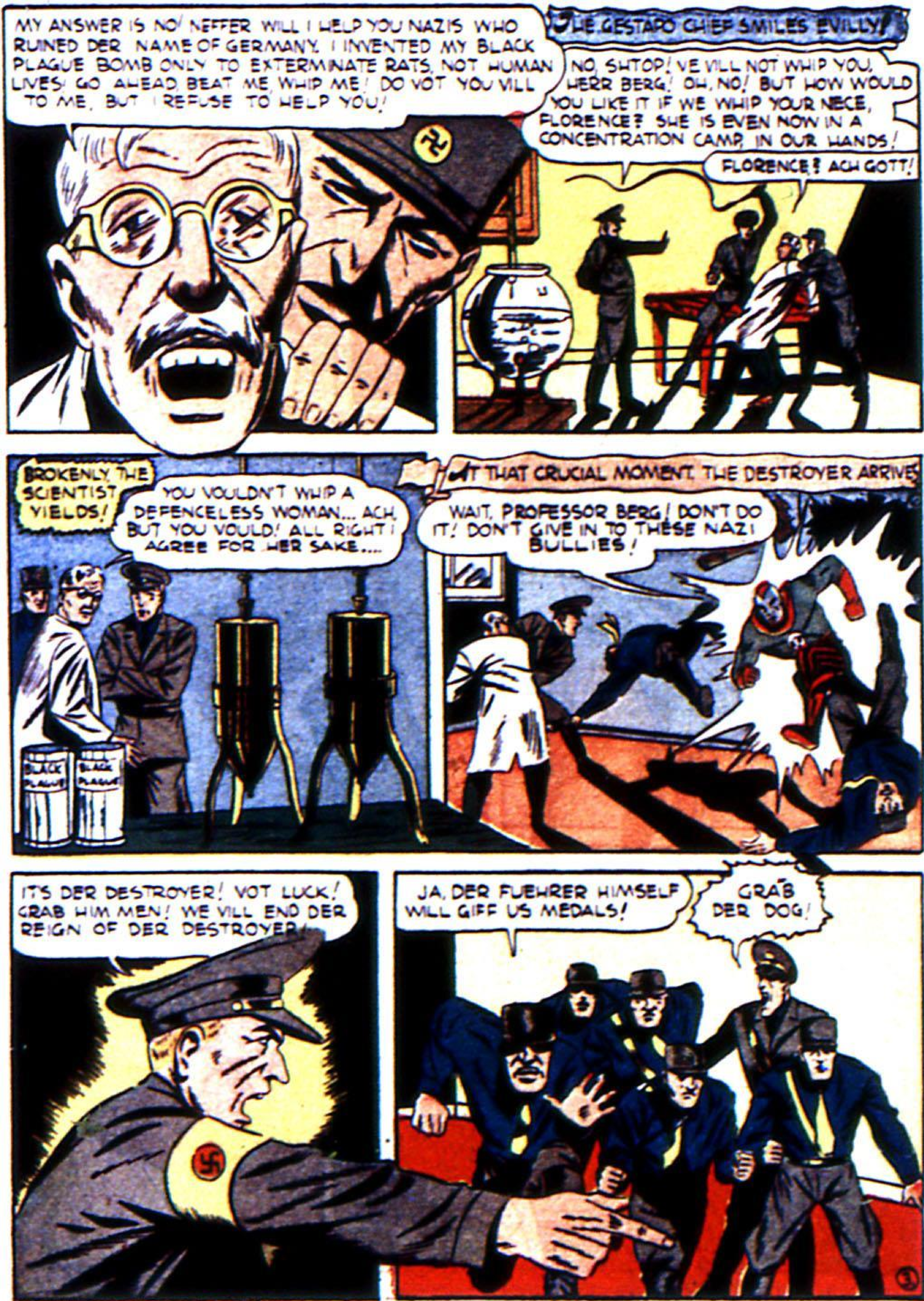
CAPTAIN TERROR
1. MAJOR LIBERTY
2. THE VAGABOND
3. THE DEFENDER
4. ROCKMAN
5. JACK FROST
6. THE WHIZZER

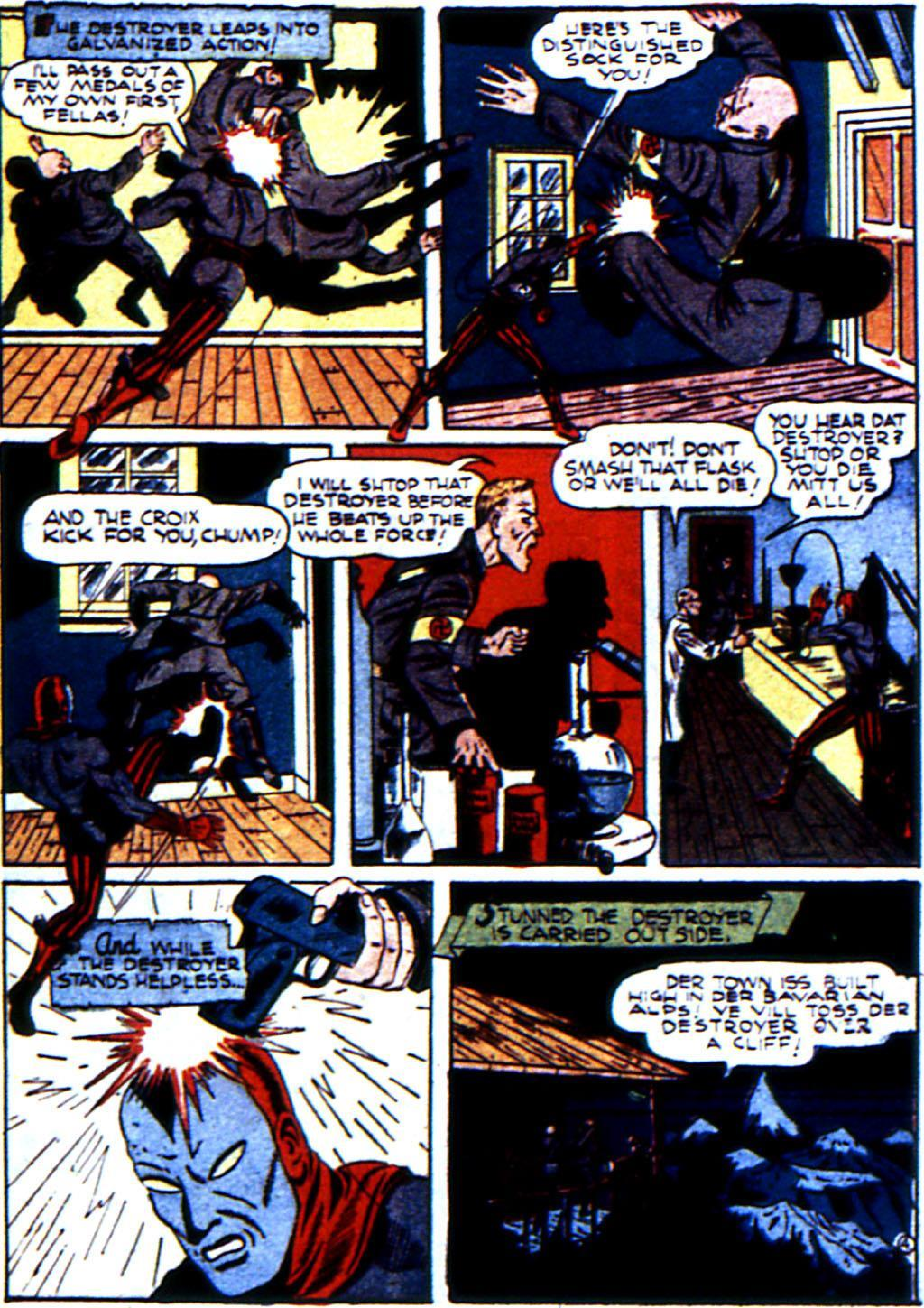
NOW on SALE

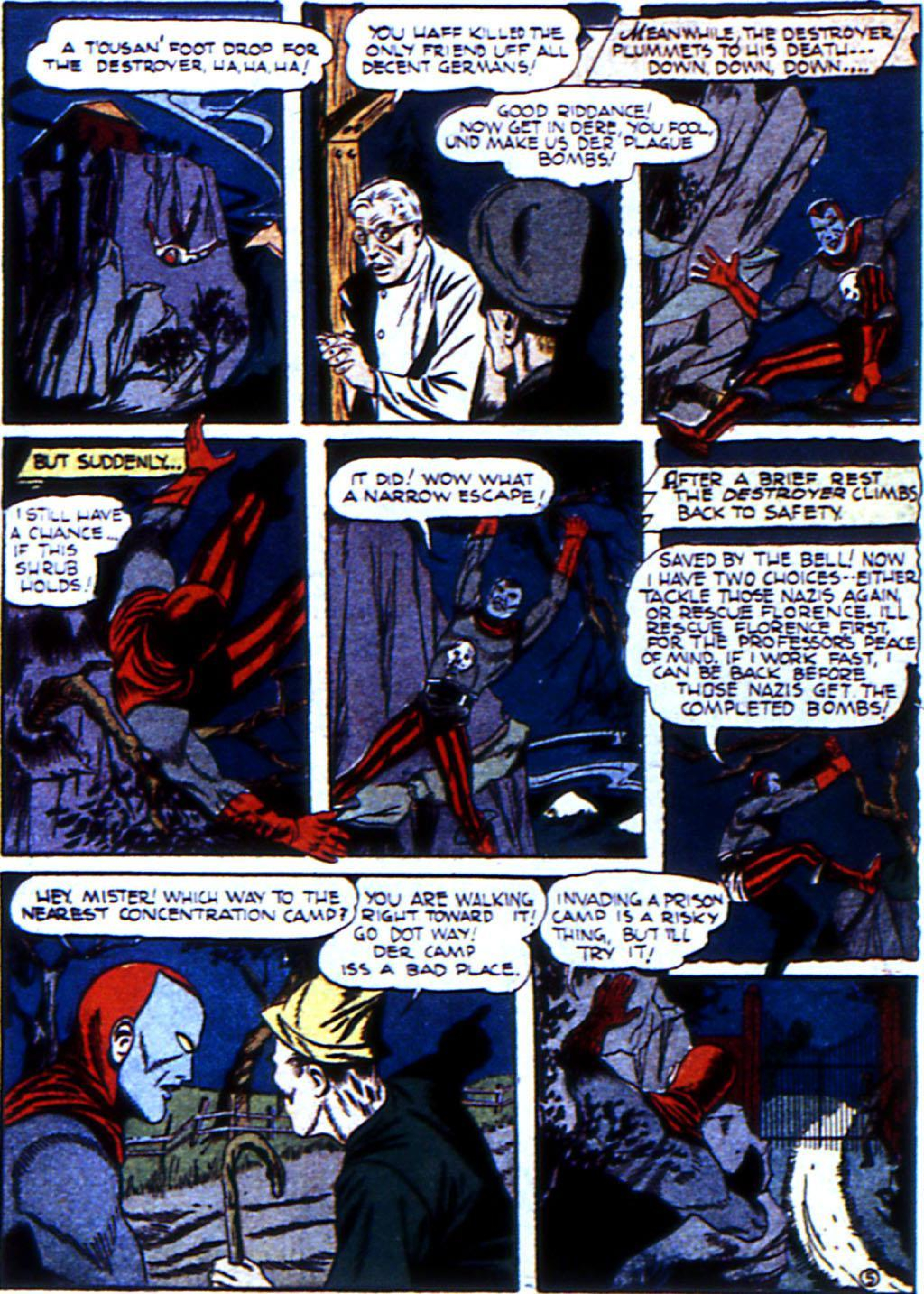
# THE DESTROYER

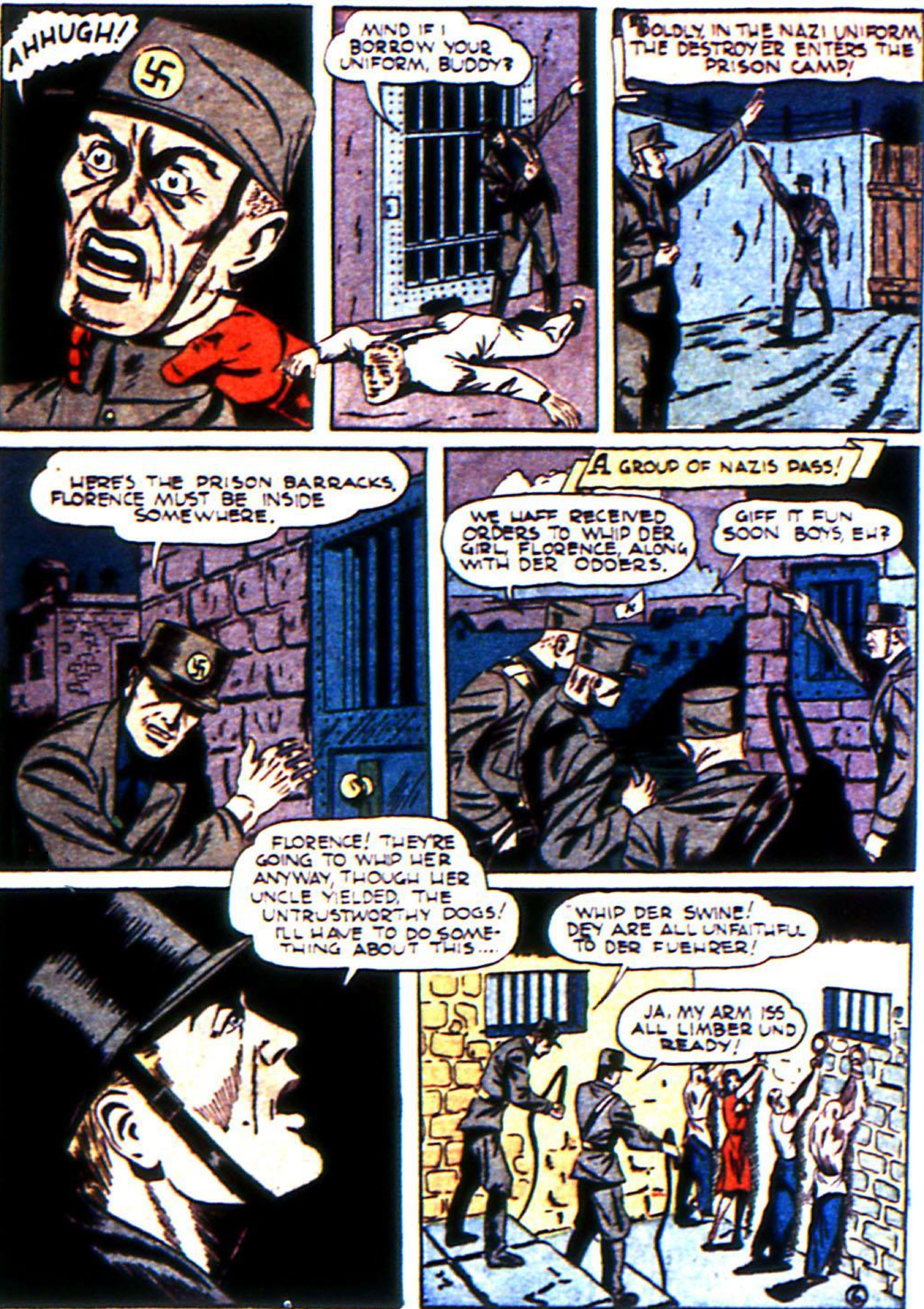

PLAGUE BOMB WHOLESALE DESTRUCTION
WHAT IS THE ANSWER TO THE AMAZING FLIGHT OF RUDOLPH HESS TO ENGLAND? THE DESTROYER FOUND OUT! AND WAS THEREBY ABLE TO SAVE ENGLAND FROM THE MOST DASTARDLY PLOT OF WHOLESALE DEATH EVER DEVISED BY THE HEARTLESS NAZIS! THE DESTROYER BATTLES THE BOMBS OF DOOM!
ACK BINDER
KEEN MARLOW, ADVENTUROUS YOUNG AMERICAN, PASSES THROUGH THE STREETS OF A GERMAN CITY.....
NOTHING MUCH DOING FOR THE MOMENT. GUESS I'LL SPEND A QUIET EVENING WITH FLORENCE.
IN THE APARTMENT OF HIS GERMAN FRIEND, FLORENCE VON WARD....
HI YA, FLORENCE! WHERE ARE Y....HEY! SOMETHING'S WRONG! EVERY THING IS TURNED UPSIDE DOWN!

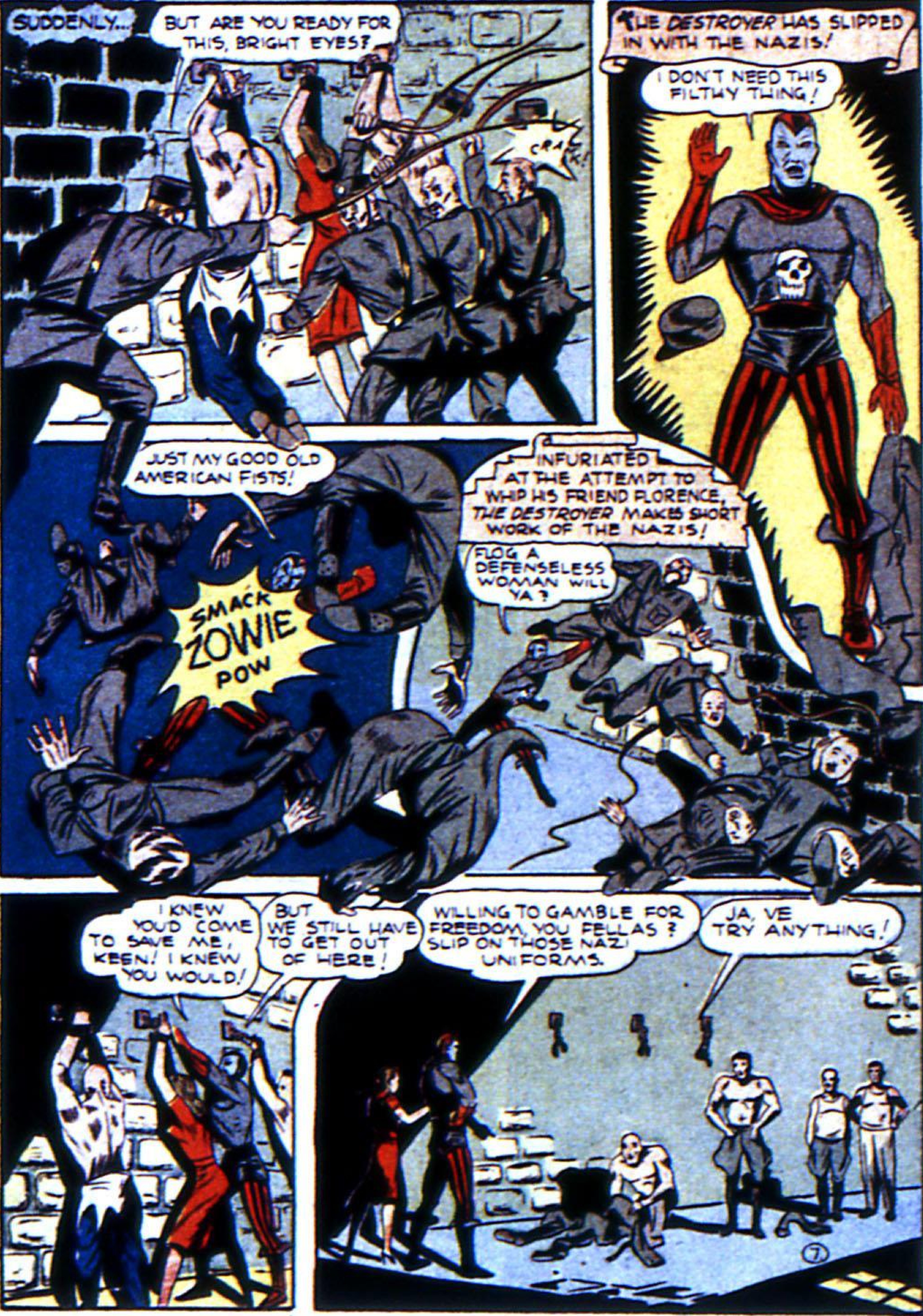

FLORENCE IS GONE! THIS LOOKS LIKE THE DIRTY WORK OF THE GESTAPO! THEY'VE GOT HER!
RIGHT, MINE FRIEND! UND VE HAFF YOU, TOO! UP MITT YOUR HANDS!
DER GRL HAS BEEN TAKEN TO A CONCENTRATION CAMP, BECAUSE HER UNCLE, PROFESSOR HERMAN BERG, REFUSES TO HELP DER GREAT NAZI CAUSE! SINCE YOU ARE A FRIEND YOU VILL GO TO PRISON, TOO!
I SEE!
THE NAZI IS STARTLED TO SEE A SUDDEN CHANGE COME OVER THE MILD, UNRESISTING PRISONER.
THERE'S ONLY ONE MISTAKE YOU'VE MADE, MY SNEAKY FRIEND!
OOF!
I DON'T LIKE PRISON CAMPS, SEE?
VOT ISS? ACH YOU ARE DER... DER...DESTROYER!
WASTE
AND THE MIGHTY, VENGEFUL FIGURE OF THE DESTROYER, NAZIDOM'S UNDYING ENEMY, ONCE AGAIN SPEEDS FORTH ON A MISSION OF MERCY!
FLORENCE IN A CONCENTRATION CAMP! BUT WHICH ONE? I'LL HAVE TO FIND OUT BY LOOKING UP HER UNCLE.. SHE MENTIONED HE LIVED IN THE SMALL TOWN OF DILLDORF. IT'S NOT SO FAR!
OUR SCENE SHIFTS TO DILLDORF IN THE BAVARIAN ALPS, AND WE FIND PROFESSOR HERMAN BERG, FAMOUS BIOLOGIST, IN THE HANDS OF THE NAZI FIENDS!
I GIFF YOU YOUR LAST CHANCE TO AGREE, PROFESSOR BERG! MAKE FOR US THE BOMBS FILLED MITT BLACK PLAGUE GERMS, WHICH YOU INVENTED!
ANSWER ME, PIG!

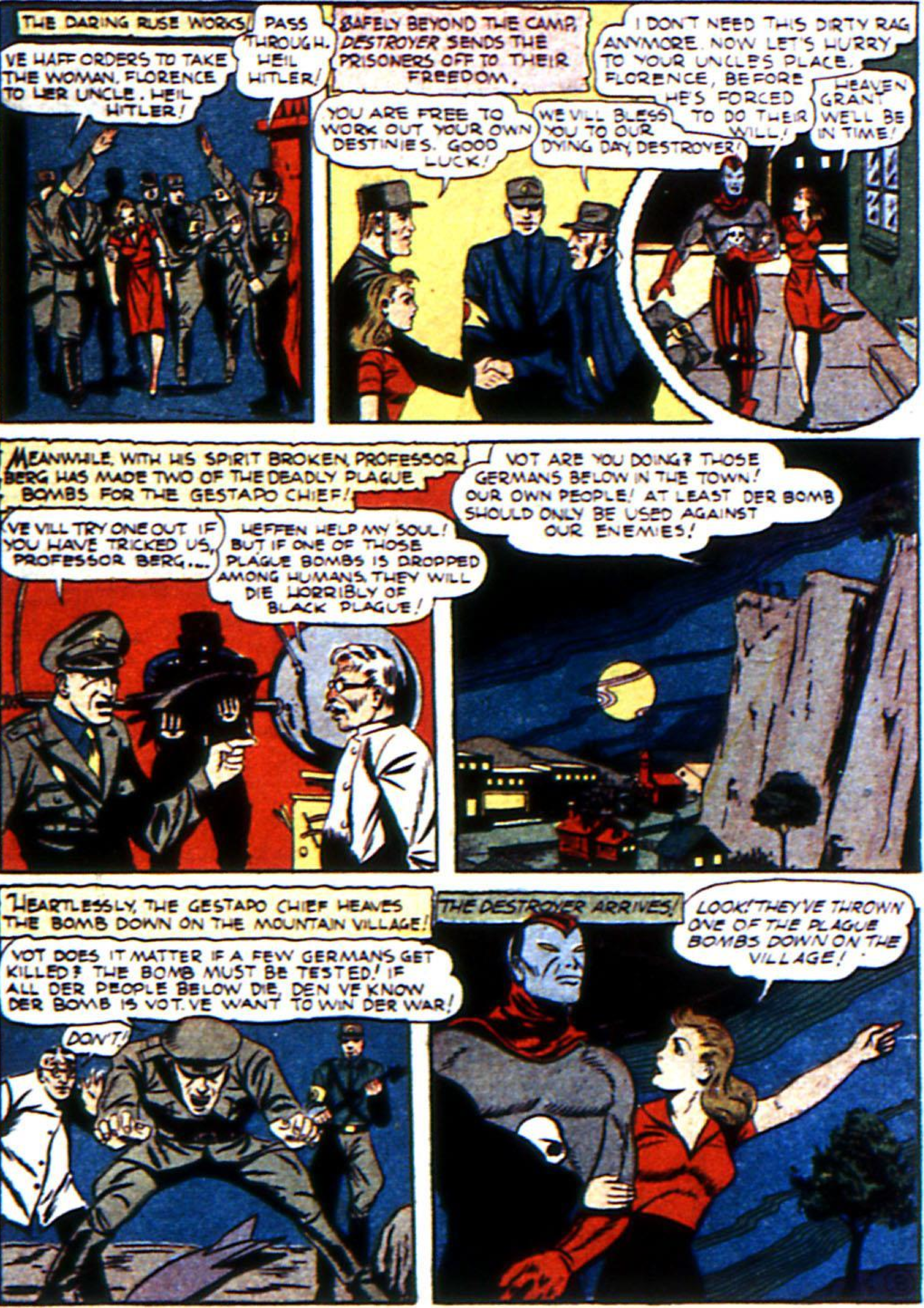

MY ANSWER IS NO! NEFFER WILL I HELP YOU NAZIS WHO RUINED DER NAME OF GERMANY. I INVENTED MY BLACK PLAGUE BOMB ONLY TO EXTERMINATE RATS, NOT HUMAN LIVES! GO AHEAD, BEAT ME, WHIP ME! DO VOT YOU VILL TO ME, BUT I REFUSE TO HELP YOU!
THE GESTAPO CHIEF SMILES EVILLY!
NO, SHTOP! VE VILL NOT WHIP YOU, HERR BERG! OH, NO! BUT HOW WOULD YOU LIKE IT IF WE WHIP YOUR NIECE, FLORENCE? SHE IS EVEN NOW IN A CONCENTRATION CAMP, IN OUR HANDS!
FLORENCE? ACH GOTT!
BROKENLY, THE SCIENTIST YIELDS!
YOU VOULDN'T WHIP A DEFENCELESS WOMAN... ACH, BUT YOU VOULD! ALL RIGHT I AGREE FOR HER SAKE....
BLACK PLAGUE
BLACK PLAGUE
AT THAT CRUCIAL MOMENT, THE DESTROYER ARRIVES
WAIT, PROFESSOR BERG! DON'T DO IT! DON'T GIVE IN TO THESE NAZI BULLIES!
IT'S DER DESTROYER! VOT LUCK! GRAB HIM MEN! WE VILL END DER REIGN OF DER DESTROYER!
JA, DER FUEHRER HIMSELF WILL GIFF US MEDALS!
GRAB DER DOG!
3

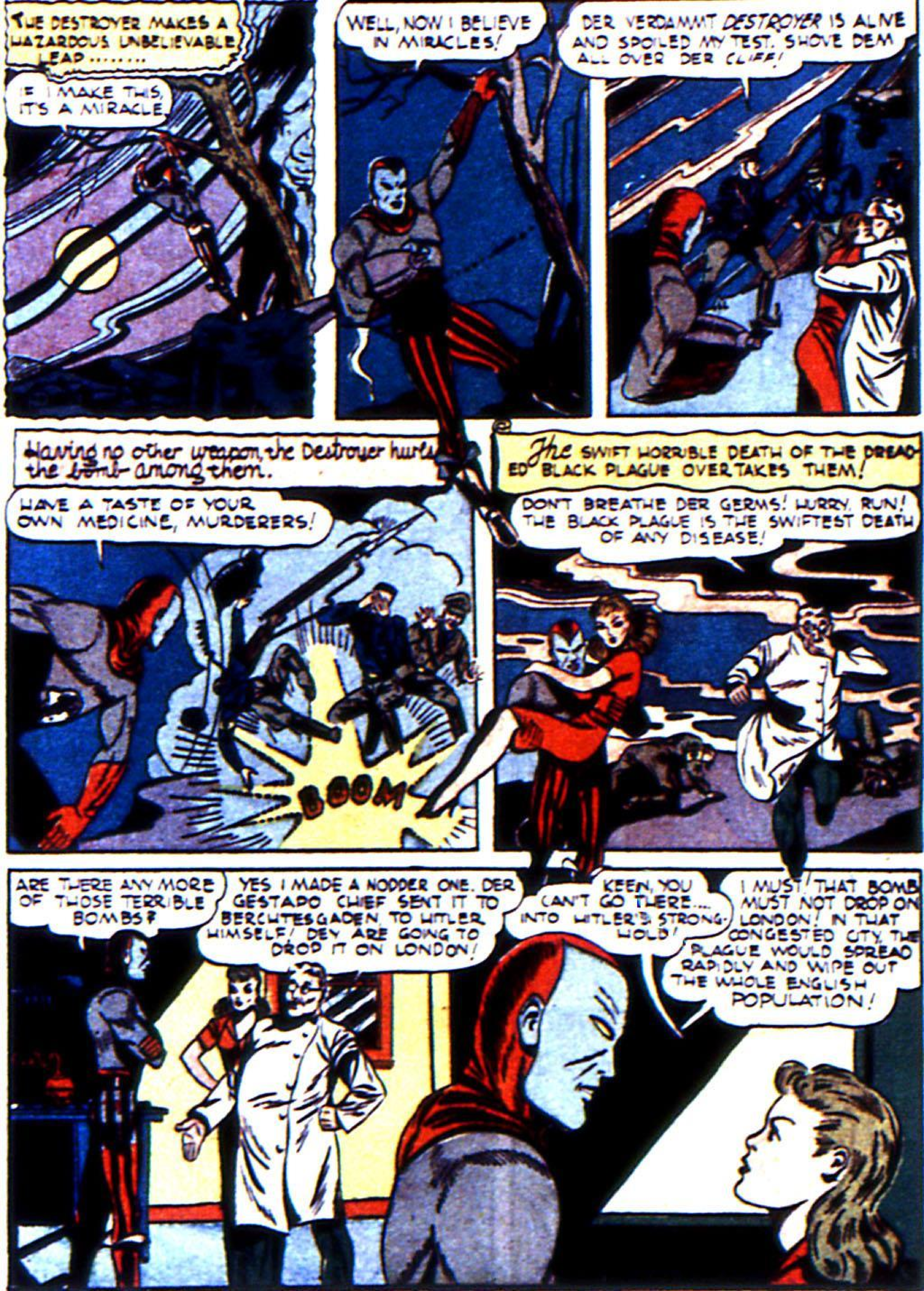

THE DESTROYER LEAPS INTO GALVANIZED ACTION!
I'LL PASS OUT A FEW MEDALS OF MY OWN FIRST, FELLAS!
HERE'S THE DISTINGUISHED SOCK FOR YOU!
AND THE CROIX KICK FOR YOU, CHUMP!
I WILL SHTOP THAT DESTROYER BEFORE HE BEATS UP THE WHOLE FORCE!
DON'T! DON'T SMASH THAT FLASK OR WE'LL ALL DIE!
YOU HEAR DAT DESTROYER? SHTOP OR YOU DIE MITT US ALL!
And WHILE THE DESTROYER STANDS HELPLESS...
STUNNED THE DESTROYER IS CARRIED OUT SIDE.
DER TOWN ISS BUILT HIGH IN DER BAVARIAN ALPS! VE VILL TOSS DER DESTROYER OVER A CLIFF!

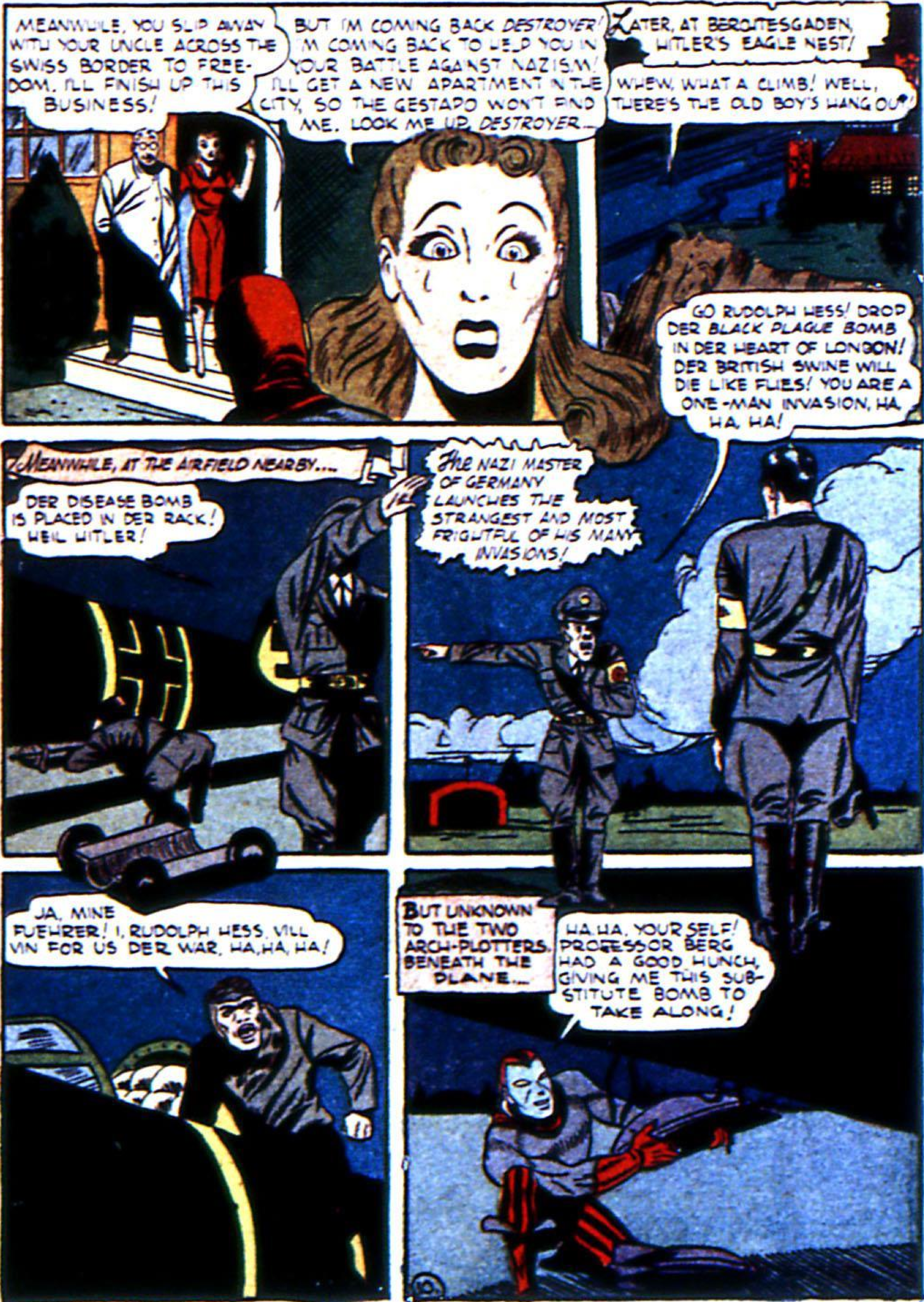

A TOUSAN' FOOT DROP FOR THE DESTROYER, HA, HA, HA!
YOU HAFF KILLED THE ONLY FRIEND UFF ALL DECENT GERMANS!
GOOD RIDDANCE! NOW GET IN DERE, YOU FOOL, UND MAKE US DER PLAGUE BOMBS!
MEANWHILE, THE DESTROYER PLUMMETS TO HIS DEATH... DOWN, DOWN, DOWN....
BUT SUDDENLY...
I STILL HAVE A CHANCE... IF THIS SHRUB HOLDS!
IT DID! WOW WHAT A NARROW ESCAPE!
AFTER A BRIEF REST THE *DESTROYER* CLIMBS BACK TO SAFETY.
SAVED BY THE BELL! NOW I HAVE TWO CHOICES--EITHER TACKLE THOSE NAZIS AGAIN, OR RESCUE FLORENCE. ILL RESCUE FLORENCE FIRST, FOR THE PROFESSOR'S PEACE OF MIND. IF I WORK FAST, I CAN BE BACK BEFORE THOSE NAZIS GET THE COMPLETED BOMBS!
HEY, MISTER! WHICH WAY TO THE NEAREST CONCENTRATION CAMP?
YOU ARE WALKING RIGHT TOWARD IT! GO DOT WAY! DER CAMP ISS A BAD PLACE.
INVADING A PRISON CAMP IS A RISKY THING, BUT ILL TRY IT!

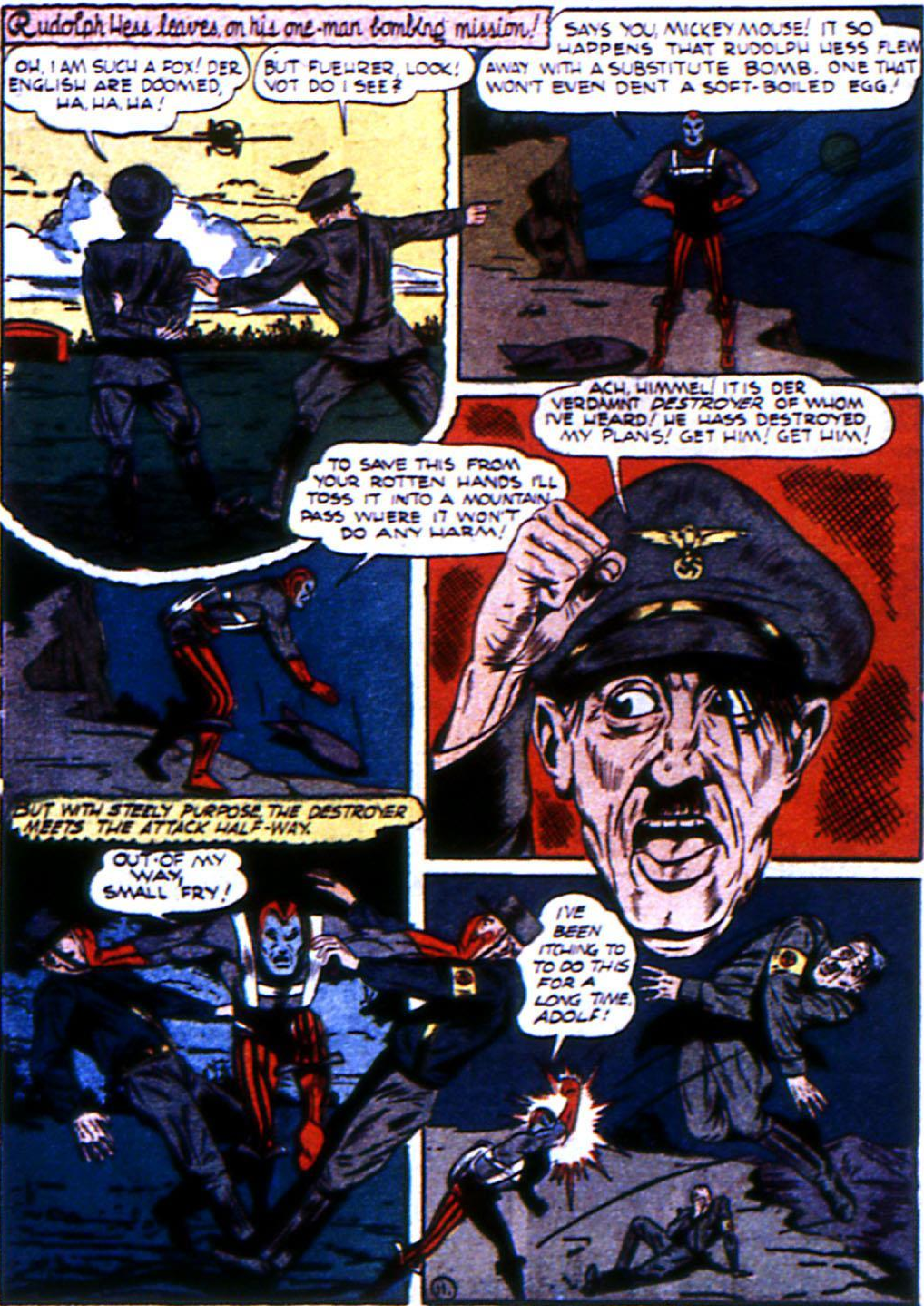

AHHUGH!
MIND IF I BORROW YOUR UNIFORM, BUDDY?
BOLDLY, IN THE NAZI UNIFORM, THE DESTROYER ENTERS THE PRISON CAMP!
HERE'S THE PRISON BARRACKS, FLORENCE MUST BE INSIDE SOMEWHERE.
A GROUP OF NAZIS PASS!
WE HAFF RECEIVED ORDERS TO WHIP DER GIRL, FLORENCE, ALONG WITH DER ODDERS.
GIFF IT FUN SOON BOYS, EH?
FLORENCE! THEY'RE GOING TO WHIP HER ANYWAY, THOUGH HER UNCLE YIELDED, THE UNTRUSTWORTHY DOGS! I'LL HAVE TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT THIS....
WHIP DER SWINE! DEY ARE ALL UNFAITHFUL TO DER FUEHRER!
JA, MY ARM ISS ALL LIMBER UND READY!

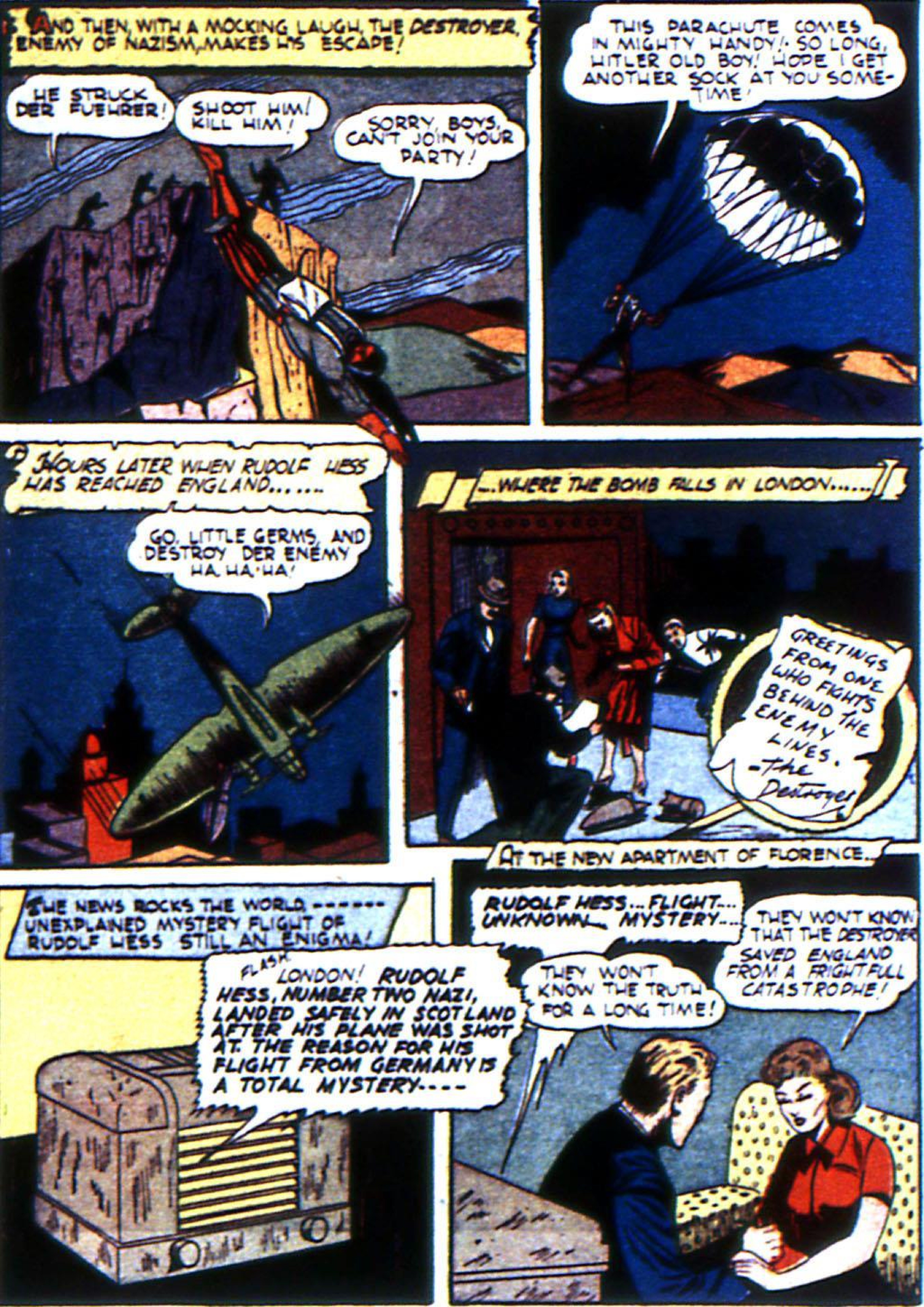

SUDDENLY...
BUT ARE YOU READY FOR THIS, BRIGHT EYES?
CRACK!
THE DESTROYER HAS SLIPPED IN WITH THE NAZIS!
I DON'T NEED THIS FILTHY THING!
JUST MY GOOD OLD AMERICAN FISTS!
INFURIATED AT THE ATTEMPT TO WHIP HIS FRIEND FLORENCE, THE DESTROYER MAKES SHORT WORK OF THE NAZIS!
FLOG A DEFENSELESS WOMAN WILL YA?
SMACK ZOWIE POW
I KNEW YOU'D COME TO SAVE ME, KEEN! I KNEW YOU WOULD!
BUT WE STILL HAVE TO GET OUT OF HERE!
WILLING TO GAMBLE FOR FREEDOM, YOU FELLAS? SLIP ON THOSE NAZI UNIFORMS.
JA, VE TRY ANYTHING!


THE DARING RUSE WORKS!
VE HAFF ORDERS TO TAKE THE WOMAN, FLORENCE TO HER UNCLE. HEIL HITLER!
PASS THROUGH. HEIL HITLER!
SAFELY BEYOND THE CAMP, *DESTROYER* SENDS THE PRISONERS OFF TO THEIR FREEDOM.
YOU ARE FREE TO WORK OUT YOUR OWN DESTINIES. GOOD LUCK!
WE VILL BLESS YOU TO OUR DYING DAY, DESTROYER!
I DON'T NEED THIS DIRTY RAG ANYMORE. NOW LET'S HURRY TO YOUR UNCLE'S PLACE, FLORENCE, BEFORE HE'S FORCED TO DO THEIR WILL!
HEAVEN GRANT WE'LL BE IN TIME!
MEANWHILE, WITH HIS SPIRIT BROKEN, PROFESSOR BERG HAS MADE TWO OF THE DEADLY PLAGUE BOMBS FOR THE GESTAPO CHIEF!
VE VILL TRY ONE OUT IF YOU HAVE TRICKED US, PROFESSOR BERG...
HEFFEN HELP MY SOUL! BUT IF ONE OF THOSE PLAGUE BOMBS IS DROPPED AMONG HUMANS, THEY WILL DIE HORRIBLY OF BLACK PLAGUE!
VOT ARE YOU DOING? THOSE GERMANS BELOW IN THE TOWN! OUR OWN PEOPLE! AT LEAST DER BOMB SHOULD ONLY BE USED AGAINST OUR ENEMIES!
HEARTLESSLY, THE GESTAPO CHIEF HEAVES THE BOMB DOWN ON THE MOUNTAIN VILLAGE!
VOT DOES IT MATTER IF A FEW GERMANS GET KILLED? THE BOMB MUST BE TESTED! IF ALL DER PEOPLE BELOW DIE, DEN VE KNOW DER BOMB IS VOT VE WANT TO WIN DER WAR!
DON'T!
THE DESTROYER ARRIVES!
LOOK! THEY'VE THROWN ONE OF THE PLAGUE BOMBS DOWN ON THE VILLAGE!


THE DESTROYER MAKES A HAZARDOUS UNBELIEVABLE LEAP........
IF I MAKE THIS, IT'S A MIRACLE.
WELL, NOW I BELIEVE IN MIRACLES!
DER VERDAMMT DESTROYER IS ALIVE AND SPOILED MY TEST. SHOVE DEM ALL OVER DER CLIFF!
Having no other weapon, the Destroyer hurls the bomb among them.
HAVE A TASTE OF YOUR OWN MEDICINE, MURDERERS!
BOOM
The SWIFT HORRIBLE DEATH OF THE DREADED BLACK PLAGUE OVERTAKES THEM!
DON'T BREATHE DER GERMS! HURRY, RUN! THE BLACK PLAGUE IS THE SWIFTEST DEATH OF ANY DISEASE!
ARE THERE ANY MORE OF THOSE TERRIBLE BOMBS?
YES I MADE A NODDER ONE. DER GESTAPO CHIEF SENT IT TO BERCHTESGADEN TO HITLER HIMSELF! DEY ARE GOING TO DROP IT ON LONDON!
KEEN, YOU CAN'T GO THERE.... INTO HITLER'S STRONGHOLD!
I MUST! THAT BOMB MUST NOT DROP ON LONDON! IN THAT CONGESTED CITY, THE PLAGUE WOULD SPREAD RAPIDLY AND WIPE OUT THE WHOLE ENGLISH POPULATION!


MEANWHILE, YOU SLIP AWAY WITH YOUR UNCLE ACROSS THE SWISS BORDER TO FREEDOM. I'LL FINISH UP THIS BUSINESS!
BUT I'M COMING BACK DESTROYER! I'M COMING BACK TO HELP YOU IN YOUR BATTLE AGAINST NAZISM! I'LL GET A NEW APARTMENT IN THE CITY, SO THE GESTAPO WON'T FIND ME. LOOK ME UP, DESTROYER...
LATER, AT BERCHTESGADEN, HITLER'S EAGLE NEST!
WHEW, WHAT A CLIMB! WELL, THERE'S THE OLD BOY'S HANG OUT!
MEANWHILE, AT THE AIRFIELD NEARBY...
DER DISEASE BOMB IS PLACED IN DER RACK! HEIL HITLER!
The NAZI MASTER OF GERMANY LAUNCHES THE STRANGEST AND MOST FRIGHTFUL OF HIS MANY INVASIONS!
GO RUDOLPH HESS! DROP DER BLACK PLAGUE BOMB IN DER HEART OF LONDON! DER BRITISH SWINE WILL DIE LIKE FLIES! YOU ARE A ONE-MAN INVASION, HA, HA, HA!
JA, MINE FUEHRER! I, RUDOLPH HESS, VILL VIN FOR US DER WAR, HA, HA, HA!
BUT UNKNOWN TO THE TWO ARCH-PLOTTERS, BENEATH THE PLANE...
HA, HA, YOURSELF! PROFESSOR BERG HAD A GOOD HUNCH, GIVING ME THIS SUBSTITUTE BOMB TO TAKE ALONG!


Rudolph Hess leaves on his one-man bombing mission!
OH, I AM SUCH A FOX! DER ENGLISH ARE DOOMED, HA, HA, HA!
BUT FUEHRER, LOOK! VOT DO I SEE?
SAYS YOU, MICKEY MOUSE! IT SO HAPPENS THAT RUDOLPH HESS FLEW AWAY WITH A SUBSTITUTE BOMB. ONE THAT WON'T EVEN DENT A SOFT-BOILED EGG!
ACH, HIMMEL! IT IS DER VERDAMNT DESTROYER OF WHOM I'VE HEARD! HE HASS DESTROYED MY PLANS! GET HIM! GET HIM!
TO SAVE THIS FROM YOUR ROTTEN HANDS I'LL TOSS IT INTO A MOUNTAIN PASS WHERE IT WON'T DO ANY HARM!
BUT WITH STEELY PURPOSE THE DESTROYER MEETS THE ATTACK HALF-WAY.
OUT OF MY WAY, SMALL FRY!
I'VE BEEN ITCHING TO TO DO THIS FOR A LONG TIME, ADOLF!


AND THEN, WITH A MOCKING LAUGH, THE DESTROYER, ENEMY OF NAZISM, MAKES HIS ESCAPE!
HE STRUCK DER FUEHRER!
SHOOT HIM! KILL HIM!
SORRY, BOYS, CAN'T JOIN YOUR PARTY!
THIS PARACHUTE COMES IN MIGHTY HANDY!- SO LONG, HITLER OLD BOY! HOPE I GET ANOTHER SOCK AT YOU SOMETIME!
HOURS LATER WHEN RUDOLF HESS HAS REACHED ENGLAND......
GO, LITTLE GERMS, AND DESTROY DER ENEMY HA-HA-HA!
...WHERE THE BOMB FALLS IN LONDON......
GREETINGS FROM ONE WHO FIGHTS BEHIND THE ENEMY LINES. -The Destroyer
AT THE NEW APARTMENT OF FLORENCE...
THE NEWS ROCKS THE WORLD------ UNEXPLAINED MYSTERY FLIGHT OF RUDOLF HESS STILL AN ENIGMA!
FLASH LONDON! RUDOLF HESS, NUMBER TWO NAZI, LANDED SAFELY IN SCOTLAND AFTER HIS PLANE WAS SHOT AT. THE REASON FOR HIS FLIGHT FROM GERMANY IS A TOTAL MYSTERY---
RUDOLF HESS... FLIGHT... UNKNOWN... MYSTERY...
THEY WON'T KNOW THE TRUTH FOR A LONG TIME!
THEY WON'T KNOW THAT THE DESTROYER SAVED ENGLAND FROM A FRIGHTFULL CATASTROPHE!

# WINNERS ALL

By Stan Lee

THE NAZI STORM TROOPER held his whip over the wounded form of the old man. "Now get down and scrub these floors!" he roared. "Hurry, or it giffs more vhipping!"

The old man looked up with pleading in his eyes. "Please", he said. "I am only an old man. I haff neffer harmed you. Please don't vhip me anymore!"

"Dog!" cried the evil storm trooper. "I'll teach you to speak back to your betters!" And saying that, the Nazi started to bring his whip down upon the shoulders of the old man! Once, twice, three times the torturous whip cracked, as the Nazi struck as hard as he could, seeming to enjoy it!

But suddenly the storm broke! Out of the shadows a mighty figure leaped boldly at the Nazi and grabbed the whip! With one tremendous heave, he wrested the whip from the storm trooper's hands as though the trooper was a baby! Then the daring intruder really started the fireworks! Back and forth, up and down he swung the whip, powerful, biting blows which landed upon the astonished form of the Nazi! Not until the cowardly German had fallen to his knees and cried for mercy did the whipping stop!

Then the stranger helped the old man to his feet and said to him, "Don't be afraid anymore, Sir. These fiends won't harm you again. Not so long as there's one ounce of blood left in my body will any Nazi harm an old person without being punished for it!"

The old man looked at the mighty stranger in amazement. "But, who—who are you, my boy?" he asked, timidly.

The stranger smiled. "My name doesn't matter, but perhaps if I step under this light you'll be able to recognize me." So saying, he stepped under the light of a nearby lamp-post and looked at the old man.

"Ach du lieber!" exclaimed the old man. "It's der vonderful Destroyer!"

And so it was! The famous Destroyer, arch-foe of Nazism, who operates alone and unaided, fighting his never-ending battle to overthrow the government of the Nazis so that freedom might again arise in Germany!

After leaving the old man, the Destroyer went over to the Nazi storm trooper who was still unconscious from the beating which the Destroyer had given him. Taking a card from his pocket, the Nazi-fighter pinned it onto the shirt of the trooper. It was the most notorious card in all Germany! A picure of a skull which represents death, and of a dagger running thru the skull—the card of the Destroyer!

Then the Destroyer lifted the trooper to his shoulders and ran thru the dark streets to the city with his burden. Finally he reached the headquarters of the storm troops where he put down the Nazi and slowly crept up to one of the windows of the building.

There, the Destroyer gently pryed the window open and ran back to get the Nazi trooper.

When he reached the Nazi, he was just coming to his senses, but with a grim smile the Destroyer punched him on the chin and sent him back to dreamland again. At last, after a few dangerous minutes, the Destroyer finished his task and stepped back to admire his work! For, hanging out of the window was the Nazi trooper with the Destroyer's card pinned to him! The trooper had his legs held down by the half-closed window so that he couldn't fall all the way out and he couldn't get back in. And his head was buried in a pig trough under the window!

With a glad cry the Destroyer left the scene and raced away into the night, searching for other Nazis who might be in need of "special treatment"!

But let us turn for a moment to the United States where we find a terrible thing happening! First, we'll go back a few days and listen in to an interesting conversation—

"The time was never better, Slug," said the first man, with a growl. "We can knock off that bank just as easy as you can say your name!"

The second man looked up. He was big and powerful, just like his companion, with a mop of long, untidy hair and a long scar on his jaw. "O.K., Lew," he said. "But I hope you know what you're doin'. You know, the boys tell me that the Whizzer's been hanging around the neighborhood lately!—And you know what that means!"

Lew shrugged his shoulders. "If that Whizzer guy shows up, we'll know how to take care of him, too! —Now, here's what we'll do. . . . "

A few days later "The Coin Bank of New York" was nearly empty. It was almost closing time, and except for one man making a deposit, there were no other depositors inside. But then four men walked in and went up to the four deposit windows. A fifth also entered and stood by the door!

"All right, you guys, this is a hold-up!" cried Slug, who was standing near the first window. "If nobody moves, nobody'll get hurt!" Then the five men pulled out wicked-looking revolvers and aimed them at the tellers behind the cages. The robbers hardly noticed the one lone depositor who stood with his hands high in the air and looked terribly frightened.

But a second later Slug felt the gun being knocked out of his hand and before he could move, he was hit by the butt of his own weapon! The last thing he remembered before he fell to the floor was that nobody was holding the gun — it was moving by itself! But if his eyes had been a great deal keener, he would have seen the lightning-swift figure of the Whizzer, King of Speed, wielding the gun, and moving so rapidly that the human eye couldn't follow him!

When the crooks saw their leader fall to the ground, struck by his own gun, they got panicky and lost their self-control. One frightened thug, who had been aiming his gun at the bank guard, was so shocked at what he saw that his trigger finger slipped and the bullet of his gun went hurtling toward the guard, bringing with it sudden death!

What happened next is something that is almost unbelievable! A great gust of wind seemed to fill the room, a wind so strong that it blew the guns right out of the gangsters' hands! But even stranger than that was the fact that the bank guard did not fall after the bullet was fired at him! Although he never knew why he wasn't hit, the reason is that the Whizzer had caught up to the bullet and plucked it right out of the air, two inches away from the body of the guard, saving his life! It was the speed caused by the Whizzer's mad dash that raised the wind which carried the crooks' guns out of their hands and enabled the bank clerks and the guard to seize the robbers without any trouble!—But they never knew that they had the Whizzer to thank for saving their lives and money!

"And so," said Captain America, "it has been decided that Keen Marlowe, otherwise known as The Destroyer; and Bob Frank, better known as The Whizzer, are to receive the All Winners award for exceptional bravery and courage!"

"That's right," added the Human Torch. "That's why we have asked you here today to listen to the two stories you just heard. We want to know if you'll allow The Destroyer and The Whizzer to share the All Winners magazine with us."

The editor of All Winners smiled at Keen and Bob Frank who were sitting silently nearby. "Of course," he smiled. "And I feel sure that our readers will all agree with your choice!"

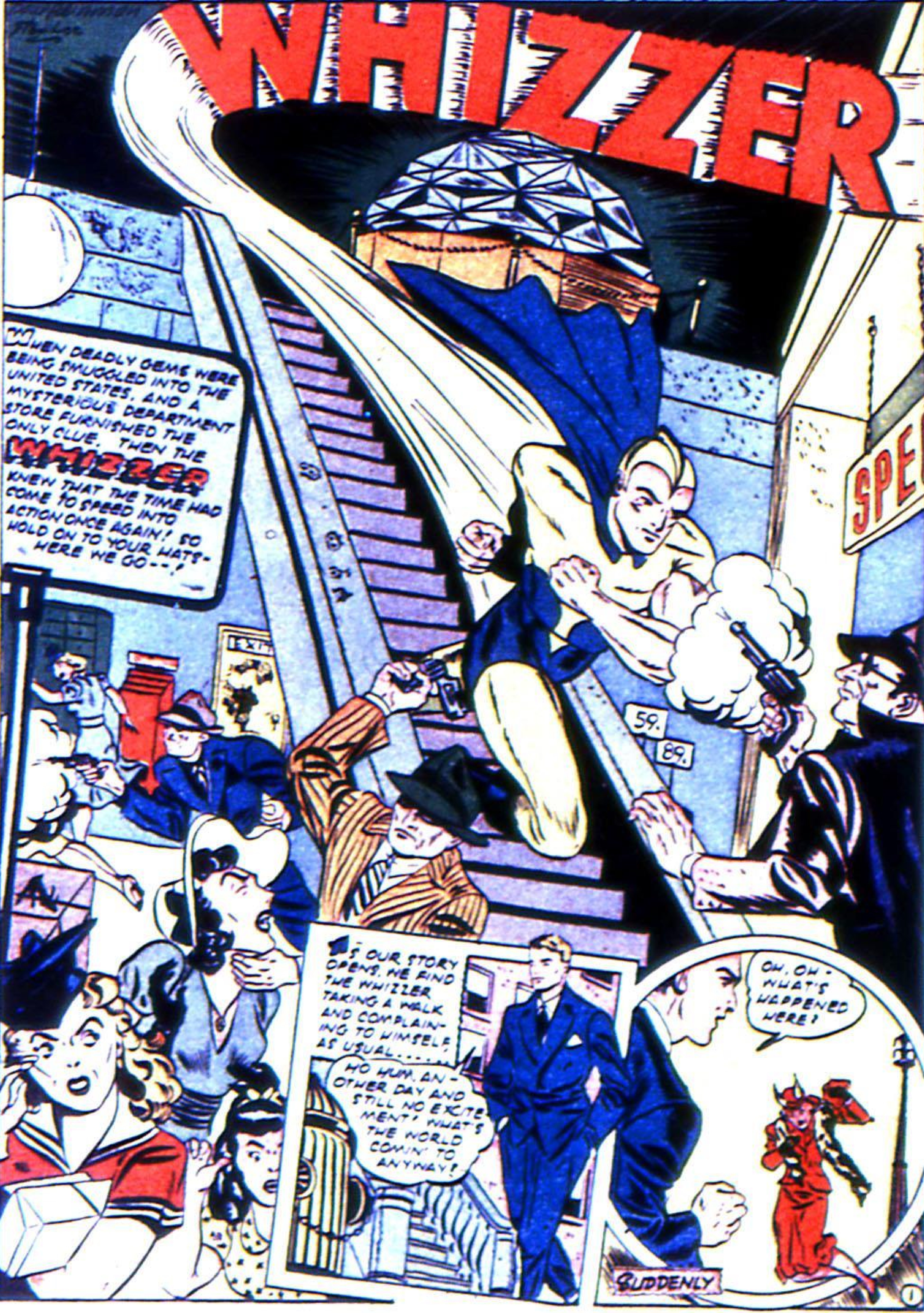
"Yippee!" cried the irrepressible Sub Mariner. "Welcome to All Winners, fellas!"

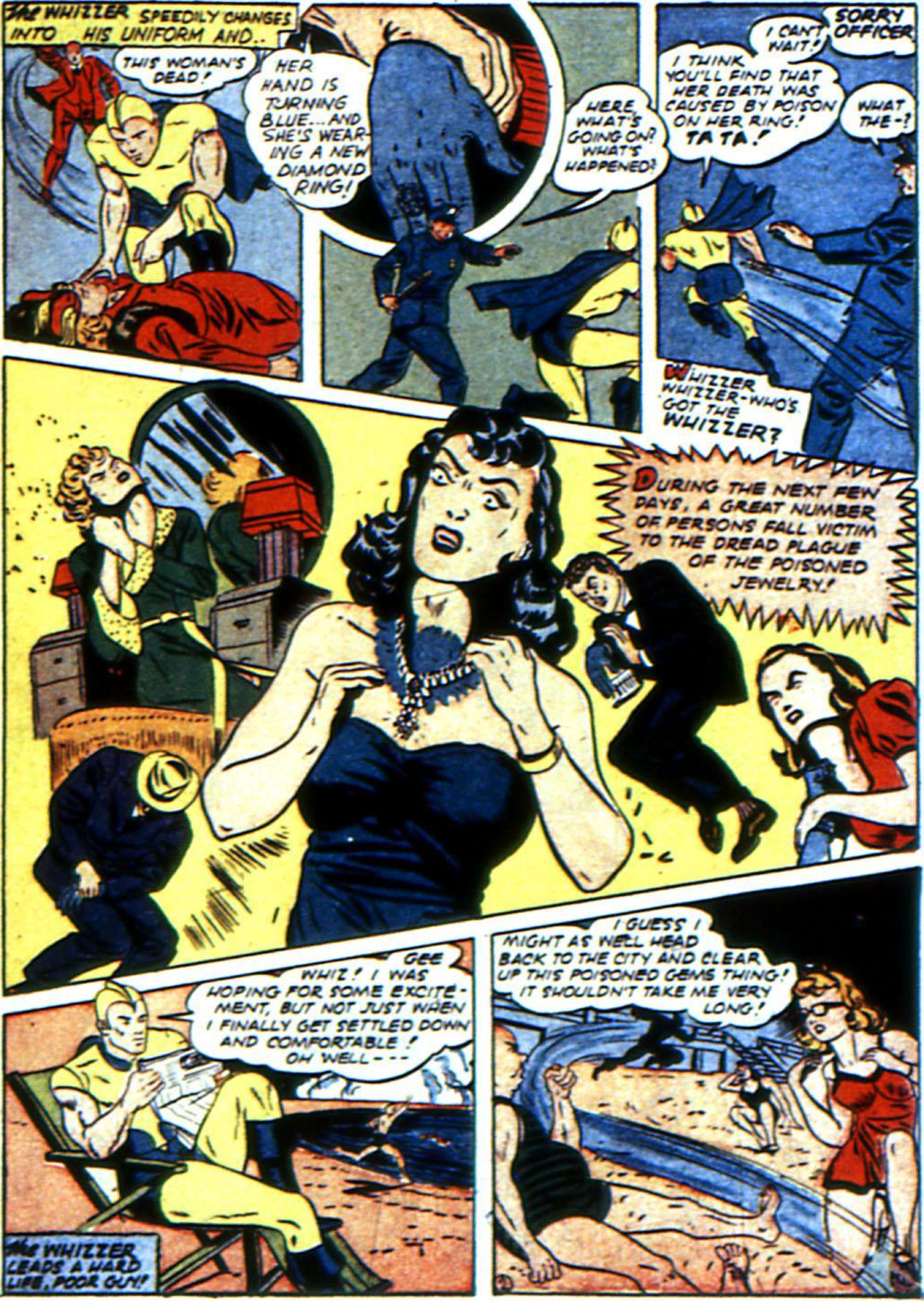
Bucky and Toro looked at each other and Bucky said, "Golly, Toro, what a line-up! Captain America, The Human Torch, Namor, and now The Destroyer and the Whizzer!"

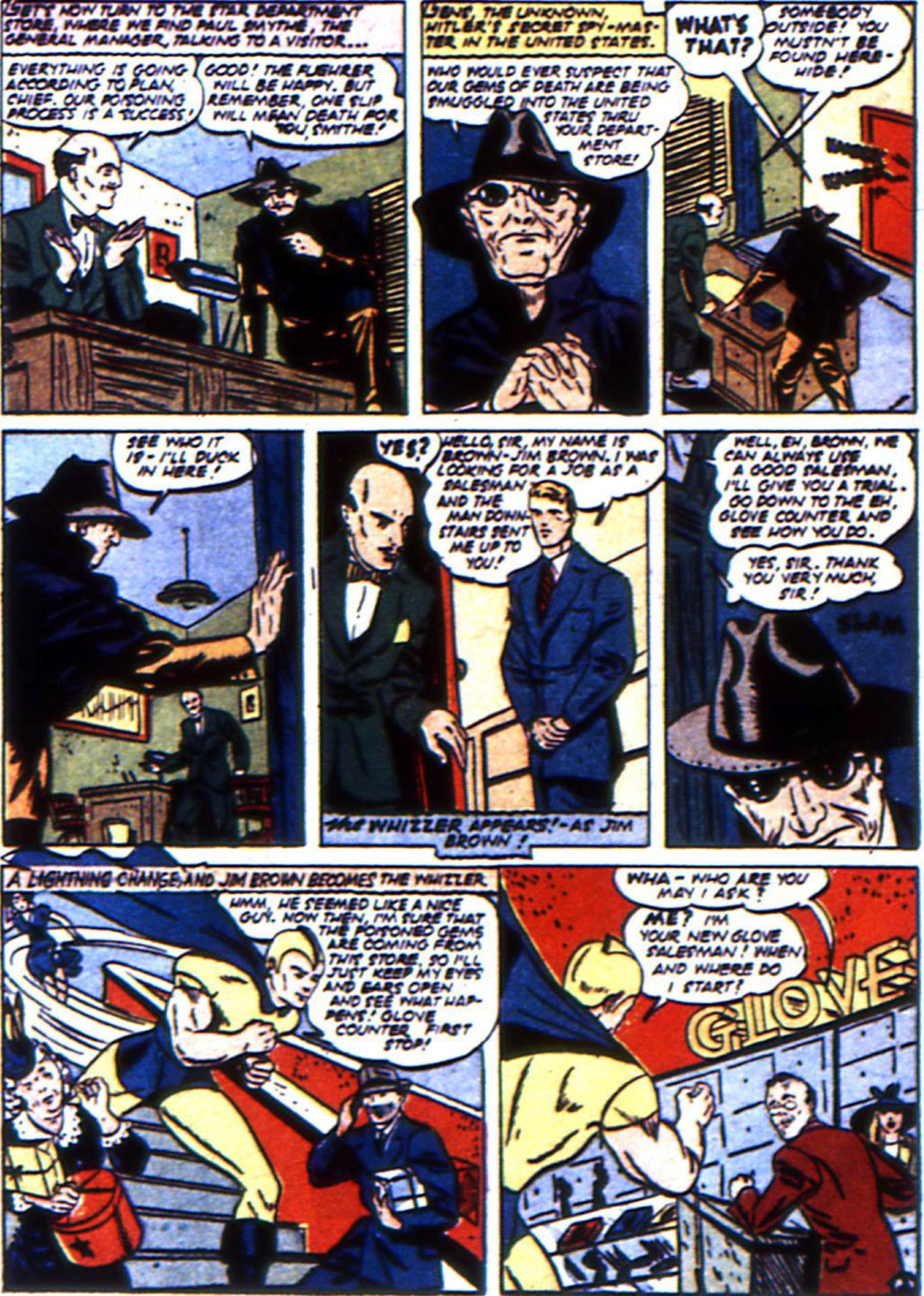
Bucky grinned. "And don't forget Toro and Bucky, either!" he answered!

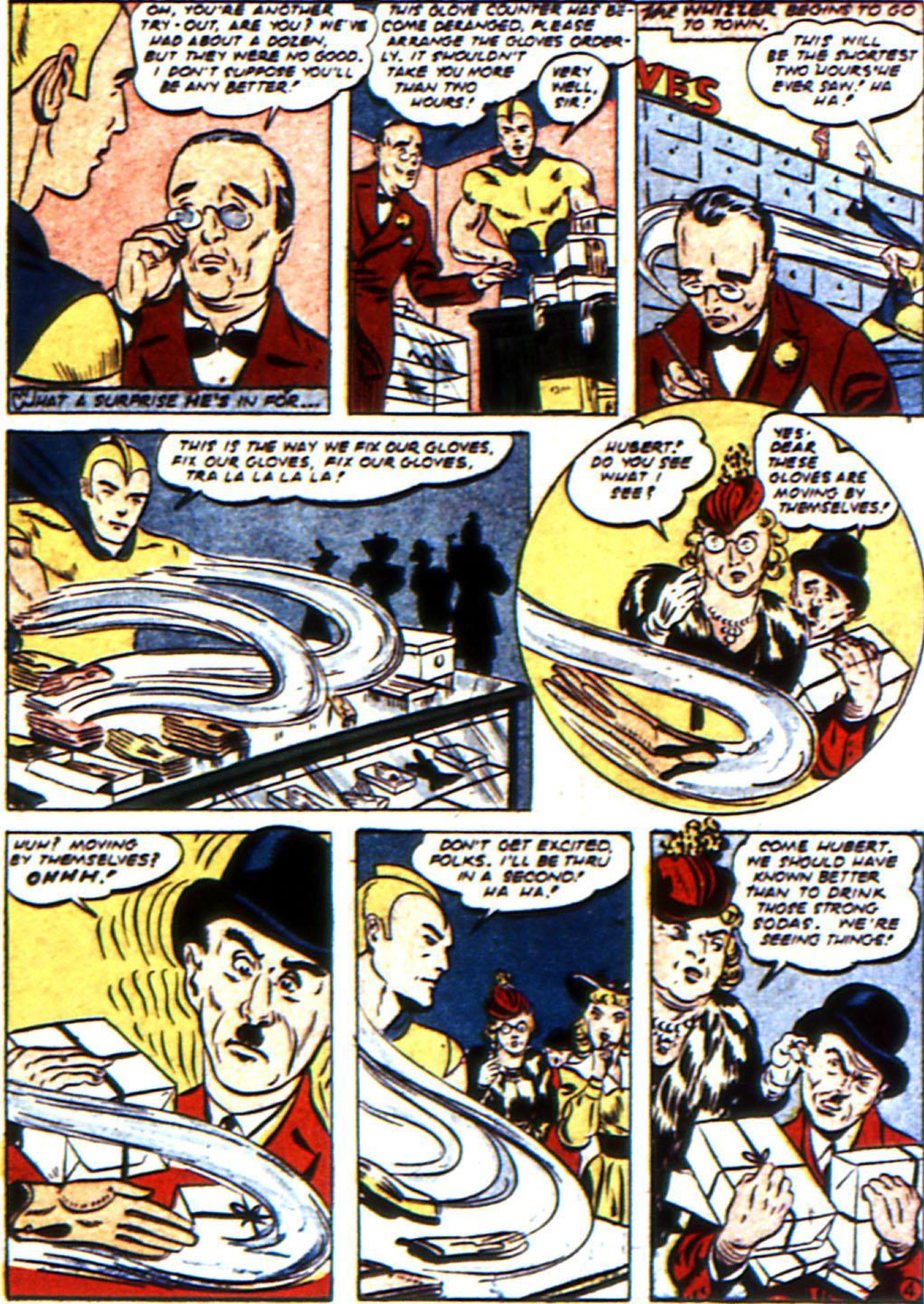
And that's it, pals! The reasons why The Destroyer and the Whizzer were added to this book. They were the unanimous choice of the other characters and the editor, and we hope that you'll like them too!

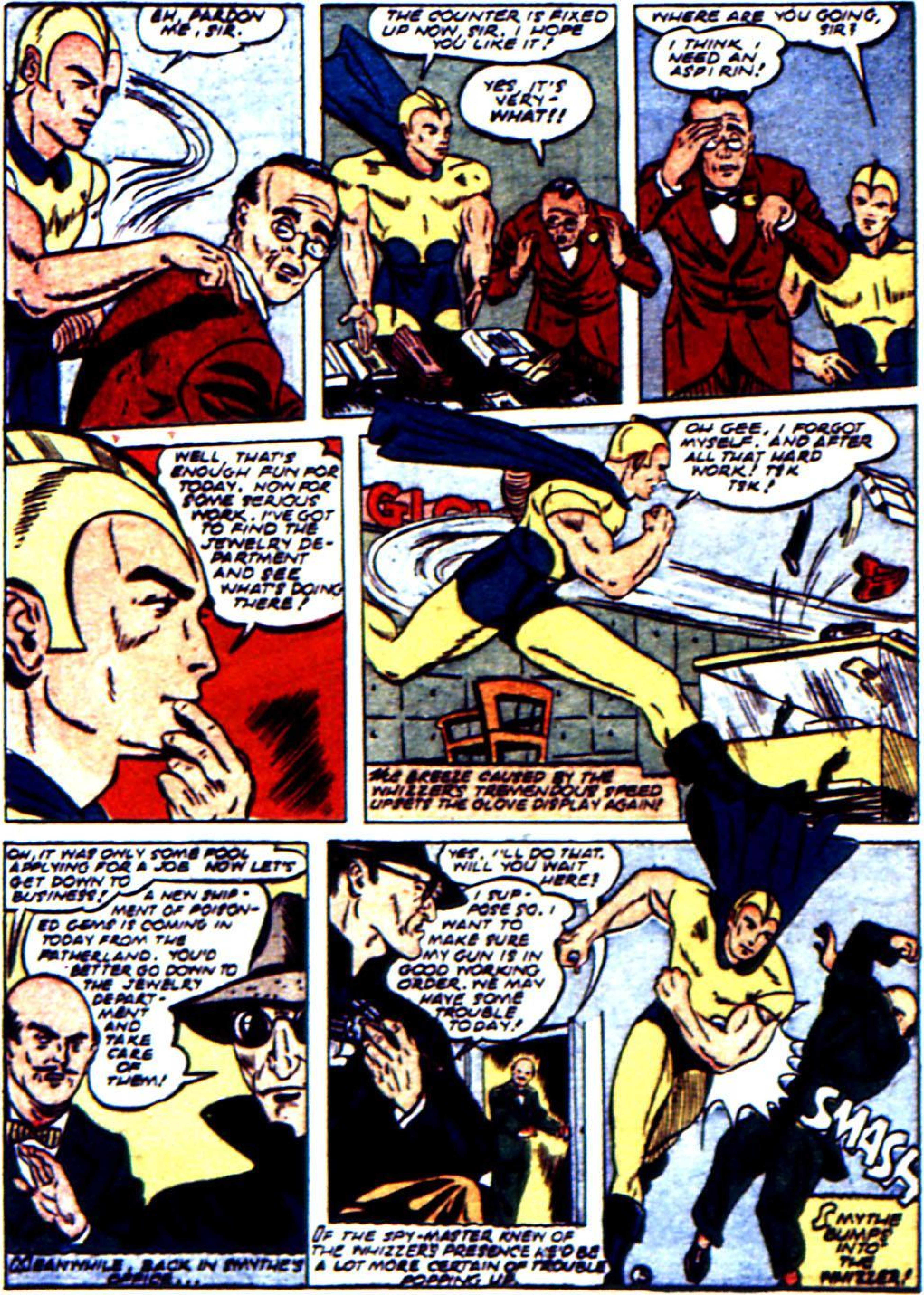
See you soon!

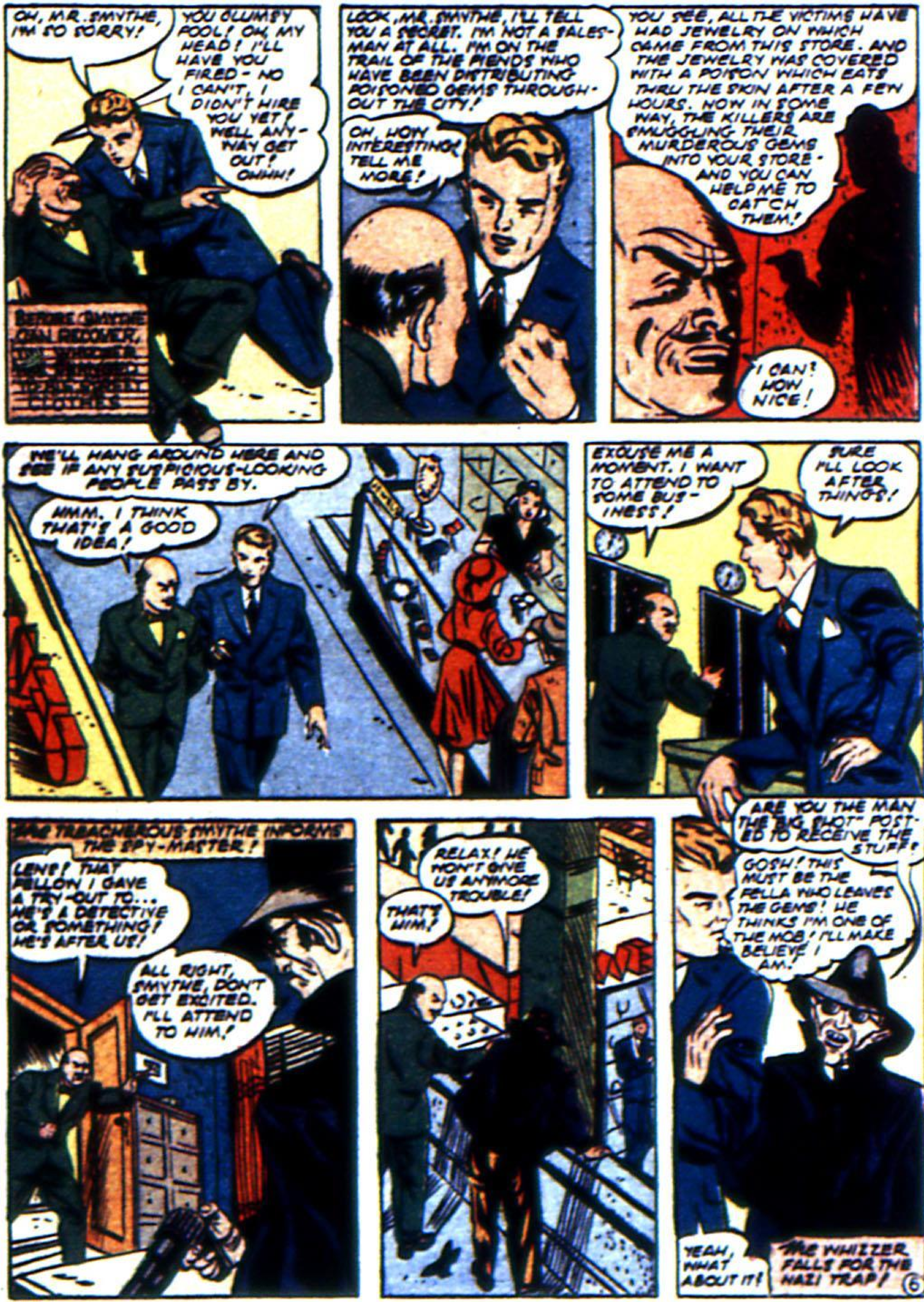

WHIZZER
WHEN DEADLY GEMS WERE BEING SMUGGLED INTO THE UNITED STATES, AND A MYSTERIOUS DEPARTMENT STORE FURNISHED THE ONLY CLUE, THEN THE WHIZZER KNEW THAT THE TIME HAD COME TO SPEED INTO ACTION ONCE AGAIN! SO HOLD ON TO YOUR HATS-- HERE WE GO--!
EXIT
59.
89.
SPE
AS OUR STORY OPENS, WE FIND THE WHIZZER TAKING A WALK AND COMPLAINING TO HIMSELF AS USUAL....
HO HUM, ANOTHER DAY AND STILL NO EXCITEMENT! WHAT'S THE WORLD COMIN' TO ANYWAY!
OH, OH - WHAT'S HAPPENED HERE?
SUDDENLY

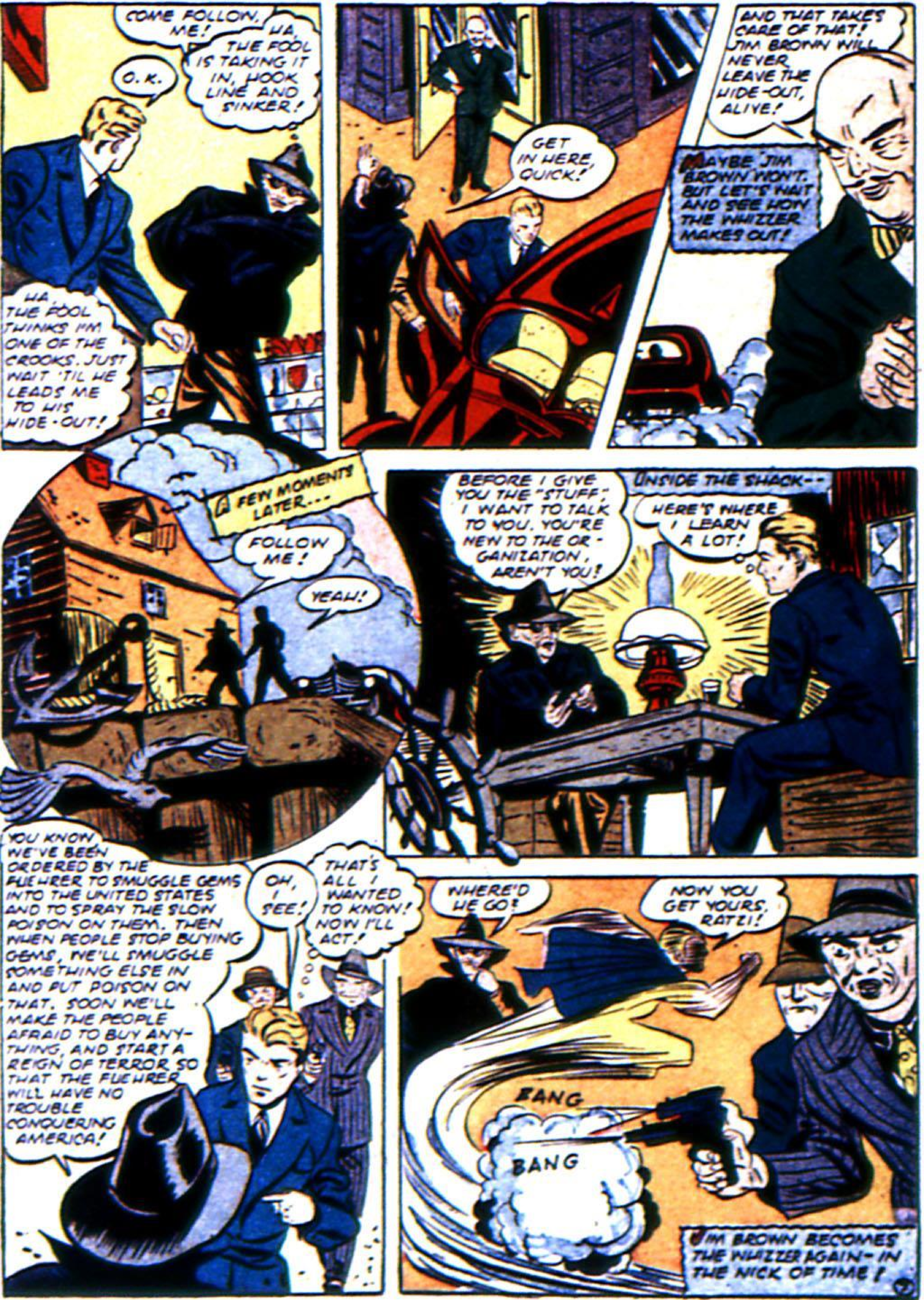

The WHIZZER SPEEDILY CHANGES INTO HIS UNIFORM AND..
THIS WOMAN'S DEAD!
HER HAND IS TURNING BLUE...AND SHE'S WEARING A NEW DIAMOND RING!
HERE, WHAT'S GOING ON? WHAT'S HAPPENED?
SORRY OFFICER
I CAN'T WAIT!
I THINK YOU'LL FIND THAT HER DEATH WAS CAUSED BY POISON ON HER RING! TA TA!
WHAT THE-!
WHIZZER WHIZZER-WHO'S GOT THE WHIZZER?
DURING THE NEXT FEW DAYS, A GREAT NUMBER OF PERSONS FALL VICTIM TO THE DREAD PLAGUE OF THE POISONED JEWELRY!
GEE WHIZ! I WAS HOPING FOR SOME EXCITEMENT, BUT NOT JUST WHEN I FINALLY GET SETTLED DOWN AND COMFORTABLE! OH WELL---
The WHIZZER LEADS A HARD LIFE, POOR GUY!
I GUESS I MIGHT AS WELL HEAD BACK TO THE CITY AND CLEAR UP THIS POISONED GEMS THING! IT SHOULDN'T TAKE ME VERY LONG!

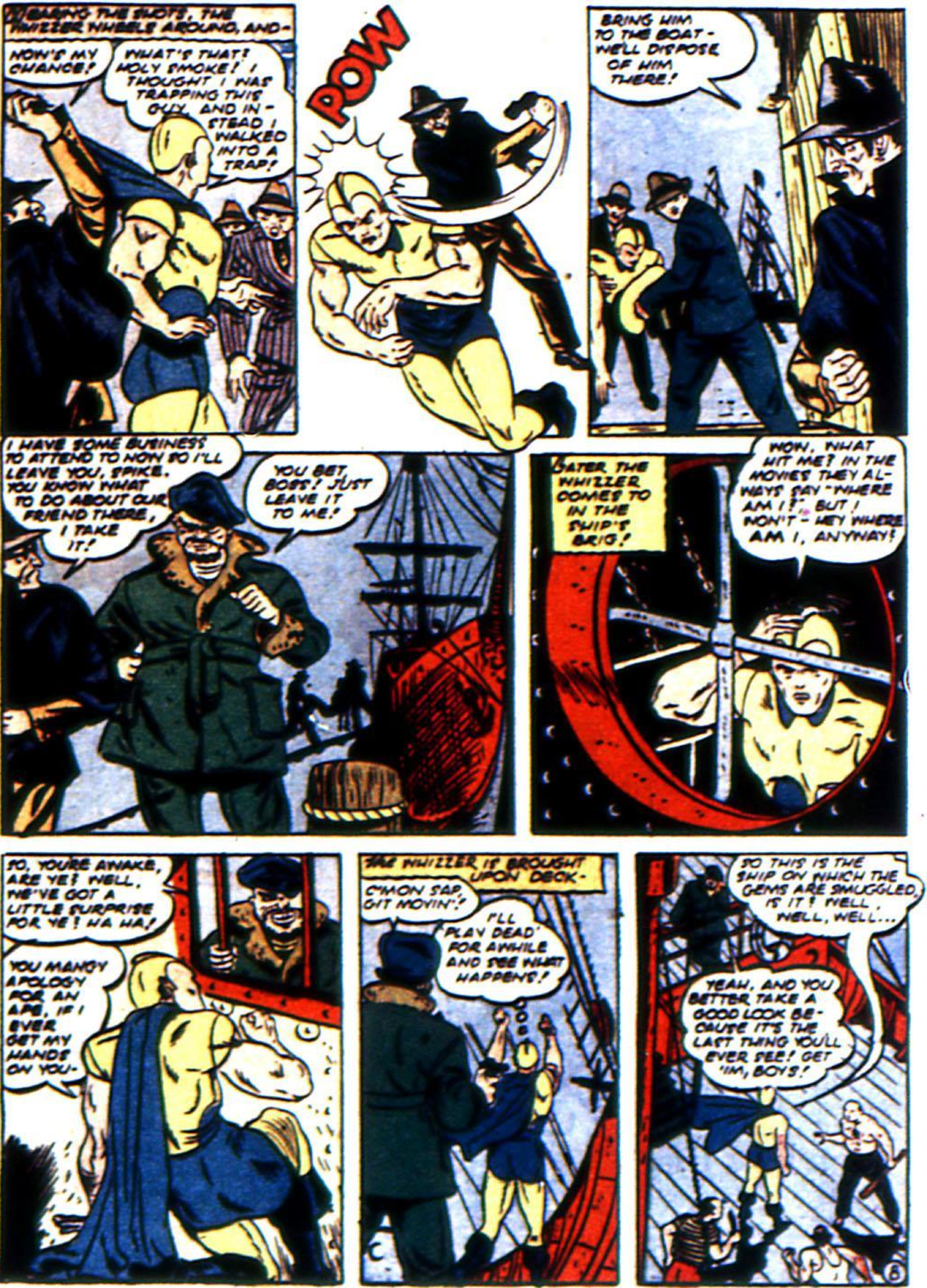

LET'S NOW TURN TO THE STAR DEPARTMENT STORE, WHERE WE FIND PAUL SMYTHE, THE GENERAL MANAGER, TALKING TO A VISITOR...
EVERYTHING IS GOING ACCORDING TO PLAN, CHIEF. OUR POISONING PROCESS IS A SUCCESS!
GOOD! THE FUEHRER WILL BE HAPPY. BUT REMEMBER, ONE SLIP WILL MEAN DEATH FOR YOU, SMYTHE!
LIENS, THE UNKNOWN, HITLER'S SECRET SPY-MASTER IN THE UNITED STATES.
WHO WOULD EVER SUSPECT THAT OUR GEMS OF DEATH ARE BEING SMUGGLED INTO THE UNITED STATES THRU YOUR DEPARTMENT STORE!
WHAT'S THAT?
SOMEBODY OUTSIDE! YOU MUSTN'T BE FOUND HERE-HIDE!
SEE WHO IT IS - I'LL DUCK IN HERE!
YES?
HELLO, SIR, MY NAME IS BROWN-JIM BROWN. I WAS LOOKING FOR A JOB AS A SALESMAN AND THE MAN DOWNSTAIRS SENT ME UP TO YOU!
THE WHIZZER APPEARS! - AS JIM BROWN!
WELL, EH, BROWN, WE CAN ALWAYS USE A GOOD SALESMAN, I'LL GIVE YOU A TRIAL. GO DOWN TO THE EH, GLOVE COUNTER AND SEE HOW YOU DO.
YES, SIR. THANK YOU VERY MUCH, SIR!
SLAM
A LIGHTNING CHANGE, AND JIM BROWN BECOMES THE WHIZZER
HMM, HE SEEMED LIKE A NICE GUY. NOW THEN, I'M SURE THAT THE POISONED GEMS ARE COMING FROM THIS STORE, SO I'LL JUST KEEP MY EYES AND EARS OPEN AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS! GLOVE COUNTER FIRST STOP!
WHA - WHO ARE YOU MAY I ASK?
ME? I'M YOUR NEW GLOVE SALESMAN! WHEN AND WHERE DO I START?
GLOVES

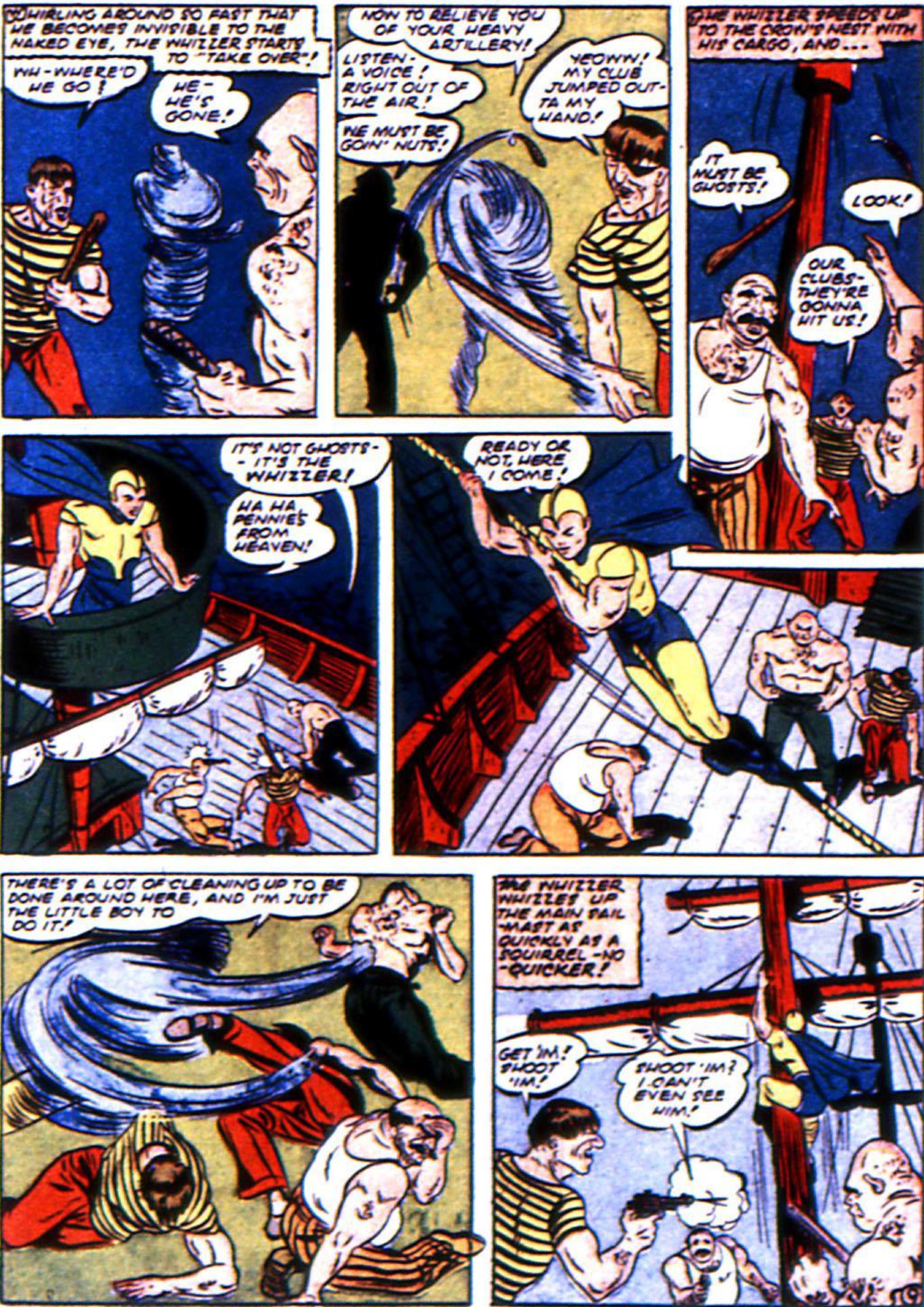

OH, YOU'RE ANOTHER TRY-OUT, ARE YOU? WE'VE HAD ABOUT A DOZEN, BUT THEY WERE NO GOOD. I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU'LL BE ANY BETTER!
WHAT A SURPRISE HE'S IN FOR...
THIS GLOVE COUNTER HAS BECOME DERANGED. PLEASE ARRANGE THE GLOVES ORDERLY. IT SHOULDN'T TAKE YOU MORE THAN TWO HOURS!
VERY WELL, SIR!
THE WHIZZER BEGINS TO GO TO TOWN.
THIS WILL BE THE SHORTEST TWO HOURS HE EVER SAW! HA HA!
VES
THIS IS THE WAY WE FIX OUR GLOVES, FIX OUR GLOVES, FIX OUR GLOVES, TRA LA LA LA LA!
HUBERT! DO YOU SEE WHAT I SEE?
YES DEAR THESE GLOVES ARE MOVING BY THEMSELVES!
HUH? MOVING BY THEMSELVES? OHHH!
DON'T GET EXCITED, FOLKS. I'LL BE THRU IN A SECOND! HA HA!
COME HUBERT. WE SHOULD HAVE KNOWN BETTER THAN TO DRINK THOSE STRONG SODAS. WE'RE SEEING THINGS!

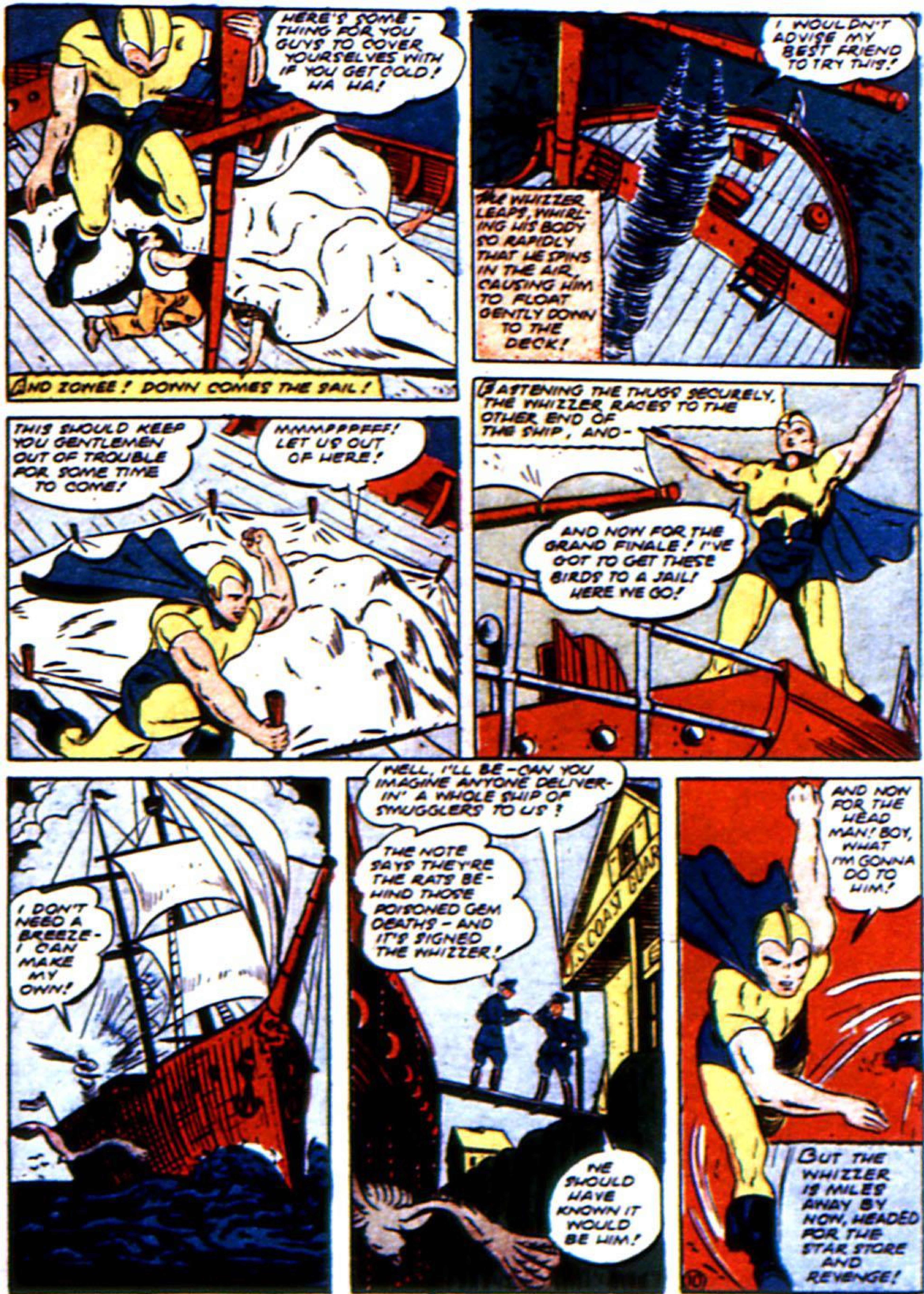

EH, PARDON ME, SIR.
THE COUNTER IS FIXED UP NOW, SIR. I HOPE YOU LIKE IT!
YES, IT'S VERY- WHAT!!
WHERE ARE YOU GOING, SIR?
I THINK I NEED AN ASPIRIN!
WELL, THAT'S ENOUGH FUN FOR TODAY. NOW FOR SOME SERIOUS WORK. I'VE GOT TO FIND THE JEWELRY DEPARTMENT AND SEE WHAT'S DOING THERE!
OH GEE, I FORGOT MYSELF. AND AFTER ALL THAT HARD WORK! TSK TSK!
GLO
THE BREEZE CAUSED BY THE WHIZZER'S TREMENDOUS SPEED UPSETS THE GLOVE DISPLAY AGAIN!
OH, IT WAS ONLY SOME FOOL APPLYING FOR A JOB. NOW LET'S GET DOWN TO BUSINESS!
A NEW SHIPMENT OF POISONED GEMS IS COMING IN TODAY FROM THE FATHERLAND. YOU'D BETTER GO DOWN TO THE JEWELRY DEPARTMENT AND TAKE CARE OF THEM!
MEANWHILE, BACK IN SMYTHE'S OFFICE...
YES, I'LL DO THAT. WILL YOU WAIT HERE?
I SUPPOSE SO. I WANT TO MAKE SURE MY GUN IS IN GOOD WORKING ORDER. WE MAY HAVE SOME TROUBLE TODAY!
IF THE SPY-MASTER KNEW OF THE WHIZZER'S PRESENCE HE'D BE A LOT MORE CERTAIN OF TROUBLE POPPING UP.
SMASH
SMYTHE BUMPS INTO THE WHIZZER!

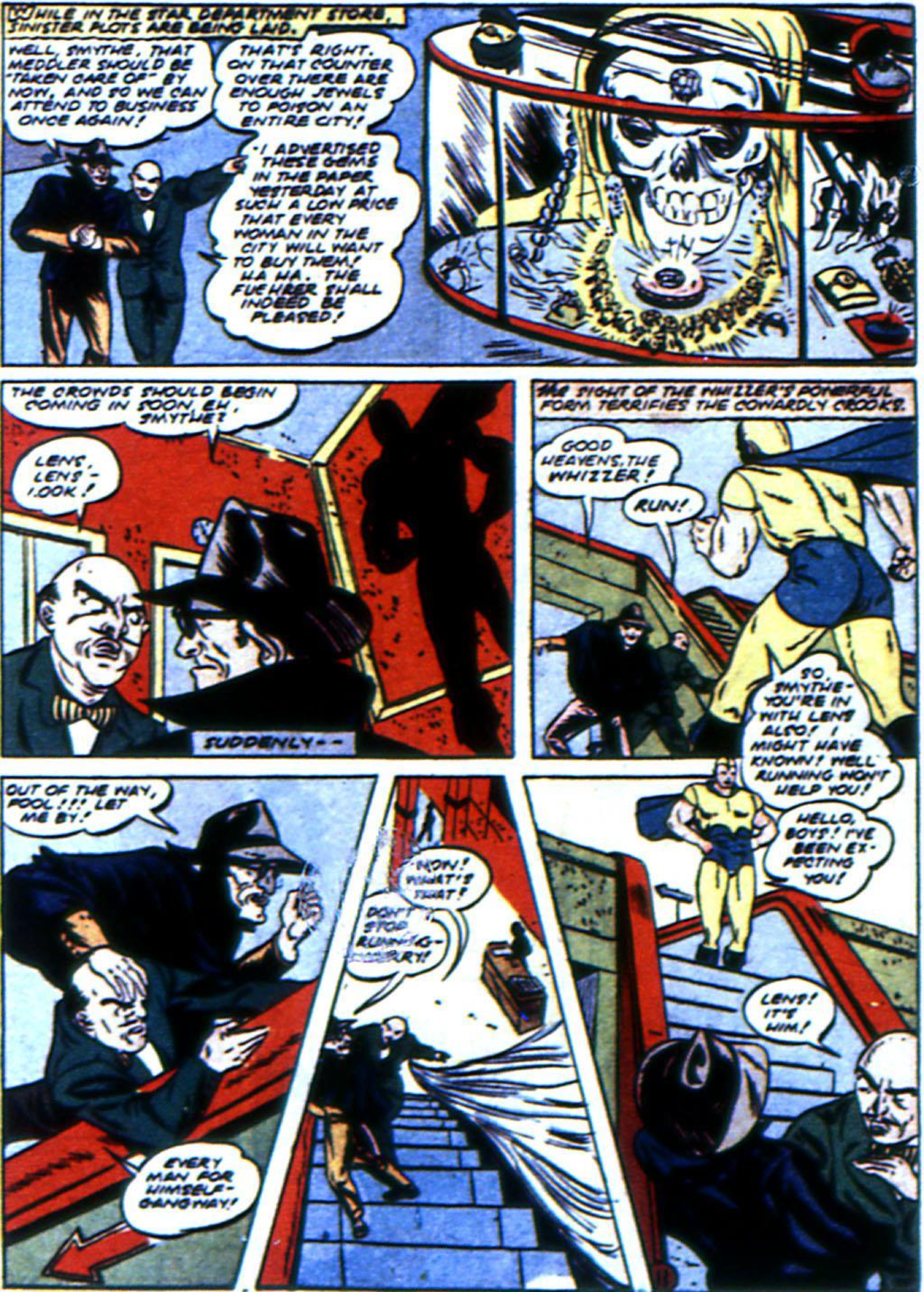

OH, MR. SMYTHE, I'M SO SORRY!
YOU CLUMSY FOOL! OH, MY HEAD! I'LL HAVE YOU FIRED - NO I CAN'T, I DIDN'T HIRE YOU YET! WELL ANY-WAY GET OUT! OHHH!
BEFORE SMYTHE CAN RECOVER, THE WHIZZER [illegible] CLOTHES
LOOK, MR. SMYTHE, I'LL TELL YOU A SECRET. I'M NOT A SALESMAN AT ALL. I'M ON THE TRAIL OF THE FIENDS WHO HAVE BEEN DISTRIBUTING POISONED GEMS THROUGHOUT THE CITY!
OH, HOW INTERESTING! TELL ME MORE!
YOU SEE, ALL THE VICTIMS HAVE HAD JEWELRY ON WHICH CAME FROM THIS STORE. AND THE JEWELRY WAS COVERED WITH A POISON WHICH EATS THRU THE SKIN AFTER A FEW HOURS. NOW IN SOME WAY, THE KILLERS ARE SMUGGLING THEIR MURDEROUS GEMS INTO YOUR STORE - AND YOU CAN HELP ME TO CATCH THEM!
I CAN? HOW NICE!
WE'LL HANG AROUND HERE AND SEE IF ANY SUSPICIOUS-LOOKING PEOPLE PASS BY.
HMM. I THINK THAT'S A GOOD IDEA!
EXCUSE ME A MOMENT. I WANT TO ATTEND TO SOME BUSINESS!
SURE I'LL LOOK AFTER THINGS!
THE TREACHEROUS SMYTHE INFORMS THE SPY-MASTER!
LENS! THAT FELLOW I GAVE A TRY-OUT TO... HE'S A DETECTIVE OR SOMETHING! HE'S AFTER US!
ALL RIGHT, SMYTHE, DON'T GET EXCITED. I'LL ATTEND TO HIM!
RELAX! HE WON'T GIVE US ANYMORE TROUBLE!
THAT'S HIM!
ARE YOU THE MAN THE "BIG SHOT" POSTED TO RECEIVE THE STUFF?
GOSH! THIS MUST BE THE FELLA WHO LEAVES THE GEMS! HE THINKS I'M ONE OF THE MOB! I'LL MAKE BELIEVE I AM!
YEAH, WHAT ABOUT IT!
THE WHIZZER FALLS FOR THE NAZI TRAP!
6

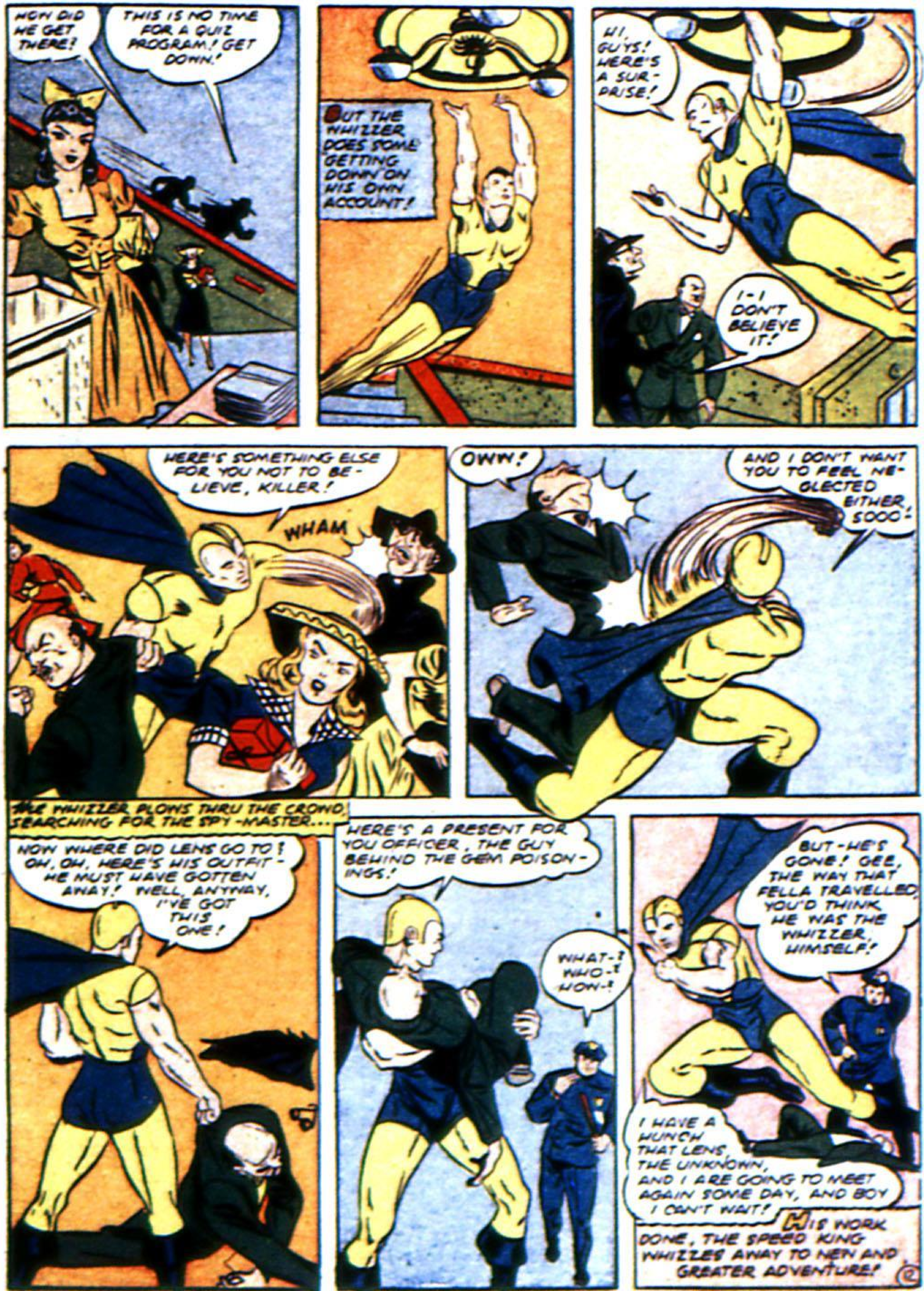

COME FOLLOW ME!
HA, THE FOOL IS TAKING IT IN, HOOK LINE AND SINKER!
O.K.
HA, THE FOOL THINKS I'M ONE OF THE CROOKS. JUST WAIT 'TIL HE LEADS ME TO HIS HIDE-OUT!
GET IN HERE, QUICK!
AND THAT TAKES CARE OF THAT! JIM BROWN WILL NEVER LEAVE THE HIDE-OUT, ALIVE!
MAYBE JIM BROWN WON'T. BUT LET'S WAIT AND SEE HOW THE WHIZZER MAKES OUT!
A FEW MOMENTS LATER...
FOLLOW ME!
YEAH!
INSIDE THE SHACK--
BEFORE I GIVE YOU THE "STUFF", I WANT TO TALK TO YOU. YOU'RE NEW TO THE ORGANIZATION, AREN'T YOU!
HERE'S WHERE I LEARN A LOT!
YOU KNOW WE'VE BEEN ORDERED BY THE FUEHRER TO SMUGGLE GEMS INTO THE UNITED STATES AND TO SPRAY THE SLOW POISON ON THEM. THEN WHEN PEOPLE STOP BUYING GEMS, WE'LL SMUGGLE SOMETHING ELSE IN AND PUT POISON ON THAT. SOON WE'LL MAKE THE PEOPLE AFRAID TO BUY ANYTHING, AND START A REIGN OF TERROR SO THAT THE FUEHRER WILL HAVE NO TROUBLE CONQUERING AMERICA!
OH, I SEE!
THAT'S ALL I WANTED TO KNOW! NOW I'LL ACT!
WHERE'D HE GO?
NOW YOU GET YOURS, RATZI!
BANG
BANG
JIM BROWN BECOMES THE WHIZZER AGAIN- IN THE NICK OF TIME!


HEARING THE SHOTS, THE WHIZZER WHEELS AROUND, AND-
NOW'S MY CHANCE!
WHAT'S THAT! HOLY SMOKE! I THOUGHT I WAS TRAPPING THIS GUY, AND INSTEAD I WALKED INTO A TRAP!
POW
BRING HIM TO THE BOAT- WE'LL DISPOSE OF HIM THERE!
I HAVE SOME BUSINESS TO ATTEND TO NOW SO I'LL LEAVE YOU, SPIKE. YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO ABOUT OUR FRIEND THERE, I TAKE IT!
YOU BET, BOSS! JUST LEAVE IT TO ME!
LATER THE WHIZZER COMES TO IN THE SHIP'S BRIG!
WOW, WHAT HIT ME? IN THE MOVIES THEY ALWAYS SAY "WHERE AM I?" BUT I WON'T - HEY WHERE AM I, ANYWAY!
SO, YOURE AWAKE, ARE YE? WELL, WE'VE GOT A LITTLE SURPRISE FOR YE! HA HA!
YOU MANGY APOLOGY FOR AN APE, IF I EVER GET MY HANDS ON YOU-
THE WHIZZER IS BROUGHT UPON DECK-
C'MON SAP, GIT MOVIN'!
I'LL 'PLAY DEAD' FOR AWHILE AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS!
SO THIS IS THE SHIP ON WHICH THE GEMS ARE SMUGGLED, IS IT? WELL, WELL, WELL...
YEAH, AND YOU BETTER TAKE A GOOD LOOK BECAUSE IT'S THE LAST THING YOU'LL EVER SEE! GET 'IM, BOYS!

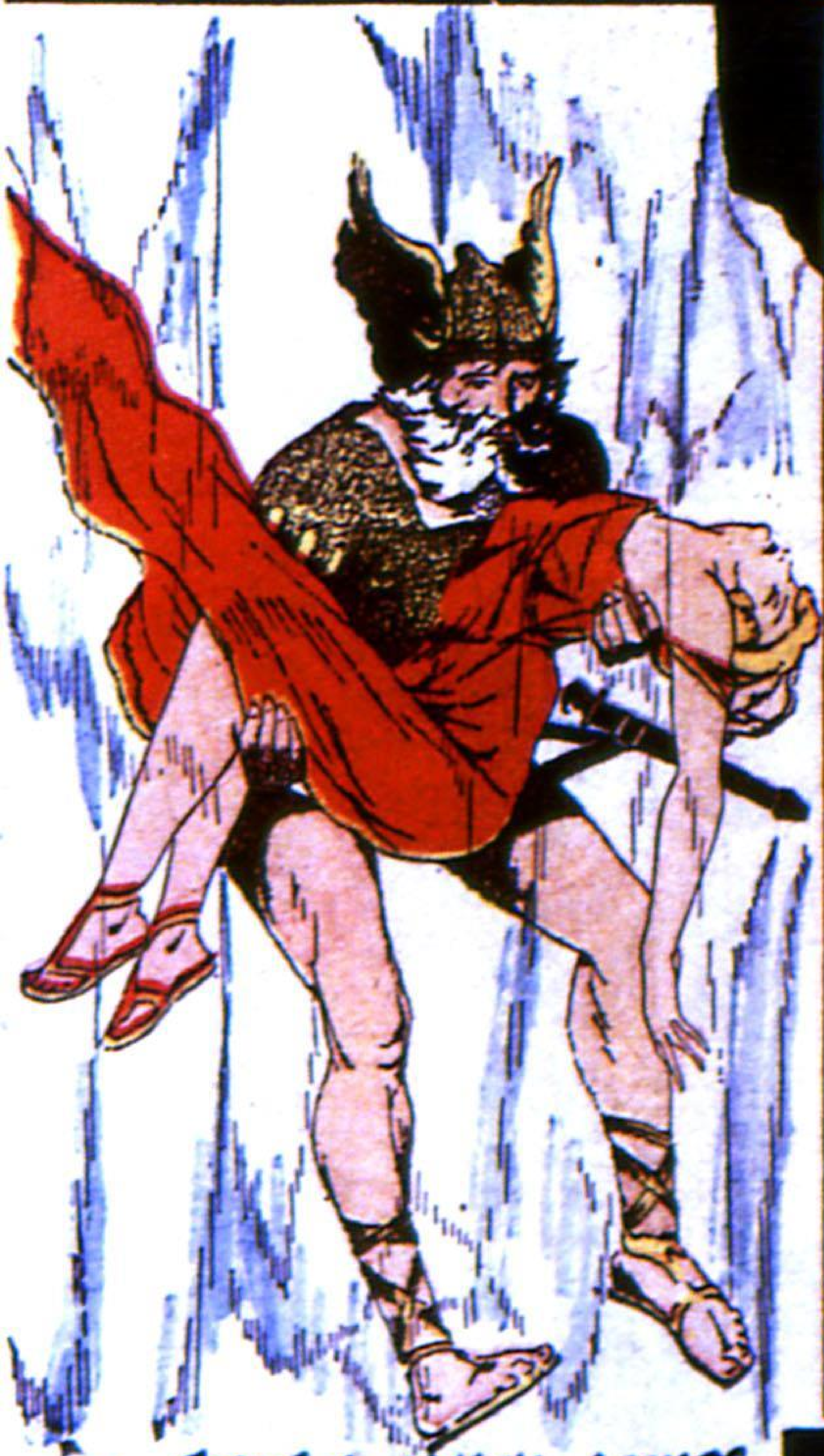

WHIRLING AROUND SO FAST THAT HE BECOMES INVISIBLE TO THE NAKED EYE, THE WHIZZER STARTS TO "TAKE OVER"!
WH-WHERE'D HE GO!
HE-HE'S GONE!
NOW TO RELIEVE YOU OF YOUR HEAVY ARTILLERY!
LISTEN-A VOICE! RIGHT OUT OF THE AIR!
WE MUST BE GOIN' NUTS!
YEOWW! MY CLUB JUMPED OUTTA MY HAND!
THE WHIZZER SPEEDS UP TO THE CROW'S NEST WITH HIS CARGO, AND...
IT MUST BE GHOSTS!
LOOK!
OUR CLUBS-THEY'RE GONNA HIT US!
IT'S NOT GHOSTS-IT'S THE WHIZZER!
HA HA, PENNIES FROM HEAVEN!
READY OR NOT, HERE I COME!
THERE'S A LOT OF CLEANING UP TO BE DONE AROUND HERE, AND I'M JUST THE LITTLE BOY TO DO IT!
THE WHIZZER WHIZZES UP THE MAIN SAIL MAST AS QUICKLY AS A SQUIRREL-NO-QUICKER!
GET 'IM! SHOOT 'IM!
SHOOT 'IM? I CAN'T EVEN SEE HIM!


HERE'S SOMETHING FOR YOU GUYS TO COVER YOURSELVES WITH IF YOU GET COLD! HA HA!
AND ZOWEE! DOWN COMES THE SAIL!
I WOULDN'T ADVISE MY BEST FRIEND TO TRY THIS!
THE WHIZZER LEAPS, WHIRLING HIS BODY SO RAPIDLY THAT HE SPINS IN THE AIR, CAUSING HIM TO FLOAT GENTLY DOWN TO THE DECK!
THIS SHOULD KEEP YOU GENTLEMEN OUT OF TROUBLE FOR SOME TIME TO COME!
MMMPPPFFF! LET US OUT OF HERE!
FASTENING THE THUGS SECURELY, THE WHIZZER RACES TO THE OTHER END OF THE SHIP, AND-
AND NOW FOR THE GRAND FINALE! I'VE GOT TO GET THESE BIRDS TO A JAIL! HERE WE GO!
I DON'T NEED A BREEZE- I CAN MAKE MY OWN!
WELL, I'LL BE-CAN YOU IMAGINE ANYONE DELIVERIN' A WHOLE SHIP OF SMUGGLERS TO US?
THE NOTE SAYS THEY'RE THE RATS BEHIND THOSE POISONED GEM DEATHS - AND IT'S SIGNED THE WHIZZER!
S.COAST GUAR
HE SHOULD HAVE KNOWN IT WOULD BE HIM!
AND NOW FOR THE HEAD MAN! BOY, WHAT I'M GONNA DO TO HIM!
BUT THE WHIZZER IS MILES AWAY BY NOW, HEADED FOR THE STAR STORE AND REVENGE!


WHILE IN THE STAR DEPARTMENT STORE, SINISTER PLOTS ARE BEING LAID.
WELL, SMYTHE, THAT MEDDLER SHOULD BE "TAKEN CARE OF" BY NOW, AND SO WE CAN ATTEND TO BUSINESS ONCE AGAIN!
THAT'S RIGHT. ON THAT COUNTER OVER THERE ARE ENOUGH JEWELS TO POISON AN ENTIRE CITY!
-I ADVERTISED THESE GEMS IN THE PAPER YESTERDAY AT SUCH A LOW PRICE THAT EVERY WOMAN IN THE CITY WILL WANT TO BUY THEM! HA HA. THE FUEHRER SHALL INDEED BE PLEASED!
THE CROWDS SHOULD BEGIN COMING IN SOON, EH, SMYTHE?
LENS, LENS - LOOK!
SUDDENLY--
THE SIGHT OF THE WHIZZER'S POWERFUL FORM TERRIFIES THE COWARDLY CROOKS.
GOOD HEAVENS, THE WHIZZER!
RUN!
SO, SMYTHE - YOU'RE IN WITH LENS ALSO! I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN! WELL RUNNING WON'T HELP YOU!
OUT OF THE WAY, FOOL!!! LET ME BY!
EVERY MAN FOR HIMSELF - GANGWAY!
-WOW! WHAT'S THAT!
DON'T STOP RUNNING - HURRY!
HELLO, BOYS! I'VE BEEN EXPECTING YOU!
LENS! IT'S HIM!

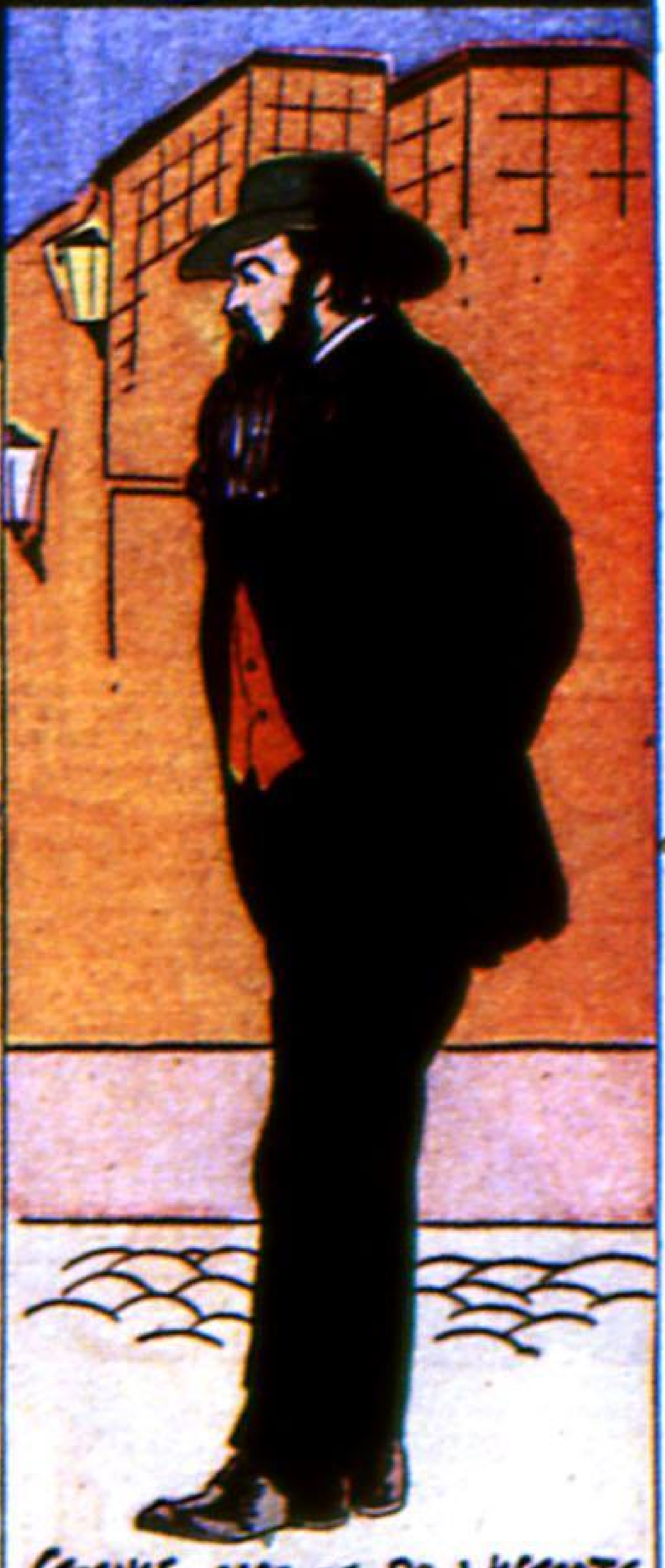

HOW DID HE GET THERE!
THIS IS NO TIME FOR A QUIZ PROGRAM! GET DOWN!
BUT THE WHIZZER DOES SOME GETTING DOWN ON HIS OWN ACCOUNT!
HI, GUYS! HERE'S A SURPRISE!
I-I DON'T BELIEVE IT!
HERE'S SOMETHING ELSE FOR YOU NOT TO BELIEVE, KILLER!
WHAM
OWW!
AND I DON'T WANT YOU TO FEEL NEGLECTED EITHER, SOOO-
THE WHIZZER PLOWS THRU THE CROWD, SEARCHING FOR THE SPY-MASTER...
NOW WHERE DID LENS GO TO! OH, OH, HERE'S HIS OUTFIT - HE MUST HAVE GOTTEN AWAY! WELL, ANYWAY, I'VE GOT THIS ONE!
HERE'S A PRESENT FOR YOU OFFICER, THE GUY BEHIND THE GEM POISONINGS!
WHAT-! WHO-! HOW-!
BUT-HE'S GONE! GEE, THE WAY THAT FELLA TRAVELLED, YOU'D THINK HE WAS THE WHIZZER, HIMSELF!
I HAVE A HUNCH THAT LENS, THE UNKNOWN, AND I ARE GOING TO MEET AGAIN SOME DAY, AND BOY I CAN'T WAIT!
HIS WORK DONE, THE SPEED KING WHIZZES AWAY TO NEW AND GREATER ADVENTURE!

# UNSOLVED MYSTERIES



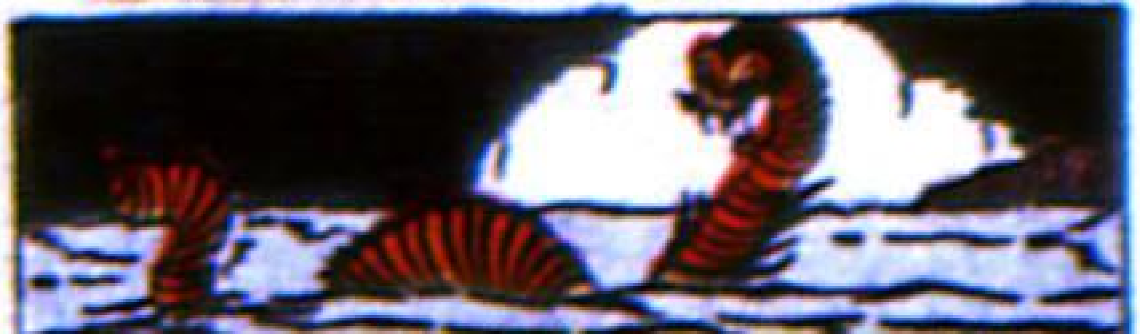
### THE FROZEN VIKING LOVERS

FOUND IN SOLID ICE ON CENTRAL GREENLAND IN 1932 BY A DANISH EXPEDITION – THE BODIES WERE IN PERFECT STATE OF PRESERVATION – SHOWING THE HEALTHY GLOW OF THE MAN AND THE PALE FAIRNESS OF THE FEMALE THE CLOTHES AND METAL ARMOR WERE WITHOUT DECAY OR RUST – THEY WERE AS IF IN MID-AIR WITH FEAR ON THE VIKING'S FACE – WERE SENT TO DENMARK – THE ROYAL MUSEUM AND KEPT IN SPECIAL REFRIGERATOR



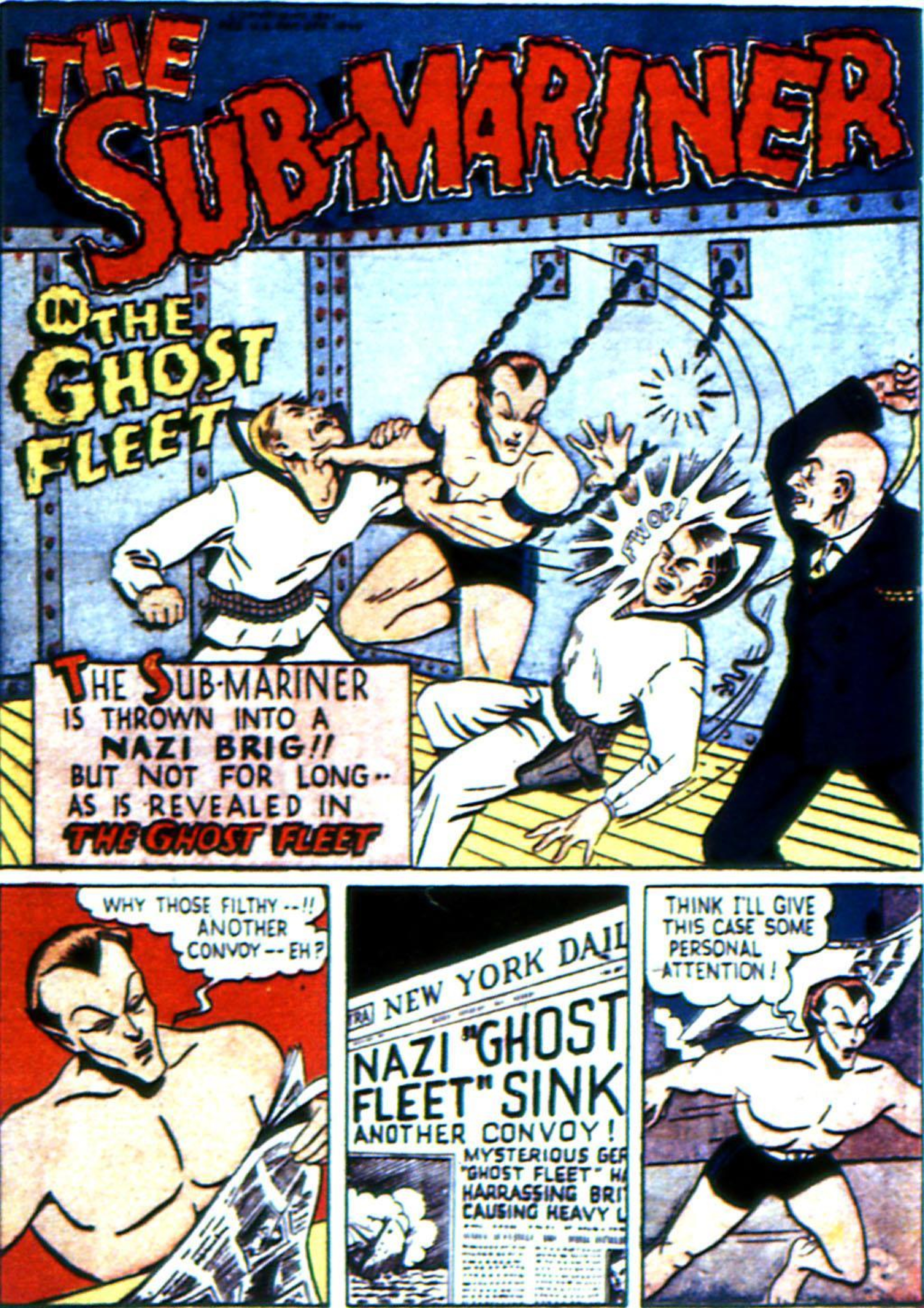
### STRANGE CASE OF DR. WESTCOTT

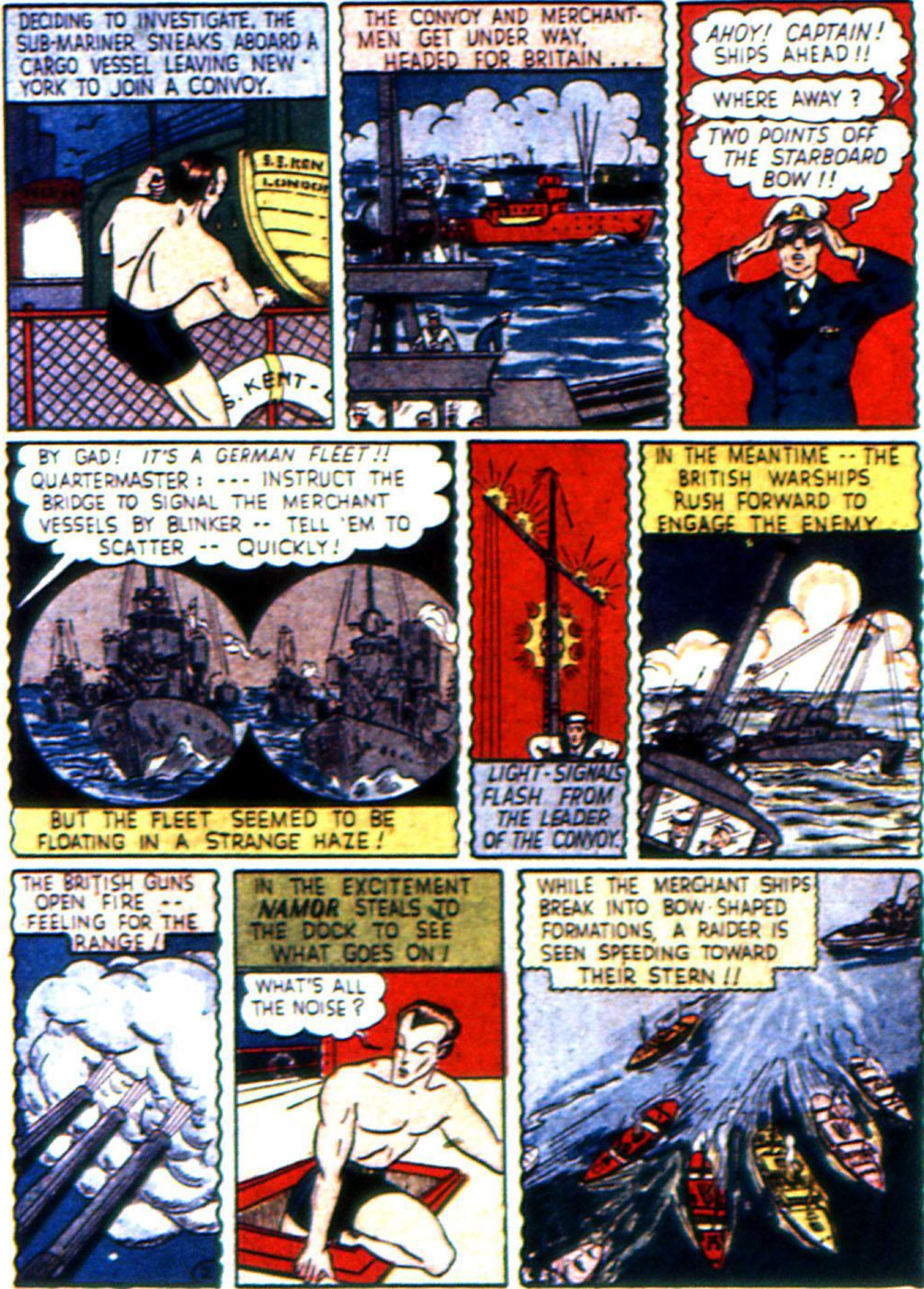
ON APRIL 12 1888 DR WESTCOTT WAS TO BE IN LONDON FOR REV. T.W. LEMON – AND WAS SEEN AND SPOKEN TO BY SEVERAL PERSONS AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM – THE REV LEMON SEARCHED BUT THE GOOD DOCTOR WAS NOT THERE HE WAS NOT THERE BECAUSE HE WAS HOME ALL DAY WITH A SEVERE COLD – A DOZEN WITNESSES SWORE TO IT – NOBODY EVER EXPLAINED IT

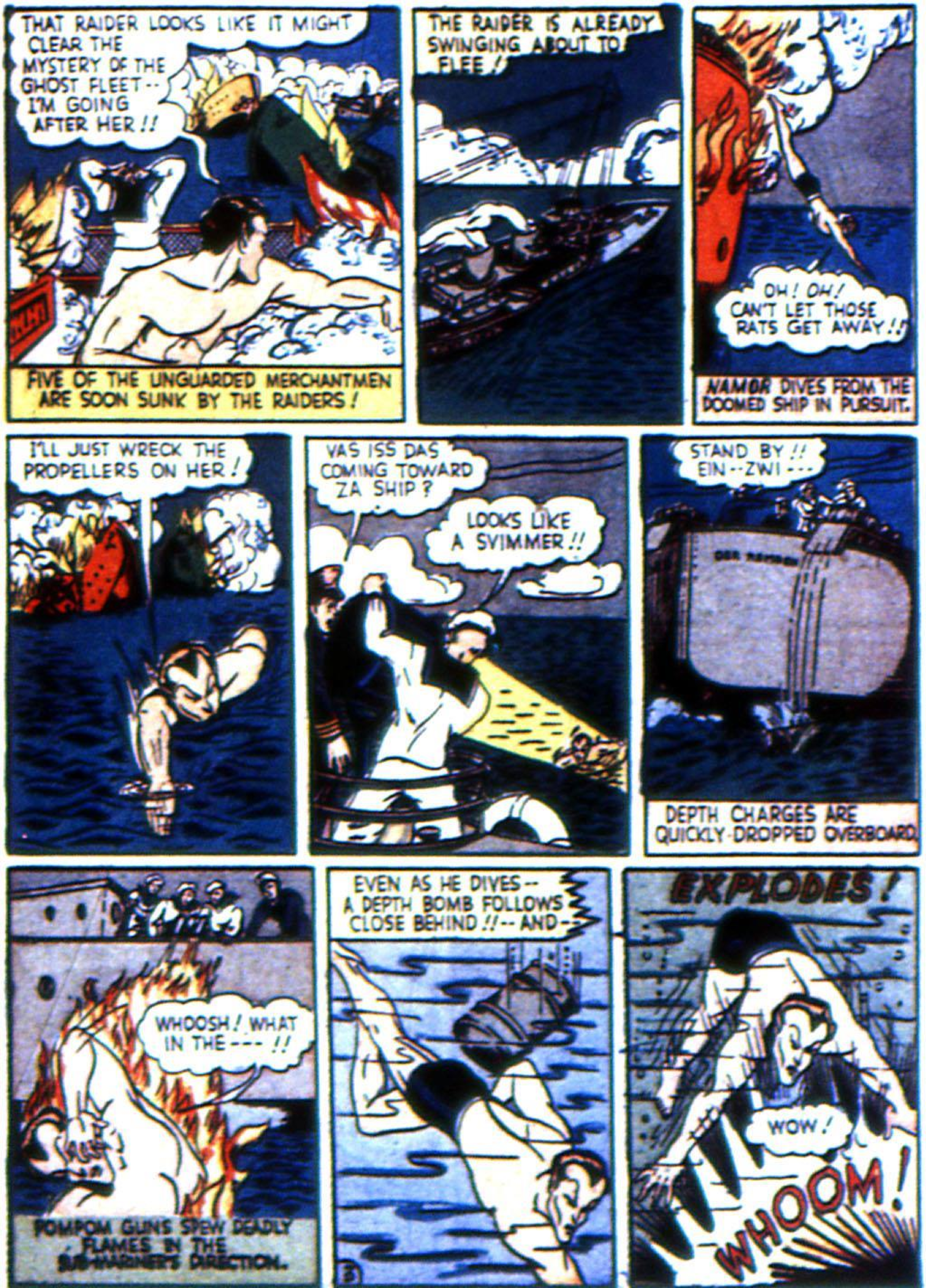


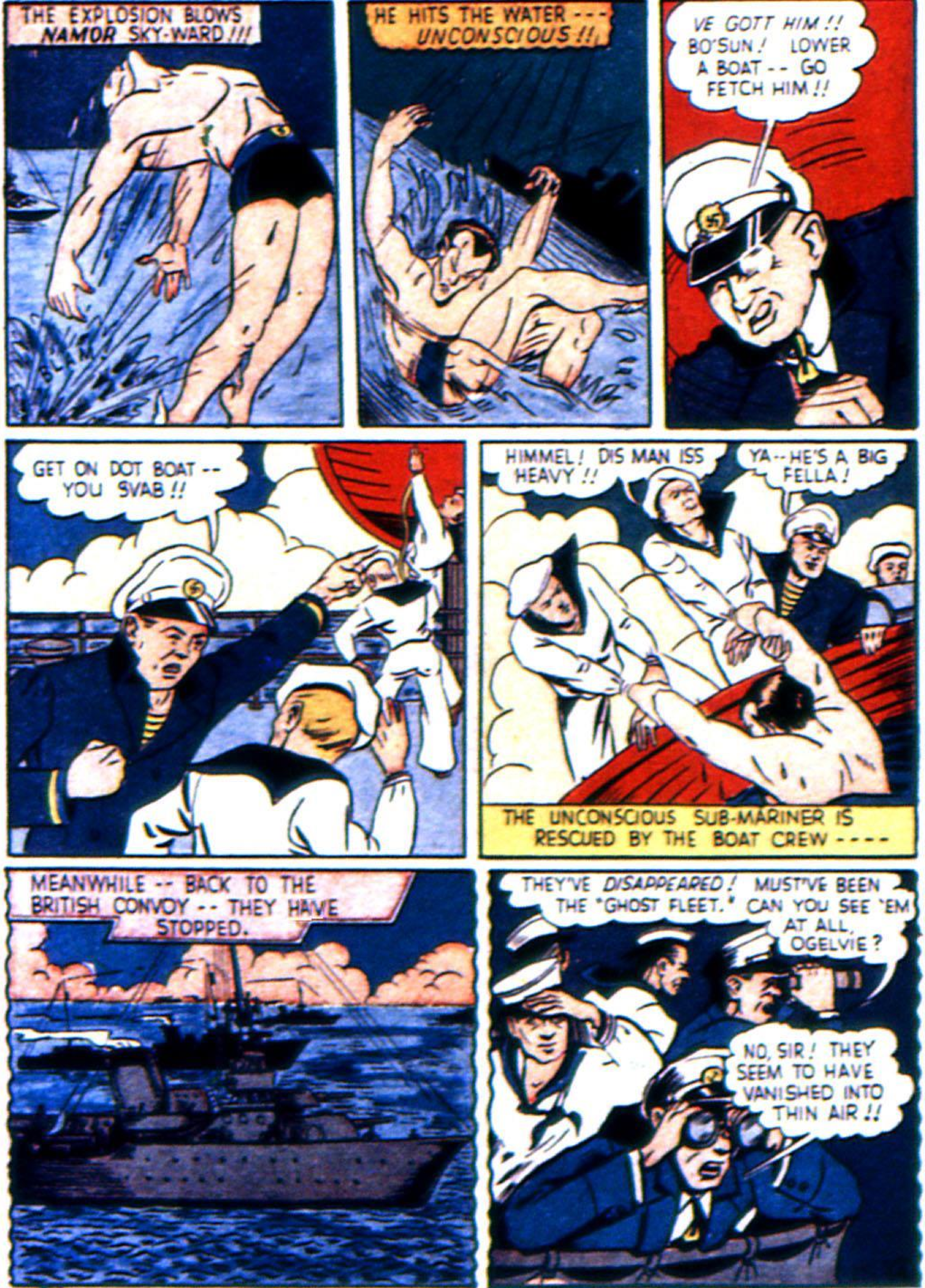
### ARE SEA SERPENTS REAL?

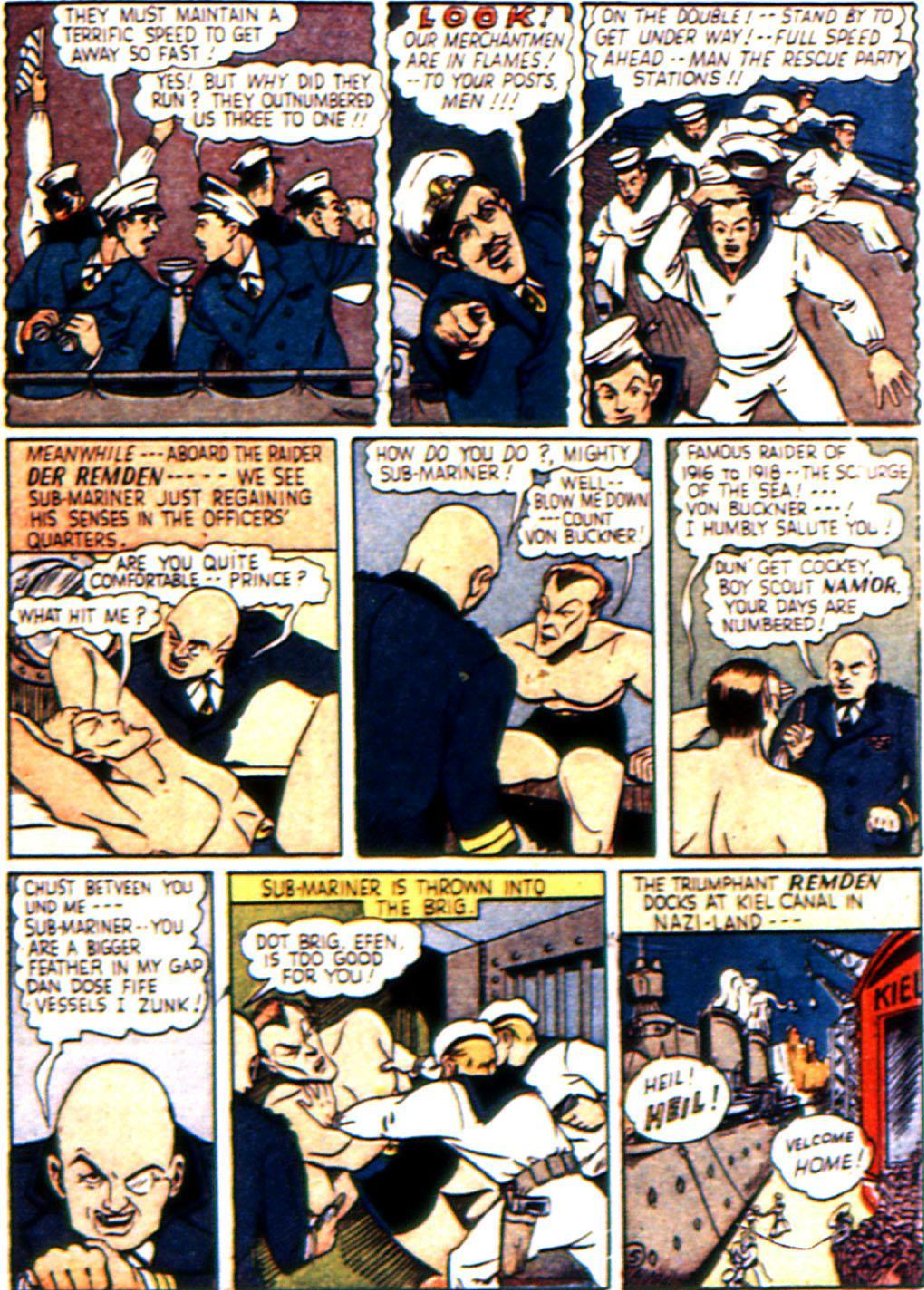
SOME FISHERMEN SWEAR ITS THE REAL THING BUT NO SUCH SERPENTS WERE EVER CAPTURED EXCEPT ONE AT BARNUM'S MUSEUM WHICH WAS PROVED A FAKE

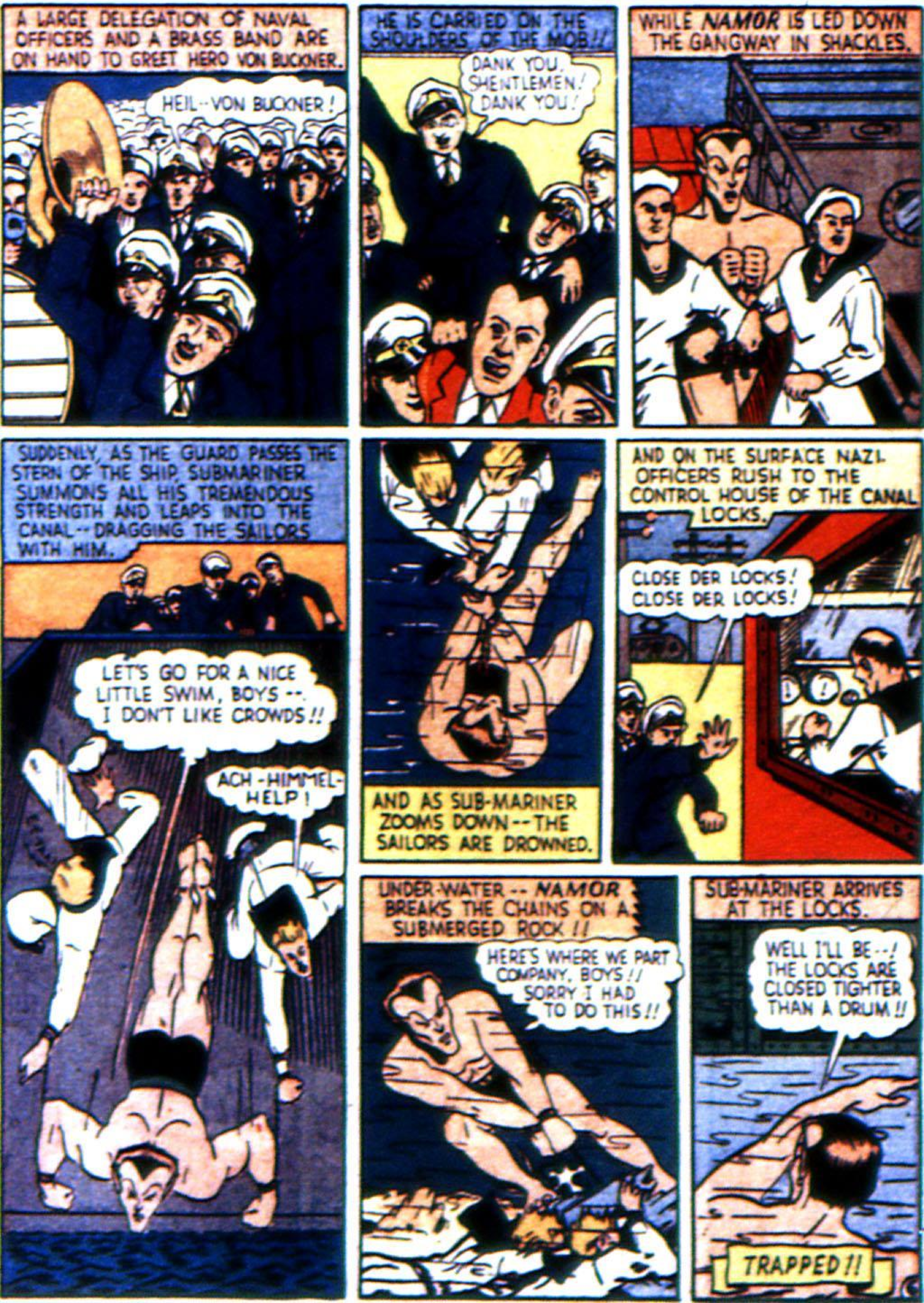

THE SUB-MARINER
IN THE GHOST FLEET
FWOP!
THE SUB-MARINER IS THROWN INTO A NAZI BRIG!! BUT NOT FOR LONG -- AS IS REVEALED IN THE GHOST FLEET
WHY THOSE FILTHY --!! ANOTHER CONVOY -- EH?
NEW YORK DAIL
NAZI "GHOST FLEET" SINK ANOTHER CONVOY!
MYSTERIOUS GER "GHOST FLEET" HA HARRASSING BRIT CAUSING HEAVY L
THINK I'LL GIVE THIS CASE SOME PERSONAL ATTENTION!

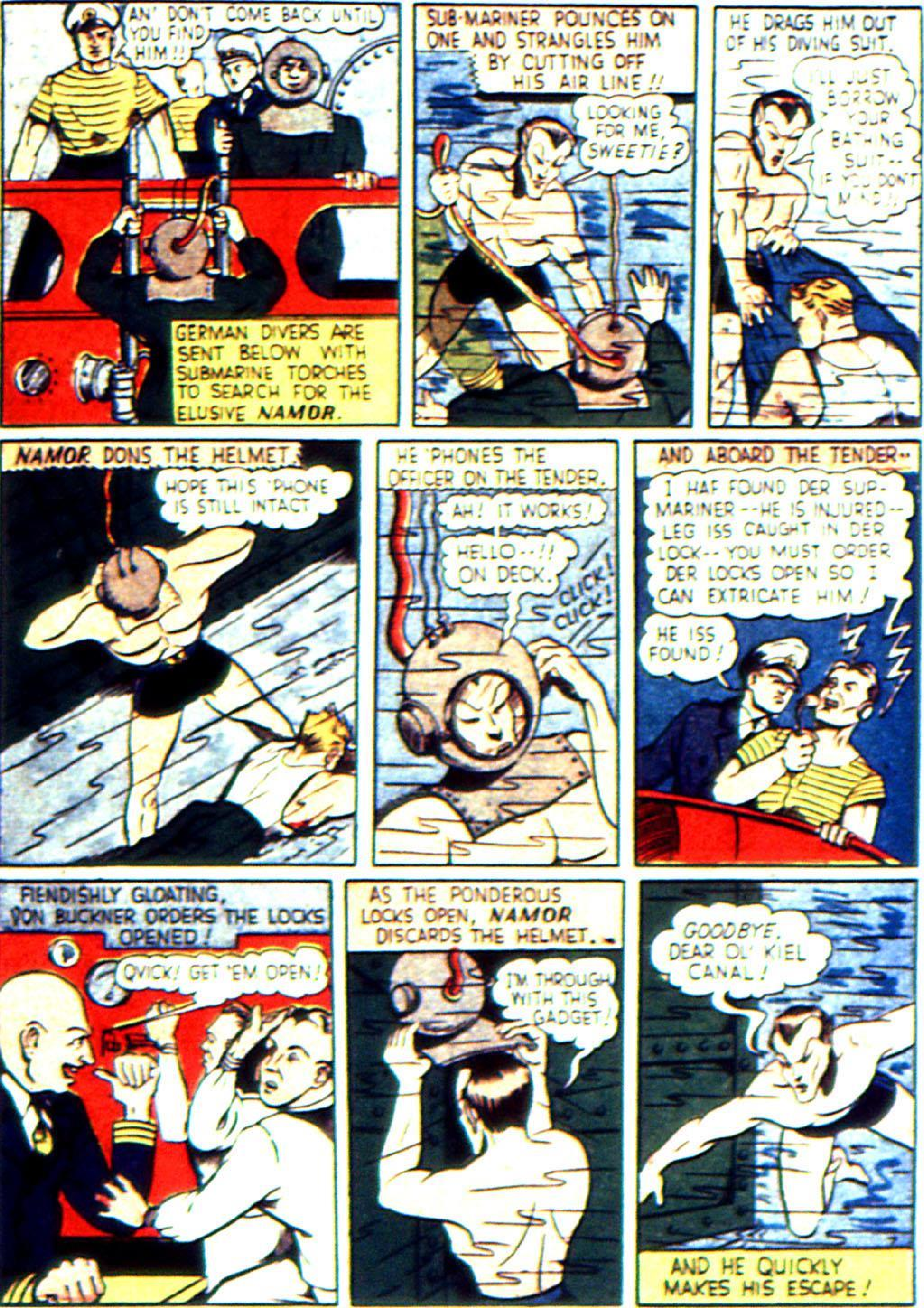

DECIDING TO INVESTIGATE, THE SUB-MARINER SNEAKS ABOARD A CARGO VESSEL LEAVING NEW-YORK TO JOIN A CONVOY.
S.S. KEN
LONDO
S. KENT
THE CONVOY AND MERCHANT-MEN GET UNDER WAY, HEADED FOR BRITAIN . . .
AHOY! CAPTAIN! SHIPS AHEAD!!
WHERE AWAY ?
TWO POINTS OFF THE STARBOARD BOW!!
BY GAD! *IT'S A GERMAN FLEET!!* QUARTERMASTER: --- INSTRUCT THE BRIDGE TO SIGNAL THE MERCHANT VESSELS BY BLINKER -- TELL 'EM TO SCATTER -- QUICKLY!
BUT THE FLEET SEEMED TO BE FLOATING IN A STRANGE HAZE!
LIGHT-SIGNALS FLASH FROM THE LEADER OF THE CONVOY.
IN THE MEANTIME -- THE BRITISH WARSHIPS RUSH FORWARD TO ENGAGE THE ENEMY
THE BRITISH GUNS OPEN FIRE -- FEELING FOR THE RANGE!
IN THE EXCITEMENT **NAMOR** STEALS TO THE DOCK TO SEE WHAT GOES ON!
WHAT'S ALL THE NOISE?
WHILE THE MERCHANT SHIPS BREAK INTO BOW-SHAPED FORMATIONS, A RAIDER IS SEEN SPEEDING TOWARD THEIR STERN!!

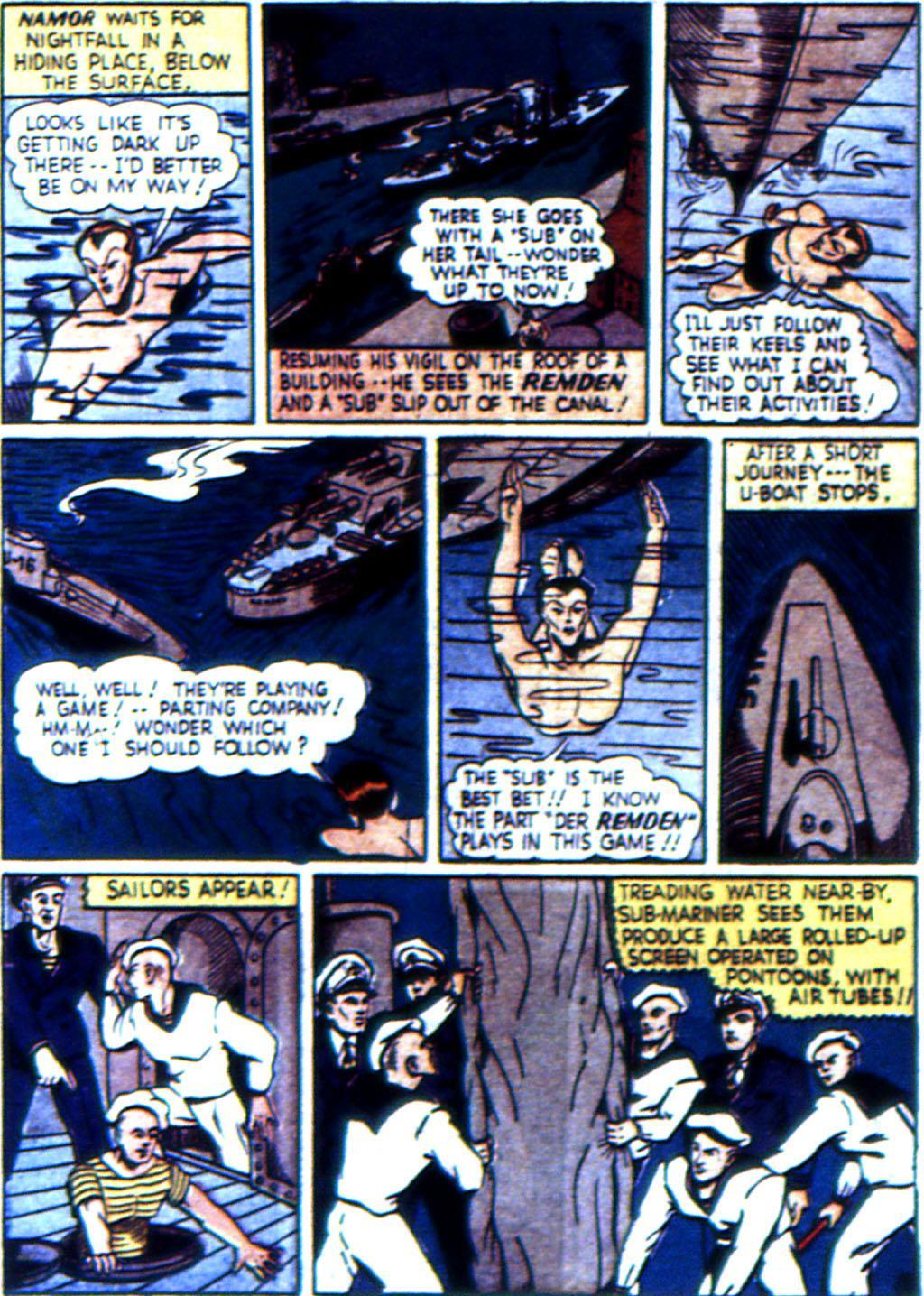

THAT RAIDER LOOKS LIKE IT MIGHT CLEAR THE MYSTERY OF THE GHOST FLEET -- I'M GOING AFTER HER!!
FIVE OF THE UNGUARDED MERCHANTMEN ARE SOON SUNK BY THE RAIDERS!
THE RAIDER IS ALREADY SWINGING ABOUT TO FLEE!
OH! OH! CAN'T LET THOSE RATS GET AWAY!!
NAMOR DIVES FROM THE DOOMED SHIP IN PURSUIT.
I'LL JUST WRECK THE PROPELLERS ON HER!
VAS ISS DAS COMING TOWARD ZA SHIP?
LOOKS LIKE A SVIMMER!!
STAND BY!! EIN--ZWI---
DER RAIDER
DEPTH CHARGES ARE QUICKLY-DROPPED OVERBOARD.
WHOOSH! WHAT IN THE---!!
POMPOM GUNS SPEW DEADLY FLAMES IN THE SUB-MARINER'S DIRECTION.
EVEN AS HE DIVES-- A DEPTH BOMB FOLLOWS CLOSE BEHIND!!-- AND--
EXPLODES!
WOW!
WHOOM!

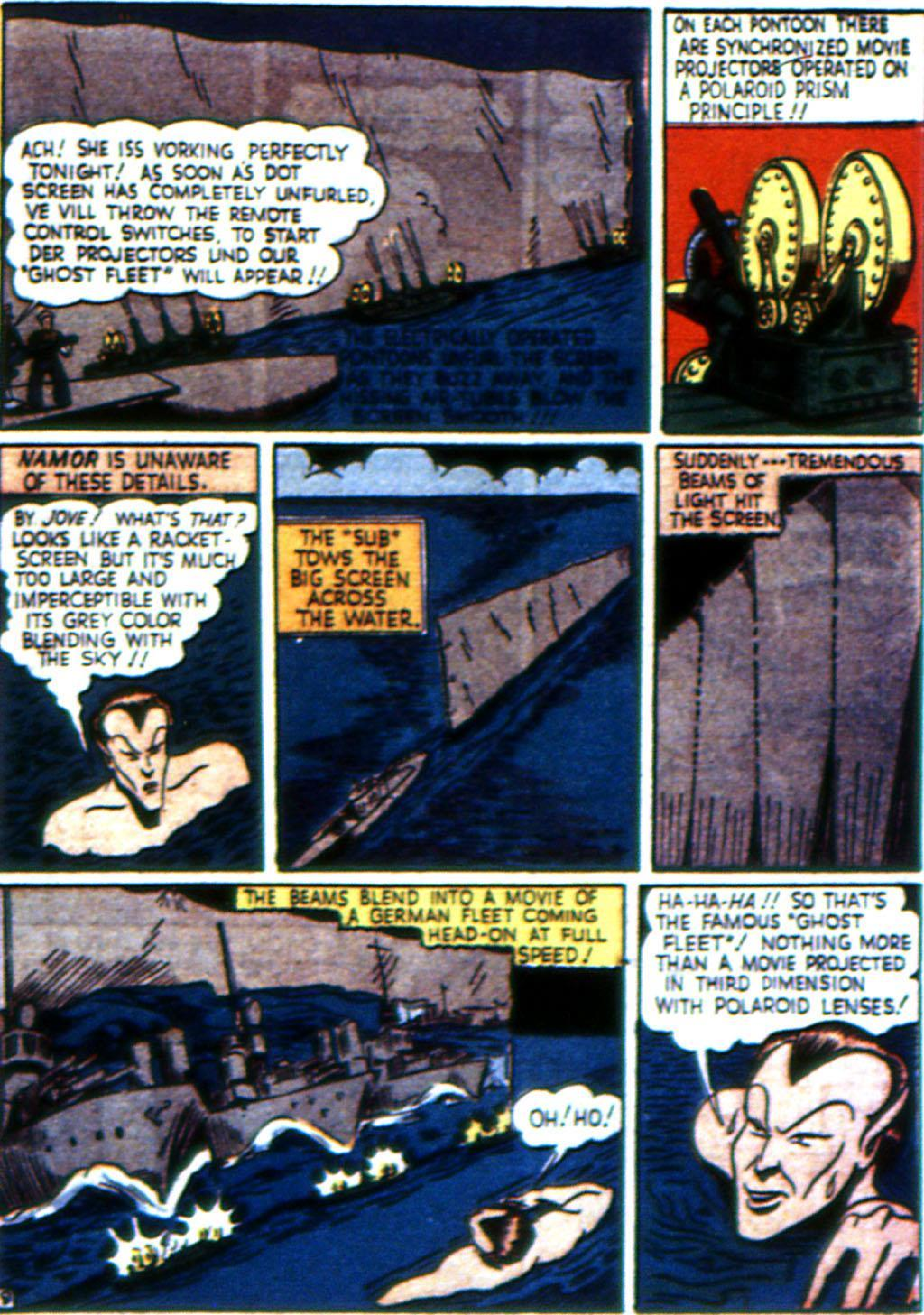

THE EXPLOSION BLOWS *NAMOR* SKY-WARD!!!
HE HITS THE WATER --- *UNCONSCIOUS!!*
*VE GOTT HIM!!* BO'SUN! LOWER A BOAT -- GO FETCH HIM!!
GET ON DOT BOAT -- YOU SVAB!!
HIMMEL! DIS MAN ISS HEAVY!!
YA--HE'S A BIG FELLA!
THE UNCONSCIOUS SUB-MARINER IS RESCUED BY THE BOAT CREW ----
MEANWHILE -- BACK TO THE BRITISH CONVOY -- THEY HAVE STOPPED.
THEY'VE *DISAPPEARED!* MUST'VE BEEN THE "GHOST FLEET." CAN YOU SEE 'EM AT ALL, OGELVIE?
NO, SIR! THEY SEEM TO HAVE VANISHED INTO THIN AIR!!

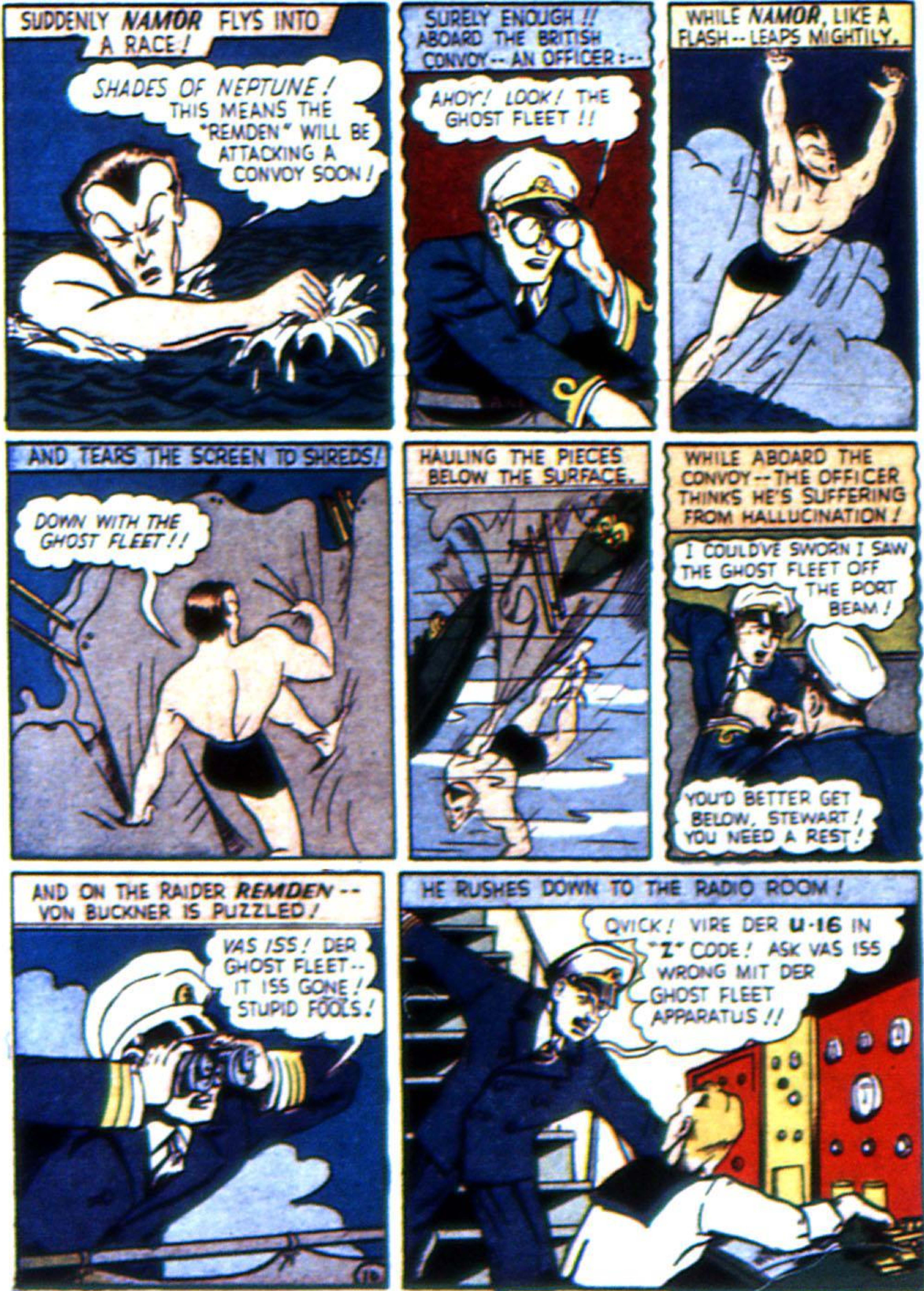

THEY MUST MAINTAIN A TERRIFIC SPEED TO GET AWAY SO FAST!
YES! BUT WHY DID THEY RUN? THEY OUTNUMBERED US THREE TO ONE!!
LOOK! OUR MERCHANTMEN ARE IN FLAMES! --TO YOUR POSTS, MEN!!!
ON THE DOUBLE! --STAND BY TO GET UNDER WAY! --FULL SPEED AHEAD --MAN THE RESCUE PARTY STATIONS!!
MEANWHILE---ABOARD THE RAIDER DER REMDEN----- WE SEE SUB-MARINER JUST REGAINING HIS SENSES IN THE OFFICERS' QUARTERS.
ARE YOU QUITE COMFORTABLE -- PRINCE?
WHAT HIT ME?
HOW DO YOU DO?, MIGHTY SUB-MARINER!
WELL-- BLOW ME DOWN ---COUNT VON BUCKNER!
FAMOUS RAIDER OF 1916 TO 1918 --THE SCOURGE OF THE SEA! --- VON BUCKNER ---! I HUMBLY SALUTE YOU!
DUN' GET COCKEY, BOY SCOUT NAMOR, YOUR DAYS ARE NUMBERED!
CHUST BETVEEN YOU UND ME --- SUB-MARINER-- YOU ARE A BIGGER FEATHER IN MY GAP DAN DOSE FIFE VESSELS I ZUNK!
SUB-MARINER IS THROWN INTO THE BRIG.
DOT BRIG, EFEN, IS TOO GOOD FOR YOU!
THE TRIUMPHANT REMDEN DOCKS AT KIEL CANAL IN NAZI-LAND---
KIEL
HEIL! HEIL!
VELCOME HOME!

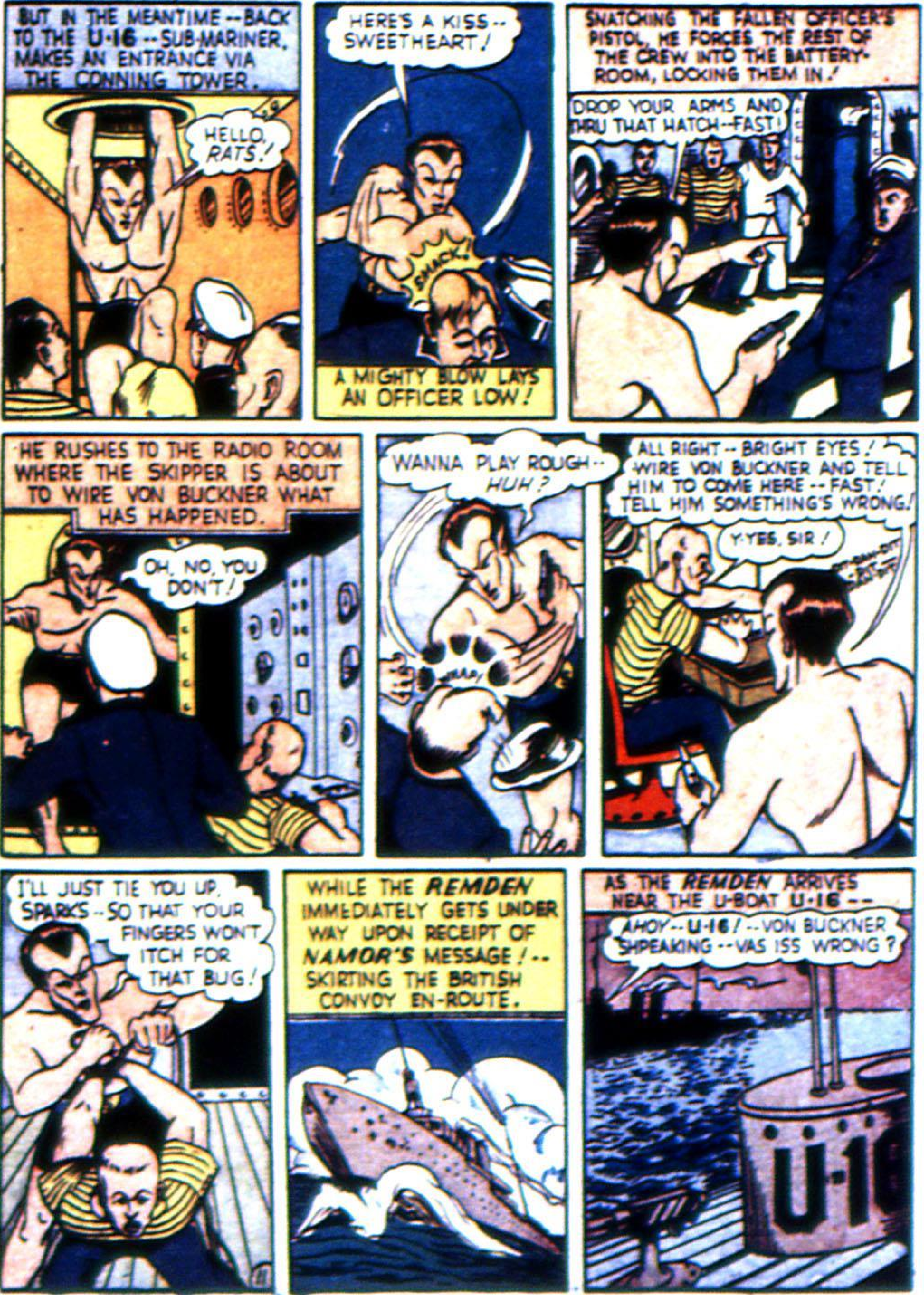

A LARGE DELEGATION OF NAVAL OFFICERS AND A BRASS BAND ARE ON HAND TO GREET HERO VON BUCKNER.
HEIL--VON BUCKNER!
HE IS CARRIED ON THE SHOULDERS OF THE MOB!!
DANK YOU, SHENTLEMEN! DANK YOU!
WHILE NAMOR IS LED DOWN THE GANGWAY IN SHACKLES.
SUDDENLY, AS THE GUARD PASSES THE STERN OF THE SHIP, SUBMARINER SUMMONS ALL HIS TREMENDOUS STRENGTH AND LEAPS INTO THE CANAL--DRAGGING THE SAILORS WITH HIM.
LET'S GO FOR A NICE LITTLE SWIM, BOYS--. I DON'T LIKE CROWDS!!
ACH-HIMMEL-HELP!
AND AS SUB-MARINER ZOOMS DOWN--THE SAILORS ARE DROWNED.
AND ON THE SURFACE NAZI OFFICERS RUSH TO THE CONTROL HOUSE OF THE CANAL LOCKS.
CLOSE DER LOCKS! CLOSE DER LOCKS!
UNDER-WATER--NAMOR BREAKS THE CHAINS ON A SUBMERGED ROCK!!
HERE'S WHERE WE PART COMPANY, BOYS!! SORRY I HAD TO DO THIS!!
SUB-MARINER ARRIVES AT THE LOCKS.
WELL I'LL BE--! THE LOCKS ARE CLOSED TIGHTER THAN A DRUM!!
TRAPPED!!

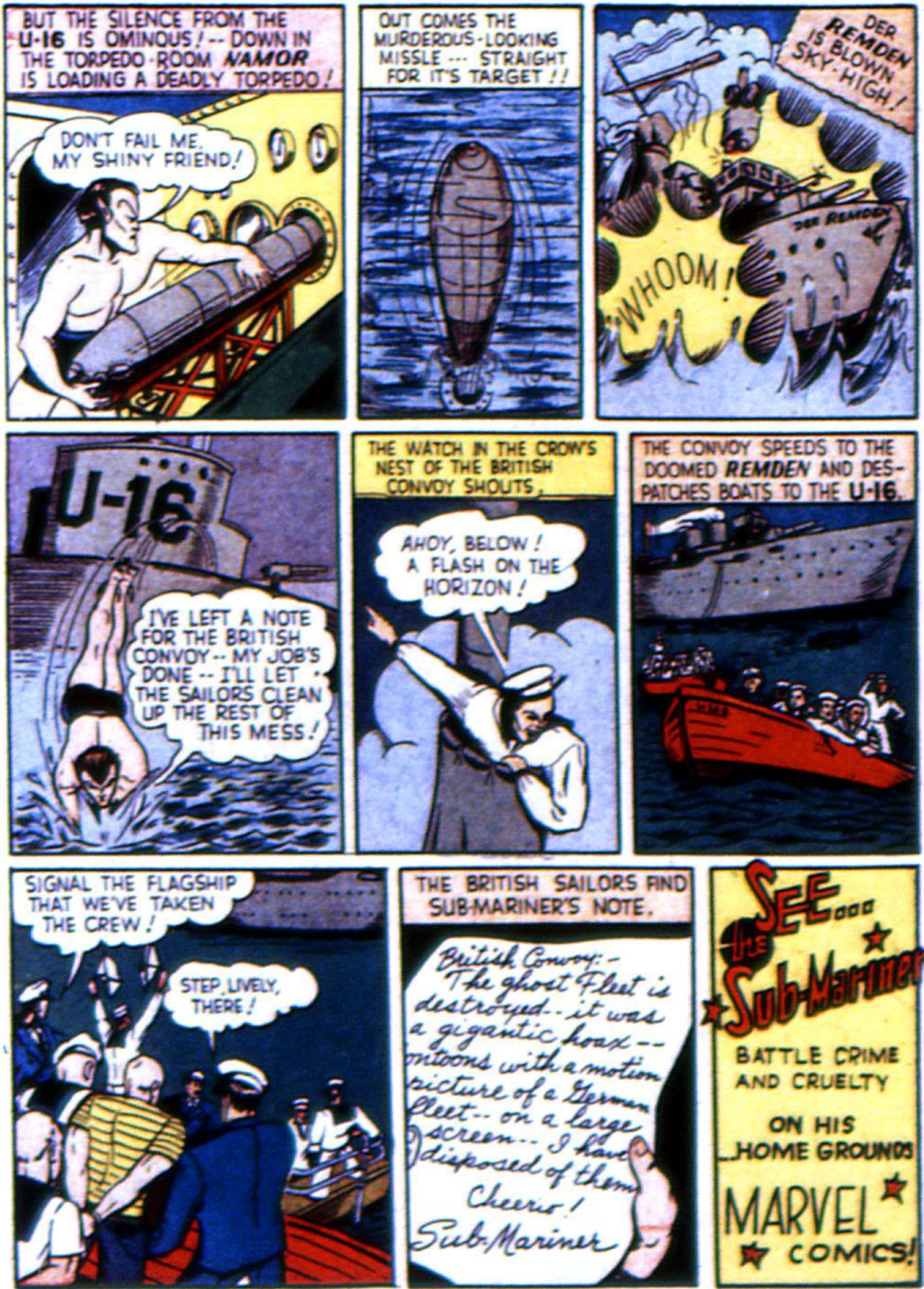

AN' DON'T COME BACK UNTIL YOU FIND HIM!!
GERMAN DIVERS ARE SENT BELOW WITH SUBMARINE TORCHES TO SEARCH FOR THE ELUSIVE NAMOR.
SUB-MARINER POUNCES ON ONE AND STRANGLES HIM BY CUTTING OFF HIS AIR LINE!!
LOOKING FOR ME, SWEETIE?
HE DRAGS HIM OUT OF HIS DIVING SUIT.
I'LL JUST BORROW YOUR BATHING SUIT--IF YOU DON'T MIND!!
NAMOR DONS THE HELMET.
HOPE THIS 'PHONE IS STILL INTACT
HE 'PHONES THE OFFICER ON THE TENDER.
AH! IT WORKS!
HELLO--!! ON DECK.
CLICK! CLICK!
AND ABOARD THE TENDER--
I HAF FOUND DER SUP-MARINER--HE IS INJURED--LEG ISS CAUGHT IN DER LOCK--YOU MUST ORDER DER LOCKS OPEN SO I CAN EXTRICATE HIM!
HE ISS FOUND!
FIENDISHLY GLOATING, VON BUCKNER ORDERS THE LOCKS OPENED!
QVICK! GET 'EM OPEN!
AS THE PONDEROUS LOCKS OPEN, NAMOR DISCARDS THE HELMET..
I'M THROUGH WITH THIS GADGET!
GOODBYE, DEAR OL' KIEL CANAL!
AND HE QUICKLY MAKES HIS ESCAPE!


NAMOR WAITS FOR NIGHTFALL IN A HIDING PLACE, BELOW THE SURFACE.
LOOKS LIKE IT'S GETTING DARK UP THERE -- I'D BETTER BE ON MY WAY!
THERE SHE GOES WITH A "SUB" ON HER TAIL -- WONDER WHAT THEY'RE UP TO NOW!
RESUMING HIS VIGIL ON THE ROOF OF A BUILDING -- HE SEES THE REMDEN AND A "SUB" SLIP OUT OF THE CANAL!
I'LL JUST FOLLOW THEIR KEELS AND SEE WHAT I CAN FIND OUT ABOUT THEIR ACTIVITIES!
WELL, WELL! THEY'RE PLAYING A GAME! -- PARTING COMPANY! HM-M--! WONDER WHICH ONE I SHOULD FOLLOW?
THE "SUB" IS THE BEST BET!! I KNOW THE PART "DER REMDEN" PLAYS IN THIS GAME!!
AFTER A SHORT JOURNEY --- THE U-BOAT STOPS.
SAILORS APPEAR!
TREADING WATER NEAR-BY, SUB-MARINER SEES THEM PRODUCE A LARGE ROLLED-UP SCREEN OPERATED ON PONTOONS, WITH AIR TUBES!!


ACH! SHE ISS VORKING PERFECTLY TONIGHT! AS SOON AS DOT SCREEN HAS COMPLETELY UNFURLED, VE VILL THROW THE REMOTE CONTROL SWITCHES, TO START DER PROJECTORS UND OUR "GHOST FLEET" WILL APPEAR!!
THE ELECTRICALLY OPERATED PONTOONS UNDER THE SCREEN AS THEY BUZZ AWAY AND THE HISSING AIR-TUBES BLOW THE SCREEN SMOOTH!!!
ON EACH PONTOON THERE ARE SYNCHRONIZED MOVIE PROJECTORS OPERATED ON A POLAROID PRISM PRINCIPLE!!
NAMOR IS UNAWARE OF THESE DETAILS.
BY JOVE! WHAT'S THAT? LOOKS LIKE A RACKET-SCREEN BUT IT'S MUCH TOO LARGE AND IMPERCEPTIBLE WITH ITS GREY COLOR BLENDING WITH THE SKY!!
THE "SUB" TOWS THE BIG SCREEN ACROSS THE WATER.
SUDDENLY---TREMENDOUS BEAMS OF LIGHT HIT THE SCREEN!
THE BEAMS BLEND INTO A MOVIE OF A GERMAN FLEET COMING HEAD-ON AT FULL SPEED!
OH! HO!
HA-HA-HA!! SO THAT'S THE FAMOUS "GHOST FLEET"! NOTHING MORE THAN A MOVIE PROJECTED IN THIRD DIMENSION WITH POLAROID LENSES!


SUDDENLY NAMOR FLYS INTO A RACE!
SHADES OF NEPTUNE! THIS MEANS THE "REMDEN" WILL BE ATTACKING A CONVOY SOON!
SURELY ENOUGH!! ABOARD THE BRITISH CONVOY-- AN OFFICER:--
AHOY! LOOK! THE GHOST FLEET!!
WHILE NAMOR, LIKE A FLASH-- LEAPS MIGHTILY,
AND TEARS THE SCREEN TO SHREDS!
DOWN WITH THE GHOST FLEET!!
HAULING THE PIECES BELOW THE SURFACE,
WHILE ABOARD THE CONVOY--THE OFFICER THINKS HE'S SUFFERING FROM HALLUCINATION!
I COULDVE SWORN I SAW THE GHOST FLEET OFF THE PORT BEAM!
YOU'D BETTER GET BELOW, STEWART! YOU NEED A REST!
AND ON THE RAIDER REMDEN-- VON BUCKNER IS PUZZLED!
VAS ISS! DER GHOST FLEET-- IT ISS GONE! STUPID FOOLS!
HE RUSHES DOWN TO THE RADIO ROOM!
QVICK! VIRE DER U-16 IN "Z" CODE! ASK VAS ISS WRONG MIT DER GHOST FLEET APPARATUS!!
16


BUT IN THE MEANTIME -- BACK TO THE U-16 -- SUB-MARINER, MAKES AN ENTRANCE VIA THE CONNING TOWER.
HELLO, RATS!
HERE'S A KISS -- SWEETHEART!
SMACK!
A MIGHTY BLOW LAYS AN OFFICER LOW!
SNATCHING THE FALLEN OFFICER'S PISTOL, HE FORCES THE REST OF THE CREW INTO THE BATTERY-ROOM, LOCKING THEM IN!
DROP YOUR ARMS AND THRU THAT HATCH -- FAST!
HE RUSHES TO THE RADIO ROOM WHERE THE SKIPPER IS ABOUT TO WIRE VON BUCKNER WHAT HAS HAPPENED.
OH, NO, YOU DON'T!
WANNA PLAY ROUGH -- HUH?
ALL RIGHT -- BRIGHT EYES! WIRE VON BUCKNER AND TELL HIM TO COME HERE -- FAST! TELL HIM SOMETHING'S WRONG!
Y-YES, SIR!
I'LL JUST TIE YOU UP, SPARKS -- SO THAT YOUR FINGERS WON'T ITCH FOR THAT BUG!
WHILE THE REMDEN IMMEDIATELY GETS UNDER WAY UPON RECEIPT OF NAMOR'S MESSAGE! -- SKIRTING THE BRITISH CONVOY EN-ROUTE.
AS THE REMDEN ARRIVES NEAR THE U-BOAT U-16 --
AHOY -- U-16! -- VON BUCKNER SHPEAKING -- VAS ISS WRONG?
U-16


BUT THE SILENCE FROM THE **U-16** IS OMINOUS! -- DOWN IN THE TORPEDO-ROOM ***NAMOR*** IS LOADING A DEADLY TORPEDO!
DON'T FAIL ME, MY SHINY FRIEND!
OUT COMES THE MURDEROUS-LOOKING MISSLE --- STRAIGHT FOR IT'S TARGET!!
DER ***REMDEN*** IS BLOWN SKY-HIGH!
DER REMDEN
WHOOM!
U-16
I'VE LEFT A NOTE FOR THE BRITISH CONVOY -- MY JOB'S DONE -- I'LL LET THE SAILORS CLEAN UP THE REST OF THIS MESS!
THE WATCH IN THE CROW'S NEST OF THE BRITISH CONVOY SHOUTS,
AHOY, BELOW! A FLASH ON THE HORIZON!
THE CONVOY SPEEDS TO THE DOOMED ***REMDEN*** AND DESPATCHES BOATS TO THE **U-16**.
SIGNAL THE FLAGSHIP THAT WE'VE TAKEN THE CREW!
STEP LIVELY, THERE!
THE BRITISH SAILORS FIND SUB-MARINER'S NOTE.
British Convoy:-
The ghost Fleet is destroyed -- it was a gigantic hoax -- ontoons with a motion icture of a German leet -- on a large screen -- I hav disposed of them
Cheerio!
Sub-Mariner
SEE the Sub-Mariner
BATTLE CRIME AND CRUELTY
ON HIS HOME GROUNDS
MARVEL COMICS!

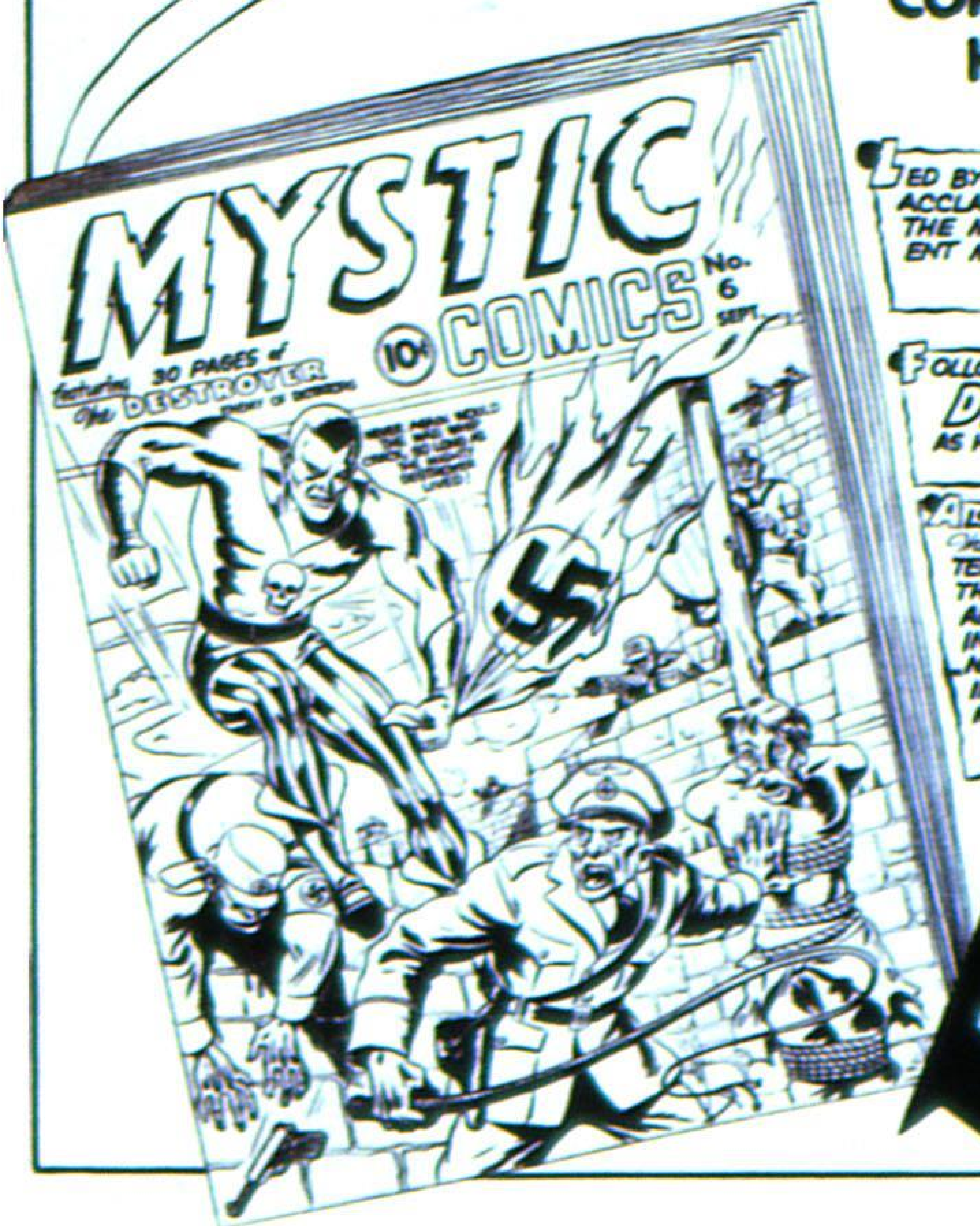
SPOOKY
CHILLING
UNCANNY

The NEW

LOCK YOUR DOORS, CLOSE THE WINDOWS, TURN ON ALL THE LIGHTS AND PREPARE TO READ THE MOST EXCITING, EERIE STORIES IN ANY COMIC BOOK---

# MYSTIC

COMICS IS HERE!

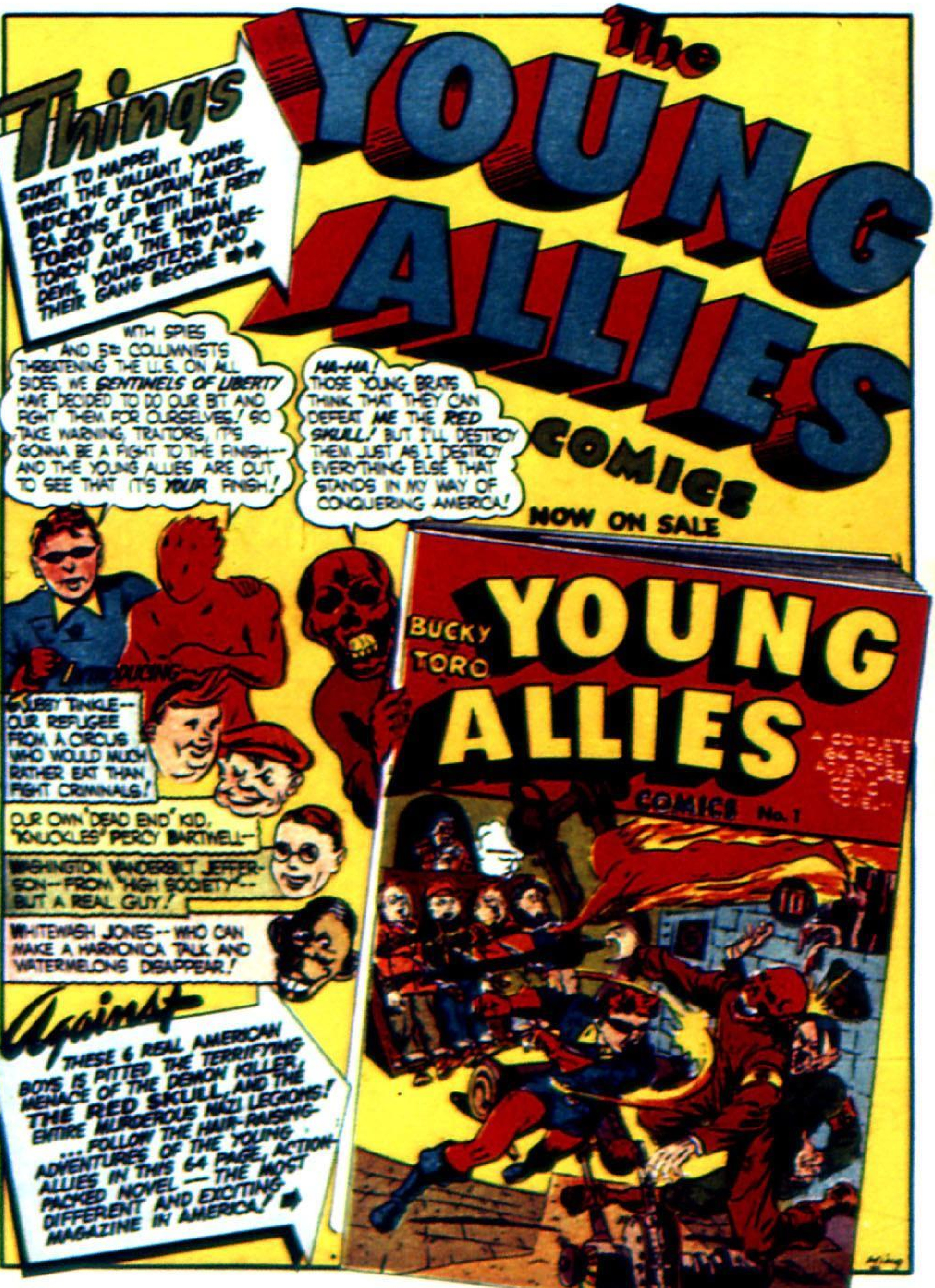


LED BY THE GREAT NEW HERO ACCLAIMED BY READERS AS THE MOST DARING, DIFFERENT MAN OF ACTION IN COMIC MAGAZINE HISTORY!

FOLLOW THE MIGHTY, FEARLESS **DESTROYER** AS HE BATTLES THE MACHINE OF DEATH!

ALSO, SUCH SMASH HITS AS The BLACK MARVEL, THE TERROR, THE CHALLENGER, THE BLACK WIDOW, DAVY AND THE DEMON, THE BLAZING SKULL AND THE WITNESS--- ALL TO BE FOUND IN THE NEW, ACTION-CRAMMED MYSTIC COMICS

NOW ON SALE!


Things
START TO HAPPEN WHEN THE VALIANT YOUNG BUCKY OF CAPTAIN AMERICA JOINS UP WITH THE FIERY TORO OF THE HUMAN TORCH AND THE TWO DARE-DEVIL YOUNGSTERS AND THEIR GANG BECOME ➡➡
The YOUNG ALLIES COMICS
NOW ON SALE
WITH SPIES AND 5th COLUMNISTS THREATENING THE U.S. ON ALL SIDES, WE SENTINELS OF LIBERTY HAVE DECIDED TO DO OUR BIT AND FIGHT THEM FOR OURSELVES! SO TAKE WARNING, TRAITORS, IT'S GONNA BE A FIGHT TO THE FINISH-- AND THE YOUNG ALLIES ARE OUT TO SEE THAT IT'S YOUR FINISH!
HA-HA! THOSE YOUNG BRATS THINK THAT THEY CAN DEFEAT ME THE RED SKULL! BUT I'LL DESTROY THEM JUST AS I DESTROY EVERYTHING ELSE THAT STANDS IN MY WAY OF CONQUERING AMERICA!
INTRODUCING
UBBY TINKLE-- OUR REFUGEE FROM A CIRCUS WHO WOULD MUCH RATHER EAT THAN FIGHT CRIMINALS!
OUR OWN 'DEAD END' KID, 'KNUCKLES' PERCY BARTWELL--
WASHINGTON VANDERBILT JEFFERSON--FROM "HIGH SOCIETY"-- BUT A REAL GUY!
WHITEWASH JONES-- WHO CAN MAKE A HARMONICA TALK AND WATERMELONS DISAPPEAR!
Against
THESE 6 REAL AMERICAN BOYS IS PITTED THE TERRIFYING MENACE OF THE DEMON KILLER, THE RED SKULL, AND THE ENTIRE MURDEROUS NAZI LEGIONS! ...FOLLOW THE HAIR-RAISING ADVENTURES OF THE YOUNG ALLIES IN THIS 64 PAGE, ACTION-PACKED NOVEL — THE MOST DIFFERENT AND EXCITING MAGAZINE IN AMERICA! ➡
BUCKY TORO YOUNG ALLIES COMICS No. 1
10¢